Liber Johannis Glanvill. pre. —

W^m Gregory

# ¶ The vision of

Pierce Plowman, nowe the seconde time imprinted by Roberte Crowley dwellynge in Elye rentes in Holburne. Whereunto are added certayne notes and cotations in the mergyne, geuynge light to the Reader. And in the begynning is set a bricke summe of all the principall matters spoken of in the boke. And as the boke is deuided into twenty partes called Passus: so is the Summary diuided, for euery parte hys summarie, rehearsynge the matters spoken of in euerye parte, euen in suche order as they stande there.

(*)

¶ Imprinted at London by Roberte Crowley, dwellyng in Elye rentes in Holburne. The yere of our Lord. M.D.L.

¶ Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

## ¶ The Printer to the Reader.

BEynge desyerous to knowe the name of the Autoure of this most worthy worke, (gentle reader) and the tyme of the writynge of the same: I did not onely gather togyther suche auncyente cōpies as I could come by, but also consult such me as I knew to be more exercised in the studie of antiquities, then I my selfe haue ben. And by some of them I haue learned that the Autour was named Roberte langelande, a Shropshere man borne in Cleybirie, aboute viii. myles from Maluerne hilles.

For the time when it was written: it chaunced me to se an auncient coppe, in the later ende wherof was noted, that the same coppe was written in the yere of oure Lorde. M. iiii. C. and nyne, which was before thys presente yere, an hundred & xli. yeres. And in the seconde side of the. lxviii, leafe of thys printed coppe, I finde mētion of a dere yere, that was in the yere of oure Lorde, M. iii. hundred and. L. John Chichester than beynge mayre of London. So that this I may be bold to reporte, that it was fyrste made and wrytten after the yeare of our lord. M. iii. C. L. and before the yere, M, iiii. C, and. ix. which meane space was. lix. yeres. We may iustly cōiect therfore, þ it was firste written about two hundre yeres paste, in the tyme of kynge Edwarde the thyrde. In whose tyme it pleased God to open the eyes of many to se hys truth, geuing them boldenes of herte, to open their mouthes and crye oute agaynste the workes of darckenes, as dyd John Wickleke, who also in these dayes translated the holye Bible into the Englishe, tonge and this writer whs in reportynge certayne visions and dreames, that he fayned hym selfe to haue dreamed: doth moste christianlie instructe the weake, and sharplye rebuke the obstynate blynde. Where is no maner of vice, that reygneth in anye estate of men, whyche thys writer hath not godly, learnedlye, and wittilye rebuked. He wrote altogither in miter: but not after þ maner of our rimers that wryte nowe a dayes (for his verses ende not alike) but the nature of hys miter is, to haue three wordes at the leaste in euery verse which begyn with some one letter. As for ensample, the firste two verses of the boke renne vpon. S. as thus.

In a somer season when softe was the Sunne
I shope me into shrobbes, as I a shepe were.

The next runeth vpon. D. as thus.

Inhabite as an Hermite vnholy of werckes, &c.

This thing noted the metre shall be very pleasaunt to reade. The Englishe is according to the time it was written in, and the sence somewhat darcke, but not so harde, but that it may be vnderstande of suche as will not sticke to breake the shell of the nutte for the kernelles sake.

As for that is written in the xxxvi. leafe of thys boke concernynge a dearth the to come: is spoke by the knoweledge of astronomie as may wel be gathered bi that he saith, Saturne sente him to tell. And that whych foloweth and goeth in the face of a prophecy: is lyke to be a thinge added by some other man than the fyrste autour. For diuerse copies haue it diuerslye. For where the copie that I folowe hath thus.

And when you se the sunne amisse, & two monkes heades
And a mayde haue the maistrye, and multiplie by eyght.

Some other haue.

Thre shyppes and a shefe, wyth an eight folowynge
Shall brynge bale and battell, on both halfe the mone

Nowe for that whiche is written in the. l. leafe, concernyng the suppression of abbayes: the Scripture there alledged, declareth it to be gathered of the iuste iudgment of god, whoe wyll not suffer abomination to raigne vnpunished, Loke not vpon this boke therfore, to talke of wonders paste or to come but to amend thyne owne misse, which thou shalt fynd here moste charitably rebuked. The spirite of god gyue the grace to walke in the way of truthe.

to Gods glory, & thyne owne
soules healthe.

Sobeit.

# ¶ A brefe sũme of the principall poyntes that be spoken of in thys boke.

## ¶ The vision of Pierce Plowman.

The vision begynneth the fyrste leafe, and continueth to the fourth, declaryng fyrste the diuerse studies that menne folow. Some gyue them selues to tyllage, Some to be gallant, Some to contemplation and straighte lyfe, Some to solitary life, Some to Marchaundice and all kynd of byynge and sellinge, Some to iestinge, Some to beggyng, Some to wandryng, as Pilgrimes, Hermits, Fryers, and Pardoners.

Than it declareth the greate wyckednes of the byshoppes, that spared not to hange their seales at euery Pardoners prores, and what shameful Simonye raygneth in the church.

Nexte it declareth somewhat of the powre and office of Kinges and Princes, and than secretly in latine verses it rebuketh their cruelnes and tyrannny: Than vnder the parable of Rattõs and mise, it rebuketh the folye of the commune people that cluster togythers in conspiracies agaynst such as god hath called to office vnder their Prince, And herein it lamenteth the state of that realme, wherein the kinge is childishe, & so euerye wycked man getteth rule vnder hym.

Fynally it rebuketh the fautes of men of lawe, and Byshoppes, Barons, and Burgeses, and to conclude of all artificers. And this parte is as an argumente to the whole boke.

## The first parte of thys boke, called Passus primus.

THe fyrste parte begynneth in the second syde of the fourthe leafe, and endeth in the laste side of the seuenth. And in the person of a woman whō it calleth holy church: it openeth the meanynge of the Turret mētioned in the fyrst leafe, Cōmaundeth measure in all thyngs, Forbiddeth excesse by the example of Loth, Wylleth all men to pay tribute to their princes, and labour diligētly for their liuyng, Expoundeth the meanynge of the dungeon, Declareth trueth to be the best treasure, Prayseth charitie, Telleth knyghtes office, Telleth of Lucifers fal, Exhorteth men to loue and do as they wold be done by, Declareth that workes muste spryng out of our fayeth: and that if wee be liberall to the poze, God wyll be liberal to vs.

## The seconde part, called Passus secundus.

The seconde parte begynneth in the fyrste syde of the .viii. leafe, and endeth in the last side of the eleuēth, And styll vnder the name of holy church openeth abuses, And fyrste it describeth Wede, and declareth hyr progenye, Telleth how she is maryed vnto False, Rehearseth the chartre graūted to that mariage, Telleth how the true preacher rebuketh this mariage, Telleth howe Wede worcketh all by brybes, Describeth the trayne that Wede rydeth wythall towardes Westmynster, How Trueth ranne before secretely, & tolde the kinge of all, Howe False fledde for feare: and how he was receyued and entertained of marchauntes and many other sortes of men.

The

## ¶ The thyrd parte, called Passus tertius.

The thirde parte begynneth in the laste syde of the eleuenth leafe, and endeth in the fyrste syde of the .xvii. leafe. Fyrste it declareth howe all estates do embrace Mede, What abuse was in Auriculer confession, The office of a Mayre, What harme yll biteilers do, What vengeaunce shal fall on them that take brybes, Howe the kynge goeth aboute to marye Mede to Conscience, For what cause Conscience refuseth hyr, How Mede maketh answere for her selfe, and rehearseth what she hath done and may do: howe neadefull she is, so that no estate can be wythout hyr, How Conscience telleth the king of an other Mede, which Cõscience alloweth, What mischefe ỹ wicked mede hath wrought, What perfite state the worlde shall be in, in the tyme of renouation: and howe scripture muste be reade whole.

## ¶ The fourthe part, called Passus quartus.

The fourth parte begynneth in the first syde of the xvii. leafe, and endeth in the fyrst side of the twentieth, It declareth how the king wylled Conscience to kysse Mede, Howe Conscience wold haue Reasons aduise, How Conscience was sent in haste to fetche Reason, The maner of Reasons rydyng, What cõpany followed hym, How the king receyued Reason, How Peace complayneth vpon Wronge, How Wytte and Wisedome went about to brybe the king, How the kyng committed Wronge to pryson, Howe Mede stopped Peaces mouth, Reasõs aduise in punishyng Wrong, That Lawyars should leade afielde dunge, How the kynge

kynge checketh men of lawe, for takyng brybes; And howe reason taketh vpon hym to rule the realme.

## ¶ The fyfte parte, called Passus quintus.

The fyfte parte begynneth in the laste syde of the twentieth leafe, and endeth in the laste syde of the .xxx. It declareth howe Reason prouyth that Pestilences come for synne, That due correction muste be hadde, That Abbayes shoulde be suppressed, What is true Pilgrimage, What satisfaction men were wonte to make, The workes of Enuie, How Enuy repenteth, Howe Wrath teacheth the Fryers, That Gregorye wold not suffer women to heare cõfession, What maner of thyng Couetise is, What restitution Couetous men vse, That yll gotten goodes, shoulde be wyckedly spente, That suche as be Parteners in the yll gotten goodes: shal also be parteners in makyng restitution, What true repentaunce is, What a bysshops charge is, What maner of men be commune drunckardes, What maner a thynge, a droncken man is, And howe he repenteth, What Slouth is: and how he repenteth Howe theefte repenteth, Howe Repentaunce conforteth them all, That a greate multitude wente to seke Trueth, That the plowmans Trueth seruãt, That Pierce teacheth the waye to Truethes house, Who is Truethes portar, and what maydens Trueth hath.

## ¶ The sexte parte, called Passus sextus.

The syxte part begynneth the first syde of the .xxxi. leafe, and endeth in the first syde of the xxxvi. It declareth

reth howe women shoulde be occupied, Who shoulde defende the church of Christe, Howe knightes should behaue them selues, Whoe is Pierces wyfe, Howe Pierce maketh hys testament, Howe sturdy beggers muste be answered, Howe the wastoure fought with Pierce, Howe Pierce playned hym to a knight, How Pierce prayed hunger to reuenge him, What maketh loyterers worke, How beggers may be made worke, Who suffer hunger, Howe hunger teacheth Pierce plowman a diete, Howe poore folke fede hunger, And that there shoulde shortely come an other derth to punishe such as were not content wyth inough.

## The seuenth parte, called
### Passus septimus.

The seuenthe parte begynneth in the firste side of the .xxvi. leafe, and endeth in the seconde side of the .xxix. It declareth what pardon is graunted to the plowman and his helpers, What Warchauntes shoulde do, That menne of lawe shoulde take no money, Howe menne shoulde geue almes, That patiente Pouertie hathe like pardon with the plowmanne, Howe Pierce reasoned wyth a blinde preeste, Howe Daniel expoũdeth the dreames, of Nabugodonosor, Howe Jacob expounded Josephes dreame, And ỹ to truste for saluation in workes, it but a vayne thing.

## The eyght parte, called
### Passus octauus.

The eyghte parte begynneth in the laste side of the xxix. leafe, and endeth in the seconde syde of the .xli. It declareth howe Pierce went to seke Dowel, How he reproueth the Fryers for sayinge that Dowel dwelt

wyth them, Howe the Frier proueth by a similitude, that a iuste man sinneth seuen times a daye, and sayeth hys minde of frewyll, Howe thought enstructeth him of dowell, dobet, and dobest, And howe wytte (who wyl none excesse) met wyth Pierce, Of whom Pierce desired to learne what Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest, were.

## ¶ The nynth parte, called Passus nonus.

The nynth parte begynneth in the laste syde of the xli. leafe, and endeth in the first side of the .xlv. It declareth that dowell dwelleth in man, whom he calleth a castel, That dowel is keper therof, and Inwyt Constable, That Inwit hath fyue sonnes, What kind is, That Goddes might muste worcke wyth his word, That the succuries should lyue vpon the tythes, That mariage is an holy life, and oughte to be betwene the godly, What greate plages fell on the worlde for that the godly maried wt the vngodly, What frutes spring of vnmete mariages, That maried folkes should kepe them selues cleane, And that bastardes proue wicked.

## ¶ The tenth parte, called Passus decimus.

The tenth parte begynneth in the firste syde of the xlv. leafe, and endeth in the seconde syde of the .lii. It declareth what wyfe Wyt hath, That menne loue ryches better than wysedome, That counterfayte foles and iesters be rewarded, whan true preachers go wout rewarde, That clarkes and noble men haue God muche in their mouthes, but meane men haue him in herte.

herte, That euery man should geue almes accordyng to that he hath, That no man ought to serche whye god hath done or suffered thynges to be done, Howe men that be in office do vse them selues, That Study teacheth the waye to Cleargy, and telleth what sciences she hath taught, That we should do good whylse we haue tyme, Howe vaine sciences be, What dowel, dobet, and dobest be, How Cleargy rebuketh vnlearned priestes, The suppression of Abbaies, That hygh degree nor ryches helpeth not to heauenward, but the bilefe in Christe, That accordynge to the example of them that builte Noes shippe, many of the preachers shall not be saued, That penitente synners be soneste saued, And that none do soner ere, than greate clarkes.

## ¶ The eleuenth part, called Passus vndecimus.

The eleuenth parte begynneth in the fyrste syde of the.liii.leafe, and endeth in the seconde syde of the lix. It declareth that scripture wolde all men should firste seke to knowe them selues, That Fortune wyth hyr damosels perswade man to lyue licencioullye, That Age wyll cause them all to forsake him, That Fryers couet to burye men for their goodes, That manye be called and fewe chosen, That the obseruation of the commaundementes of god is of value before god, so it springe of loue, Howe we should feaste, That faith ioyned wyth charitie, is moste souerayne salue, That eche man shoulde beare wt other, and search his owne faultes, That Pouertye is the beste and sureste lyfe, That priestes neglecte knoweledge, Howe Nature teacheth manne by the naturall creatures,

That man ought not to searche why god doeth or suffereth thynges, That all the Lordes Creatures be good, That our owne fantasie deceiueth vs, & shame is the thyng that soneste driueth a dronckard from his byce.

## The twelfe parte, called
### Passus duodecimus.

The twelfe parte begynneth in the last syde of the lix. leafe, and endeth in the last side of the. lxiiii. leafe. It declareth that GOD chastiseth such as he loueth, That charitie is dowell, That manye talke well, but do the contrary, That true Cleargye is mercifull, and ought to be loued, That the holye goste is the autor of bokes, That learned men may through their knowledge better eschue sinne, than the vnlearned men may, That god only knoweth the causes of thynges, That rych men be like Pecockes, And that there be three sortes of Baptisme.

## The thyrtenth parte, called
### Passus decimus tertius.

The thyrtenth parte begynneth on the laste syde of the. lxiiii. leafe, and endeth in the firste syde of the. lxxi. leafe. It rehearseth much that was spoken before, declareth the excesse of the Cleargy, That Cleargy hath vii. sonnes, That Cleargy hath neyther conscience nor Patience, That Patience passeth a packe of bokes, That the Plowman findeth vs breade, What fautes reigne in labourynge men, And what a worldlyng is.

## The fourtenth parte, called
### Passus decimus quartus.

The

The fourtenth parte begynneth in the firste syde of the lxxi, and endeth in the firste syde of the leafe. lxxvii. It declareth howe the labourynge man excuseth hym selfe of hys sinne, That god prouideth fode for al hys creatures, That idlenes is cause of synne, That satisfaction killeth synne, That all men haue ioye here or els where, That the mercifull rych shall haue heauen, What a christen mans patent is, Howe blessed a lyfe pouertie is, And that Patience fedeth pouertie.

¶ The fyftenth parte, called
Psalmus decimus quintus.

The.xv. part begynneth in the fyrst syde of the leafe lxxvii. and endeth in the laste side of the leafe. lxxxvi. It declareth what the soule is, And howe of diuerse offices it hath diuerse names, That we sholde not search gods secretes, The preachers dutye, What shall become of euyll gotten goodes, The true pylgrimage, What company charitie haunteth, That we shoulde take no gyftes of wicked men, That it is sacrilege to spende the tythes otherwise than vpon the poore, That no course is certayne, When and howe Makometes lawe began, That the Apostles turned all the worlde to the fayeth, That childrene differ not frome wylde beastes, tyll they be instructed in Christe, That couetise of the cleargy wyll destroye the church, That possession poysoned the church, What the bishops dutye is, And that Christe was declared by his miracles to be Messias.

¶ The sixtenth parte, called
Psalmus decimus sextus.

The.xvi.part begynneth in the last syde of the leafe lxxxvi.& endeth in the fyfte syde of the leafe.lxxxxi. It describeth charitie, Declareth ỹ Christe deliuered mã out of the thraldome of synne, The maner of the betraying of Christ, What the Trinitie is, and ỹ fayeth of Abraham.

## The seuententh part, called
## ꝑs alius decimus septimus.

The seuententh parte begynneth in the firste syde of the leafe. lxxxxi. and endeth in the laste syde of the leafe.lxxxxvi. It declareth the old law to be abrogate That Christe the Samaritan hath deliuered vs, and geuen vs a newe lawe, Christes resurrection, That the Trinitie is lyke an hand, The holy goste by similitudes, That a good man is lyke a torche, And three thinges that dryue a man out of hys house.

## The eyghtenthe parte, called
## ꝑs alius decimus octauus.

The. xviii. parte begynneth in the laste syde of the leafe. lxxxxvi. and endeth in the laste syde of the leafe. Ciii. It declareth Christes comming into Jerusalem, Hys iudgemẽt and death, That god curseth vsurers, That Christe triumphed ouer deathe and hell, That wealthe is knowne by woe, and lyke of all other contraries, Howe Christe vanquiseth Lucifer, Howe Christe satisfied the lawe, And that god is mercifull.

## The nyntenthe parte, called
## ꝑs alius decimus nonus.

The nintenth parte begynneth in the laste syde of the leafe. Ciii. and endeth in the laste syde of the leafe. Cxi.

It de-

It declareth Christes victorye, The gyftes that the thre kynges gaue hym, That Christe is shewed to be god by hys myracles, Why Christe appeared first to a woman, What Pierces pardon is, The giftes of the holye goste, Pierces office, his oxen & his sede that he soweth, That Justice leaueth no sinne vnpunished, The fundation of the churche, That pride enuieth the church, How to withstand prid, Who they be that neuer repent, How lucre causeth mẽ to forsake the truth, The answere of a blynde curate, Howe the plowman folowyth the example of god, And what Landlordes and kynges maye take of their tenauntes & subiectes.

## The twentieth parte, called Vasus vicesimus.

The twentieth parte begynneth in the laste syde of the leafe. Lxi. and endeth in the laste leafe of the booke. It declareth what a manne may do whan nede compelleth hym, That temperaunce is the chefe vertue, Who receyued antichriste fyrste, How antichrist doth seduce many good men, The maner of gods visitation The maner of men whan plages cease, That couetise and symony make prelats, That Life & Fortune beget Slouth, That Slouth marieth dispaire, That Age killeth both phisitian & surgian, That Nature wolde haue vs to loue, That the. vii. capital sinnes besieged Cõsciẽce, The answere of an Iryshe prieste, That Curates ought to haue a cõpetent liuinge certaine, That Friers haue no nũbre, That such as wẽt to ỹ Fryers to shrift, be like sainctuary mẽ, That Hypocrisy wasteth many preachers, The negligence of patrons and bishops, And what penaunce goostli fathers were wõt to enioyne their goostly children

Finis.

IN a somer season, when set was the sunne
I schope me into schroubs, as I a schepe were
In habyte as an hermet, vnholy of werkes
Went wyde in thys worlde wõders to here
And on a May morning, on Malverne hilles
Me befell a ferly, of a fayry me thought.
I was wery of wandering, and went me to rest
Under a brode banke, by a bourne side
And as I lay and lened, and loked on the water
I slombred into a sleping, it swyzed so mery.
Than gan I to meten, a meruelouse sweuen
That I was in wildernes, I wyst neuer where
As I beheld into theaste, on highe to the sunne
I saw a tower on a toft, rychlych ymaked
A depe dale beneth, a dungeon therin
With depe diches & darcke, and dreadful of syght
A fayre felde ful of folke, found I there betwene
Of all maner men, the meane and the ryche
Werking and wandring, as the world asketh.
Some put hem to the ploughe, pleiden full selde
In setting and sowing, swonken ful harde
And wonnen that wasters, with glotony destroyen
And some put hem to pryd, appareled therafter
In continuaũce of clothynge, commen disgised
In prayers and penaunce putten hem many
In hope to haue after heuenrich blysse
And for the loue of our lorde liuyden full harde
As Ankers and Hermets that hold hem in her selles
And coueten nought in contrey to carien aboute
For no liquerous liuelode her likam to please
And some chosen chaffer, they cheueden the better
As it semeth to our sight that such do thriuen

And some mirthes to maken, as minstrels cunneth
And getten gold with her glee, sinles I leue
Common Jesters As Japers and Janglers, Judas chyldren
Fayneth hem fantacies, and foles hem maketh
And han her wyt at wyl, to werke if they should
That Paule precheth of hem I nil not preue it here
Qui loquitur turpiloquium. &c. Is Lucifers knaue.
Bydders and beggers, fast aboute yede
With hyr bealies & hyr bagges, of bread ful crāmed
Faitenden for her fode, foughten at the ale
In glotony Godwote, gone they to bedde
And rise with rebaudry, as Rebertes knaues
Slepe and sory slouth, sheweth hem euer
Pilgrimes. Pylgrames & Palmers, plight hem togythers
For to seke. S. James, and saintes at Rome
They went forth their waye, with many wyse tales,
And had leue to lye all her life after.
I see some that sayd, they had sought sayntes
To eche a tale ỹ they told, her tong was tempred to lye
More then to say soth, it semed by her speche.
Hermets Hermets on a heape, wyth hoked staues
Wenten to Walsingham, & her wenches after.
Great loubies and long, ỹ loth were to swinke
Clothed hem in copes, to be knowen from other
And shopen hem hermets, her ease to haue.
Fryers I found there fryres, all the four orders
Preached to the people, for profite of them selues
Glosed the gospel, as hem good lyked
For couetouse of copes, construe it as they wold
Many of these master friers, might cloth hē at liking
For her money & her marchaūdise marchen togither.
For sith cheritie was chapmā & cheke to shriue lords

Many

Many ferleis haue fallen, in fewe yeres.
But holy church and they, hold better to gither
The most mischiefe on mould, is moūtinge well fast.
There preached a pardoner, as he a preest were
Brought forth a bull, with many bishops seales
And sayd that him selfe, might absoyle hem all
Of falsehode and of fastig, and of vowes broken
Lewde men leued him well: and liked his wordes
Commen vp kneling, to kisse hys bulles
He bouched hem with his brenet, and blered her eyes
And raught with his ragmā, both ringes & broches
Thus they giue their gold, glotens to kepe
And leueth it to such losels, as lichery hunteth
Were the bishop blessed, and worth both his eares,
His seale shold not be sent, to deceyue the people
And it is nought by the bishop, that ỹ boy preacheth
For the parish preest & the pardoner, part the siluer
That the pouertie of the parish, should haue if thy ne
Persōs & her preestes: pleyned hē to ỹ bishop (were
That her parishes were pore, sithē ỹ pestilēce time
To haue a licence and leue, at london to dwell
To sing there for Simony, for siluer is swete.
Bishops and bachelers, both masters and doctors,
That haue cure vnder Christ, and crowning in token
And signe that they should, shriue her parishinges
Preach and pray for hem, and the poore fede,
Lye at London, in lenten and elles
Some seruen the kyng, and his siluer tellen
In cheker and in chauncery, chalenge his dettes.
Of wardes & warmottes, of wayues and strayues
And some seruen as seruaūtes, to lords and to ladies
And in stede of stewerdes, sit and demen.

Pardoners.

Her masses and her mattens, and many of her hours
Are done vndeuoutly, drede is at the laste
Lest Christ in consistory, accurse ful many
I perceyued of the powre, that Peter had to kepe
To binden and vnbinden, as the boke telleth:
How he left it with loue, as our lorde hyght
Amonges foure vertues, the best of al vertues,
That Cardinalles bene called, and closing yates
There Christ is in kyngdome, to close and to shit
And to open it to hem, and heuens blys shewe
And of Cardinals at court, that caught of that name
And powre presumed in hem, a Pope to make
To haue that power that Peter had, impung I nel
For in loue and in lecture, the election belongeth
Forthy I can, and can not, of court speke more.
Then came ther a king, knighthode hym led:
Wyght of the commons, made hym to reygne
And than came kind wit, and clerkes he made
For to councel the king, and the commons saue.
The kyng and kighthode, and clergy both
Casten that the commons, shuld hem selues fynde
The commons contriued, of kind wyt crafres
And for profit of al the people plowmen ordeyned
To tyll and to trauel, as true lyke asketh.
The king and the commons, and kind wit the thyrde
Shopen lawe leauty, euery man to know his owne.
Then loked vp a Lunatike, a leane thing with all
And knelyng to the kyng, clergially he sayd
Christ kepe the syr king, and thy kingriche
And leue the lede thy lond, so leuty the loueth
And for thy rightfull rulyng, be rewarded in heauen,
And sythen in the ayre on height, an aungel of heuen

Lowde

Lowde to speake in laten, for lewde men ne could
Jangle ne iudge, that iustifie hem shoulde
But suffren and seruen, forthy sayde the angell.

Sum rex sum princeps, neutrum fortasse deinceps
O qui iura regis, Christi specialia regis,
Hoc quod agas melius, iustus es esto pius,
Nudum ius a te vestiri, vult pietate,
Qualia vis metere, talia grana sere
Si ius nudatur, nudo de iure metatur
Si seritur pietas, de pietate metas.

Than greued hym a Goliardes, a gloton of wordes
And to the angell on hygh, answered after

Dum Rex a regere, dicatur nomen habere,
Nomen habet siue re, nisi studet iura tenere.

Than gan all the commons crye, in verses of laten
To the kynges counsel, construe who so would.

Si recepta regis, sunt nobis vincula legis.

Wyth that ranne there a route, of rattons at once
And small mise wyth hem, mo than a thousande
And commen to counsel, for the common profite,
For a Catte of a courte, came whan him liked
And ouerleapte hem lyghtly, & caught hem at his wil
And played wyth hem perilously, and posted about
For doubt of diuerse dreades, wee dare not wel loke
And if we grutch at hys game, he will greuen vs all
Scratchynge vs & clawyng vs, & in his clawes hold
That we loth the lyfe, or he let vs passe.
Wyght we wyth any wyt, hys wyll wythstand
We might be lordes aloft, and lyue at ease.

The tale of the rattons.

A ratton of renowne, moste renable of tonge
Sayd for a souerayne helpe to hym selfe,
I haue sene segges quod he, in the City of London
Beare byghes full bryght, aboute theyr neckes
And some colers of crafty werke, vncoupled thei wēt
Both in waren and in wast, wher hem leue lyketh

And other while they are els where, as I here tell
Were ther a bel on her bight, bi Jesu as me thinketh
Men might wyt where they went, and away runne
And right so ꝑ that ratton, reason me sheweth
To bugge a bel of brasse, or of bright siluer
And knyt on his coller for our commen profit
And hangen it aboute the cattes halse, then here wee
Whether he rit or rest, or runne to pleye (moune
And if him list for to lake, than loke we might
And pere in his presens, the while him playlyketh
And if he wrath, beware, and his way shonne.
Al this rout of ratrons, to this reason they assented
And tho the bel was bought, ꝑ on the byght hanged
There ne was rattē in all ꝑ rowte, for all ꝑ realme of
That durst bind the bell about ꝑ cats necke (fraunce
Ne hang it about the cats halse, all Englaud to wyn,
And held him vnhardy, and her cowncell feble
And let her labour lost, and al their long study.
A mouse that much good coud, as me thought
Stroke furth sternly, and stode before hem all
And to the rowte of rattons, rehersed these words.
Though we kil this cat, yet shuld ther come an other
To catch vs ꝑ al our kind, though we crepe vnder bē
And be we neuer so bold, the bel him to shewe (ches
For I herd my sier say, seuen yere passed
Wher the cat is a kitling, the court is full elenge
That witnesseth holy writing, who so will it read
*Ue terre, vbi puer rex est.
For may no reuke there rest haue, for rattons bi nigh
The whil he catcheth conies, he couetith not our cari
But fedeth him wt vencsō, de same we him neuer (on
For better is a little losse, than a longe sorowe

+ Omnium doctissimorum suffragio, dicuntur, hec de lassinis, fatuis, aut inceptis principibus, non de etate tenellis. Quasi dicat, vbi rex puerilis est.

The

The maze amonge vs all, though we myſſe a ſhrewe
For many mens malte, we myſe woulde deſtroye
And alſo ye route of rattons, rend mens clothes
Ner the catte of that courte, that can vs ouerleape
For had you rats your wyll, you could not rule your (ſelfe
I ſaye for me, ỹ the mouſe, I ſe ſo mikel after
Shal nether ỹ cat ne ỹ kitling, bi mi cõſeil be greuid
Ne carpyng of thys coler, that coſted me neuer
And though it had coſt me catel, beknowne it I nold
But ſuffer as him ſelfe woulde, to done as him liketh
Coupled and vncoupled, to catch what they may
For thy ech a wiſe wyght I warne, wit wel hys own
What thys metels bymeaneth, ye men that be merye
Diuine ye for I dare not, by deare god of heauen.
Yet houed there an hundred, in howues of ſylke Sergeãts of ỹ lawe.
Sergeantes it beſemed, that ſeruen at the barre
Pleten for penies, and pounder the lawe.
And not for loue of our lord, vncloſẽ their lips once
Thou mighteſt better mete ỹ miſt, on maluerne hils
Thã get a mũme of her mouth, til money be ſhewed
I ſawe biſchops bolde, and bachilers of diuine Byſhops
Become clarkes of accountes, the kynge for to ſerue
Archedeakens and deanes, that dignities haue
To preache to the people, and pore men to fede
Ben ilope to London, by leaue of her biſhop
And ben clarkes of the kinges benche, the contrye to (ſhend
Barons and burgeſſis, and bondemen alſo
I ſee in thys aſſemble, as ye ſhall heare after.
Bakeſters and brukeſters, and bouchers many
Wollen webſters, and weuers of lynnen
Taylers and tinkers, and tollers in markets
Maſons and minors, and many other crafts

Of all kinne lybbing laborers, lopen forth some
As dikers and deluers, that done their dedes yl
And driue forth ỳ lõg day with dieu vous saue dame
Cokes and her knaues criden hote pyes hote (Eme
Good geese and gris, goo we dine goo we
Tauerners vntil them, told the same
Whyt wine of Oley, and red wyne of Gascoyne
Of the renne and of the rochell the roste to defye
Thys sawe I sleping, and seuen sythes more.

Passus primus de visione.

What this mõtein bemeineth, & ỳ merk dale
And ỳ feld ful of folk, I shal you faire shew
A louely lady of lere, in linnen i clothed
Came downe from a castel, & called me fair
And said sonne slepest thou, seest thou this people
How busy they be, al aboute the mase
The most part of this puple, ỳ passeth on this earth
Haue they worship in this worlde, they wil no better
Of other heauen then here hold they no tale
I was afrayde of her face, though she fayre were
And sayd mercy madame, what is this to meane
The toure vpon the toft, quod she, truth is therein
And would that ye wrought as his word teacheth
For he is father of fayth, and former of you al
Both with fel and w̃ face, and gaue you fiue wittes
For to worship him therw̃, the while you bene here
And therfore he heyght the erth, to helpe you eche one
Of wollen of lynnen, and of liuelode at nede
In mesurable maner to make you at ease
And cõmaũded of his curtesy, in cõmen thre thinges
Are none nedful but tho, and nempẽ hem I thinke
And reken hem by reason, reherse ye hem after.
That one is vesture, from cheyle to saue

The toure

And

And meate at meale, for disease of thy selfe
And drinke whā thou driest, & do nought out of reasō
That ỹ wroth the worse, whā thou worke shouldest.
For Loth in his liue dayes, for liking of drinke Loth
Did with his doughters, that the deuill lyked
Delite in drinke, as the deuell wolde
And lechery him laught, and lay by hem both,
And al he wite the wine, that wicked dede. Gen. xix.
Inebriamus eum vino, dormiamusque cum eo, vt
seruare possimus de patre nostro semen.
Through wine & womē, ther was Loth accombred
And ther gat in glotony, girles that were cherels
For thy drede delectable drinke, & thou shalt do ỹ bet
Measure is medecine, though you michel yerne (ter
It is not al for the goste, that the gutte asketh
Leue not thy likam, for a lyer him teacheth
That is the wretched worlde, wold the betray
For the fende and the flesh, folowe thy togithers
This & that seyth thy soule, and seeth it in thine herte,
And for thou shouldest beware, I wish the ỹ best.
Madame mercy qᵗ I, me lyketh wel your wordes
And ỹ mony of this moulde, that men so fast holdeth
Tel me to whom madame, that treasure appendeth
Go the gospel qᵗ she, that god sayd him selfe
Tho ỹ people him apposed, with a peny in ỹ temple,
Whether they shuld therw worshyp the kinge Cesar
And god asketh hem, of whom speaketh the letter
And the ymage like, that therin standeth.
Cesars they sayd, we sene here well ichone
Redde Cesari, quod god, that Cesari belongeth, Luke. xx.
Et que sunt dei deo, or els ye done yll
For rightfull reason, should rule you all
And kind wit be warden, your wealth to kepe

And tutor of your treasure, and take you at nede
For husbandry and he, holden togither.
Than I krayned her fayre, for him that me made
The dungeon. That dungeon in the dale, that dredeful is of syght
What may it be to meane, madame I you beseche.
That is the castell of care, who so commeth therin
Way banne that he borne was, to body or to soule,
Therin wonneth a wight, that wrong is I hote
Father of falsehead, and founded it him selfe
Adam and Eue, he egged to yll,
Councelled Cayne, to kil his brother
Judas Judas he iaped, with Jewes siluer
And sithen on an elder, hanged him after
He is lettar of loue, and lyeth hem all
That trust in his treasure, betraieth he soneste
Than had I wonder in my wit, what womã it were
That such wise words, of holy write shewed
And I asked her on ẏ height name, or she thence yede
What she were wisely, that wished me so fayre.
Holy church I am q̃ she, ẏ oughtest me to know
I vnderfenge the fyrst, and the fayth taught
Thou broughtest me borowes, my biddings to ful- (fyl
And to loue me lelly, ẏ while the lyfe dureth
Than I courbed on my knees, and cried her of grace
And prayed her pitiously, pray for my sinnes
And also kenne me kindly, on Christ to beleue
That I might worke his wil, ẏ wrought me to mã
Teach me to no treasure, but tell me this like
How I may saue my soule, that saynt art holden.
When all treasures are tried q̃ she, truth is the best
Truth is the best treasure. I do it on Deus charitas, to deme the sothe
It is as dere worth a drury, as dere God him selfe,

Who

Who is true of his tonge, and telleth no other
And doth the workes therw̄, and willeth no mā yll
He is a god by the gospel, a grounde and a lofte
And lyke to our Lord, by sayne Lukes wordes.
The clarkes that knowe thys, should kenne it about
For christen and vnchristen, clayme th it echone
Kynges and knyghtes, should kepe it by reason
Ryden and rapen downe, in realmes aboute
And taken traungressours, and tye hem fast
Tyll trueth termined, her trespace to the ende
And ẏ is ẏ profession apartly, ẏ appēdeth to knights
And not to facte one Friday, in fiue score wynter
But hold w̄ him & with hir, that wolden all truth
And neuer leue hem for loue, ne for lackyng of siluer.

Knyghts office.

For Dauid in his dayes dubbed knightes
And did hem swere on her swerde, to serue truth euer
And who so passed ẏ poynt, was apostata in ẏ order
But Christe kynge of kynges, made knyghtes ten
Cherubyn and Seraphyn, suche seuen and another
And gaue hē myght in his maiestie, ẏ merier hē thought
And ouer hys mene meiny, made hē archangels
Taught by the trinitie, Trueth to knowe
To be buxume at his bidding, he bade hē nought els
Lucifer with legions, learned it in heauen
But for he brake buxumnes, his blysse can he tine
And fell from that felowschyp, in a fendes lykenes
Into a depe darcke hell, to dwell there for euer
And .ii. co thousādes w̄ hym, thā man could numbre
Loppen out with Lucifer, in lothlyche forme
For these leueden apon him, that lyed on thys maner

Dauid made knyghtes

Lucyfer was caste out of hea uē because of hys pryde.

ponam pedem in aquilone, et similis ero altissimo. Esa. xiiii.

And al ẏ hoped it might be so, no heuē might hē hold

But fel out in findes likenes, nine dayes together
Tyl god of his goodnes, gan stable and stint
And garde the heuen to sticke, and stonde in quiet
When the wicked went out, in wōder wise they fell
Some in ayre, some in earth, and some in hell depe.
And Lucifer lowest leth, yet of hem al
For pride that he pult out, his payne had no end
And al that worke with wrong, wend they shal
After their death day, and dwell with that shrewe
And tho that work wel, as holy write telleth
And ende as I ere sayd, in truth that is the best
May be siker that their soules, shal wende to heauen
There truth is in trinitie, and troweth hem al.
Forthy I say as I sayd ere, by syght of these textes,
When all treasures are tried, truth is the best
Lerne on this lewde men, for letterd men it knoweth
That truth is treasure, the triedest on earth.
I haue no kind knowing q I, ye mote me ken better
By what craft in my corps it comseth, & wher.
Thou dotest daffe, quod she, dull are thy wittes
To tel latin thou learnedst, leode in thy youth
Heu mihi, quia sterilem duxi, viram inuentilem
It is a kind knowing q he, that knoweth in thy harte
For to loue thy lord leuer then thy selfe.
No deadly sinne to do, dye though thou shouldest,
This I trowe be trueth, who can teach the better
Loke thou suffer him to say, and sith lerne it after
For trueth telleth that loue, is triacle for synne
May no sinne be on him sene, that vseth that spice
And al his works he wrought, with loue as him list
And lerned it Moses, for the leuiest thing of al
And also the plant of peace, most precious of vertues

Truth is the greatest treasure.

For

For heauen might not hold it, it was so heuy of hym
Till it had of the earth, yoten it selue (selfe
And whan it had of this fold, flesh and bloud taken
Was neuer leafe apon linde, lighter thereafter
And portatiue & persante, as the poynt of a nedle
That might none armour it let, ne none heigh walles
For thy loue is the leader, of the lords loue of heauen
And a meane as the maire is, betwene the king & the
Right so is loue a leader, & the law shapeth (cõmons
Upon man for his misdedes, the mercemẽt he taxeth.
And for to know it kindly, it comith by might
And in the hert there is the head, and the high wyl
For of kind knowing in hert, ther a might beginneth
And that falleth to the father, that formed you al
He loked on vs with loue, and let his sone dye
Mekely for our misdedes to amend vs all
And yet wold he hẽ no woo, ỹ wrought him ỹ payne,
But mekely with mouth, mercy he besought
To haue pitie on that people, that pained him to deth
Here might you se in examples, in selfe one
That he was mightfull and meke, ỹ mercy can graunt
To hem that hangen on height him, & his hert thirled
For thie I red you Rich, haue ruth on the poze
Though ye be mighty to mot, be meke in your woz:
For the same mesure ỹ ye mete amis, other els (kes
Ye shall be weine therwith, whan ye wenden hence
Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis, remetietur vobis. Mar. iiii.
For though ye be true of your tong, & trulich wozch
And as chast as a child, that in church wepeth
But if ye loue lelie, and lene the poze
Such good as god you sent, godliche parte
You haue no moze merit, in masse noz in houres

Than Walkin of her maydēhead, ꝑ no man desireth
For Iames the Ientle, Iudged in his bokes
That fayth wont the feate, is right nothing worth
And as deade as doze tree, but if the dedes followe
Iaco. ii. Fides sine operibus mortua est &c.
Forthi chastite wout charitie, worthi cheines in hell
It is as lewde as a lampe, that no light is in
Many chaplens ar chast, and charitie is awaye
Ar no mē auaricious̄er thā thei, whē thei be auaūced
Unkind to their kinne, and to al christen
Chewen theyze charitie, and chiden after moze
Such chastitie wout charitie, worthi chaines in hel
Many curatours kepe hem, cleane of her bodies
They be accūbred w couetise, thei cā not do it frō thē
So harde hath auarice, hasped them togithers
And that is no truth of ỹ trinitie, but trichiri of hel
And lerning to lewde men, the latter foz to dele
Forthy these wordes be wziten in the gospell
Luke. vi. Date et dabitur vobis, foz I dele you al
That is the locke of loue, that letteth out my grace
To comfozten the carefull accombred with synne
Loue is leche of lyfe, and next our lozd selfe
And also the graith gate, that goith into heauen
Forthy I say as I sayd er, by the textes
When all treasures be tried truth, is the beste
So haue I told you what truth is, ỹ no tresoz is bet
I may no lūger lenge ye w, now loke ye our lozd (ter

PEt I corbed on mi knes, & cryed her of grace
And seid merci madã, for maris loue of heuẽ
That bare ỹ blisful barne ỹ bought vs on ỹ
ken me bi some craft, to know ỹ fals. (rode
Loke apon thy lefte halfe, and lo where he stondeth
Both false and fauel: and her feris many
I loked on my left halfe, as the lady me taught
And was ware of a woman, worthelich clothed
Purfiled with pleasure, the fiuest vpon erthe,
Crowned with a crowne, the king hath no better
Fetisych her fingers, were fretted w̃ gold wier
And there on rede rubies, as rede as any glede
And diamõds of dereste pryce, & double maner saphirs
Orientales and Ewages, venemis to destroye
Hyr robe was full rich, of red scarlet engrayned
With rybandes of red gold, and of rich stones
Her array me rauished, such riches saw I neuer
I had wonder what she was, & whose wife she were
What is this woman ỹ I, so worthyly attyred.
That is mede ỹ maid quod she, hath noied me ful oft
And lacked my leminan, that leaute is thote
And bylow her to lordes, that lawes haue to kepẽ
In the popes palaice, she is preuy as my selfe
But sothenes wold not so, for she is a bastarde
For false was her father, that hath a fickell toung,
And neuer soth sayd, sithen he came to earth
And mede is maried after him, right as kinde asketh.
Qualis pater talis filius, bona arbor, bonum fructum facit
I ought be hier then she: I came of a better
My father the great God is: and ground of al grace
One God wout beginning: & I his good daughter
And hath geuen me mercy, to mary with my selfe

The discription of Mede.

Mat. vii.

And

And what man be mercifull, and lelly me loueth
Shalbe my lorde and I his lyfe, in the hygh heauen
And what man taketh mede, my head date I lay
That he shal lease for her loue, a lyppe of Charitatis
How cõstrueth Dauid the king, of men ỹ take mede
And men on thys mould, that mainteneth truth
And howe ye should saue your selfe, ỹ psalter bereth
Psa.xv. Domine quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo. &c. (witnes
And nowe worth this Mede, maried vnto a manzed
To one Fals fikell tonge, a fendes bezet (shrewe
Fauel by his faire speach, hath this folk enchaunted
And all is lyers ledyng, that she is thus wedded
The morowe was made, the maydens brydale
And there might ỹ wit if thou wilt, which they hẽ all
That longen to that lordshyp, the lesse and the more
Know him there if thou canst, & kepe thou thy tonge
And take hẽ not but let hẽ worch, till leauty be iustice
And haue powr to punish hẽ, thã put forth thi reason
For I beken the Christ qᵖ she, & his cleane mother
And let no cõscience accõbre the, for couetise of mede.
Thus lefte me th^. Ladye, lyggynge a slepe
And howe mede was maried, in metals me thought
That all the ryche reteinaunce, ỹ rayneth wᵗ the false
Were bounden to the brydale, on both two sydes
Of all maner of men, the meane and the ryche
To mary the mayde, was many a man assembled
As of knyghtes & of clarkes, & other cõmune people
As sisours and somoners, shryues and their clarkes
Bedelles and baylyfles, and brokers of chaffer
Forgoers and vitellers, aduocates of tharches
I can not reken the route, that ranne about Mede
And Simony and Ciuyle, and Sisours of courtes

Were

Were most priue wb mede, of ani men me thought
And fauel was the first, that fet her out of boure
And as a broker brought her, to be wb false entoyned
Wban Simony and Ciuyl, see hyr both wyl
They assented for syluer, to say as both wolde
Than lepe Lyer forth, and sayd lo here a Charter — Medes charter
That gile wb his great othes gaue hem togyders
And prayed Ciuill to see, and Simony to reade it,
Than Simony & Ciuil, stonden forth both togyther
And vnfold the feoffement, that False hath ymade
And thus beginneth these gomes, to gredē ful heygh

Sciant presentes et futuri. &c.

Witteth & witnesseth al ỹ wonneth apon this earth — Maritagium prauum cum feoffemento in malo feodo et de peruersa tenura.
That Mede is maried, more for hir goodes
Than for any vertue or fayrenes, or any fre kynd
Falsenes is fayne of hyr, for he woteth hyr ryche
And Fauell with hys ficle speach, feffeth hir by this
To be princes in prid, & pouerty to dispise (charter
To backebite and to bosten & to beare false witnes
To scorne and to scoulde, and slaunder to make
Unburome and bold, to breake the ten hestes
And the Erledome of Enuy, and wrath togythers
With the Chastilet of Theest, and chatteringe out of
The county of couetise, & al the costes about (reason
That is vsury and Iuarise, all I hem graunt
In bargaines & brocages, wb al ỹ borough of thefte,
And all the lordshyp of lechery, in length & in brede,
As in works & in wordes, & in waytinges with eyes,
And in weddes & wichtinges, & wyth idle thoughtes
There as wyl would, & the workemanshyp fayleth.
Glotony he gaue hem eke, and great othes togyther,
And all day to drinke, at diuers tabernes.

And there to iangle & to iape, & iudge her euẽcristen
And in fastynge dayes to frete, ere full tyme were
And than to sytte and soupe, tyll slepe hem assayle
And brede forth as borough swyne, & beddẽ hẽ easely
Tyll Slouthe and slepe, slyken her sydes
And thã Wanhope to awaken hem so, w̃ no wil to a-
For they liuen by luste, that is her last end (mend
And they to haue and to hold, and hir heyre after
A dwellynge with the deuill, and damned be for euer
With al ỹ appertinaũcis of purgatory, into ỹ pain of
Yeldynge for thys thynge, at one yeres ende, (hell
Theyr soules to Satan, to suffer with him paynes
And w̃ hym to wõne in wo, whyle god is in heauen
In wytnes of whyche thyng, Wrong was the first
And Pierce the pardoner, of Paulinus doctrine
Bette the bedle, of Buckyngham shyre
Raynolde the reue, of Rutlande soken
Wunde the mylner, with manye mo other
In the date of the deuyll, thys dede I enseale
By syght of fyr Simony, and Ciuils leaue.

The true preach.

Thã tened him Theology, whan he this tale heard
And sayd to Ciuill, nowe sorow myght you haue
Such weddinges to worch, to wrath wyth Truthe
And ere thys weddinge be wrought, wo the betyde
For Wede is mulier, of amendes engendred
And God graunteth, to gyue Wede to Truthe
And ỹ hast giuẽ hir to a gilor, now god giue ỹ sorow
Thy texte telleth the not so, Trueth woote the sothe
For Dignus est operarius, hys hyre to haue
And thou haste fastened hir to False, fye on thy lawe
For all by leasynges thou lyuest, & lecherous workꝭ
Simonye and thy selfe, chenden holye church

Luke. x.

Who it is that shameth holy church.

The

The notaries and ye, noy the people
ye shal abye it both, by God that made me
Woell ye wit wernardes, but if your wyt fayle
That False is faythles, and fykil in her werkes
And was a bastard borne, of Belsabubs kynne
And Mede is a mulier, a mayden of good
And might kisse the kynge, for cosin if she wold.
Therfore worke by wisdome, and by my wyt also
And leade hir to London, there it is shewed
If any lawe wil loke, they liggen togither
And though iustices iudge hir, to be ioyned to Fal
Yet beware of wedding, for wytty is truth.
And cõsciẽce is of his coũsel, & knoweth you eche
And if he find you in default, and with false hold
It shal be set your soules, ful sore at the last.
Hereto assent Cyuile, and Simony ne wolde
Til he had siluer for his seruice, & also the notar...
Than set Fauell forth, florences inowe
And bade gyle to gyue, golde about
And namely to the Notaries, that hem none fayle
And feffe False wytnes, with florences inowe
For they may Mede amaistry, and maken at my wil.
Tho this gold was geuen, great was the thankyng
To False and to Fauell, for her great giftes
And come to conforten, fro care the False
And sithen certes syr, ceasen shall weneuer
Til mede be wedded thi wife, through wits of vs all
For we haue Mede amastred, with our mery speach
That she graũted to gone, with a good wyl
To London to loke, if the iawe wolde
Judge you ioyntlye, in ioye for euer
Than was Falsenes fayne, and Fauell as blyth,

Brides.

And letten sommon al seges, in shyers about
And bad hem al to be bowne, beggers and other
To wēd w̄ him to westminster, to witnes this dede.
Whathoꝛ ſes they ꝓ ride with Mede. And thā caried they foꝛth capes, to cary hem thither
And Fauel fet foꝛth then, foles inowe
And set mede vpon a Shireue, shode al newe
And False sate on a Sisour, that softlych troted
And Fauell on a flatterer, feetly attired
Tho had Notaries none, anoied they were
Foꝛ Simony and Ciuil, should on their fete gange
And than swoꝛe Simony, and Ciuyll both
That somners should be sadled, & serue hem echone
And let apparel these pꝛouisoꝛs, in palfreis wise
Sir Simony him selfe, shal syt on their backes
Deanes, and subdeanes, dꝛaw you togither
Archedecons and officials and al your regesters
Let saddle hem with siluer, our sinne to suffer
Is aduoutry and diuoꝛces, and derne vsury
To beare bishops about, abꝛode in visityng
Paulinus pꝛimus, foꝛ pleyntes in consistoꝛy
Shal serue my selfe, that Ciuill is inempned
And cartsaddle the comisary, our carte shall he leade,
And fetche vs vitayies, at foꝛnicatoꝛes
And maketh of Lier a long cart, to lede al these other
As friers and faytours, that on their fete runnen,
And thus False and Fauel, faren foꝛth together
And Mede in the middes, and al these men after.
I haue no time to tel, the taile that here foloweth
Of many maner men, that on thys mould lybbeth
Trueth maketh haste to the kynge And gyle was foꝛegoer, and guided hem all
Sothenes seeth hem well, and sayth but litle
And pꝛicked his palfrey, and passed hem al
And came to the kinges court, & Conscience it tolde

And Conscience to the king, carped it after.
Now by Christ q̄ the king, and I catch might
Fals or Fauell, or any of their frerig
I wold be worken of tho wreches, ẏ worken this yll
And done hē hang bi ẏ hals, & al ẏ hem meinteyneth,
Shal neuer man on this mold, mainprise the leest
But right as the law wol loke, let fall on hem all
And cōmaunded a constable, that can at the first
To attache tho tyrauntes, for any thinge I hote
And fetter fast Falsenes, for any kinnes giftes
And girde of Gyles head, and let him go no ferther
And if ye latche Lyer, let hym not escape,
Or he be put on the pillery, for any prayers I hote
And bring mede to me, in maugre them all
Drede at the doore stode, and the dome harde
How the king cōmaūded, Constables & Sergeantes
Falsenes and his felowhyp, to fetter and to binden
Than drede went wightely and warned the Fals
And bad him fle for fere, and his fellowes al.
Falsenes for feare then, fledde to the friers
And Gyle dothe him to go, agast for to dye
And marchauntes meten wt̄ him. & made him to byde
And shytte him in her shoppes, to shewen her ware
Appareled him as a prentise, the people to serue.
Lyghtlye Lyer leaped away than
Lurkynge through lanes, tolugged of many
He was no where welcome, fore his many tales
Ouer all thouted, and I hote trusse
Tyl Pardoners had pity, and pulled him into house
Thei wash him & wipe him, & woundē him in clouts
And sent him with seales, on sondayes to churches
And gaue him pardon for pence, poundmeale aboute

Dredema keth the gilty flee.

False can lack no maister.

Than loured leches, and letters they sent
That he should wonne with hem, waters to loke
Spicers speken with him, to spye their ware
For he coud of ther craft, & knew many gommes
And minstrels and messengers, met with him once
And held him halfe a yere, and a leuen dayes
Fryres with fayre spech, fet him thence
And for knowing of cõmers, coped him as a frier
And he hath leue to lepe out, as oft as hem lyketh
And is welcome whan he wyl, & wonneth w̃ thē ofte
All fledden for feare, and flowen into hernes
Saue mede the mayde, no mo durst abyde
And truely to tell, she trembled for dzede
And eke wept and wzong, whan she was atached

ꝑ actus tertius de visione.

The king wil know of mede whom she loueth best

NOwe is mede the mayd, & no mo of hem all,
w̃ Bedels & baliffs, bzought before the kinge
The king called a clerk, can I not his name,
To take mede the mayd, & make her atease
I shal assaye her my selfe, and sothelych appose
What man of this mold, that her were leuest
And if she wozke by wyt, and my wyl follow
I wol forgeue hir this gylt, so me God helpe
Curtesy the clerke than, as the king hight
Toke mede by the middle, & bzought her into chãbze,
And there was mirth and minstrels, mede to please
They that wõne in westminster, wozshiped her al
Gentlie with Joye, the Justices came
Busked hem to the bower, there the brid dwelled
To comfozte her kindlye, by clergies leaue
And sayd inozne not Mede, ne make ye no sozow

For

For we will wish the king, and thy waye shape
To be wedded at thy will, and where the leefe liketh
For all conscience cast and craft, as I trowe.
Wildlie Mede than, mercied them all
Of her great goodnes, and gaue hem echone
Copes of cleane gold, and Cups of siluer
Rynges with rubies, and riches many
The lest man of their menie, a moton of gold.
Than laugh they leue, these lordis at mede,
With that comon clarkes, to comfort her the saine
And bidden her be blith, for we be thyne owne
For to worke thy will, the whyle we mowne last
Hendliche she than, bihight them the same
To louen hem lellie, and lordes to make
To begge hem benefices, pluralities to haue
And in consistory at court, do call her names
Shal no lewdnes let, the clearke that I loue
That he ne worth first auaunced, for I am beknowen
Ther cunning clarkes, cholen cloke behynde
Than came ther a confessor, copid as a Frier
To mede the mayd, he mellud thes wordes
And sayd full softly, in shrift as it were
Though lewd mē & lerned mē, had lien by the bothe
And falsenes had ykouloed the, all this fifty wynter
I shal assoyle the my selfe, for a seme of whete
And also be thy bedman, and beare wel thy message
Amongest knightes & clerks, conscience to turne
Then mede for her misdedes, to that man kneled
And shroue her of her shroudnes, shameles I trow
Told him a tale, and toke him a noble
For to be her bedman, and her broker also
Than he assoyled her sone and sithen he sayde
We haue a window in working, wil set vs ful high

Wouldest

Woldest thou glase ỹ gable, & graue therin thi name
Seker shoulde thy soule be, heauen to haue.
The frutes of ỹo pitie penaunce. Wyst I that quod the woman, I would not spare
For to be your frende Fryer, and fayle you neuer
Whyle you loue Lordes, that lechery haunten
And lake not Ladyes, that loue well the same.
It is fraylenes of the flesshe, ye fynde it in bokes
And a course of kynde, whereof we commen al
Who so mai escape the slaunder, ỹ scath is sone amē-
It is synne of the seuen, sonest released (ded
Haue mercy quod mede, of men that it haunten
And I shal court your kyrke, your cloisture do makē
Walles do whyten, and wyndowes do glasen
Do paynten and portraye, and pay for the makyng
That euery segge shal say, I am sister of your house.
And god to all good folke, suche grauyng defend
To wryte in wyndowes, of her well deades
On auēter pryd be painted ther, & pomp of ỹ worlde
For Christe knoweth thy conscience, & thy kind wyll
And thy cost and thy couetise, & who thi catel ought.
Therfore I learne you lordes, leaue such worckes
To wryten in wyndowe, of your well dedes
Or to greddē after goddesmen, whā ye delen doles
On auēter you haue your hire here, & your heuē also.
Nesciat sinistra, quid faciat dextera.
Math. vi Lette not thy lefte halfe, late ne rathe
Wytte what thou worckest, wyth thy right syde
For thus biddeth ỹ gospel, good mē done her almes.
The mayers office Wayres and masters, that meanes be betwene
The kynge and the common, to kepe the lawes
To punnysshe on pylaries, and pynnynge stoles
Brusters and bakesters, bouchers and cokes

For

For these ar mē on this mold, ꝑ most harme worken
To the pore people, that percell meale byghe
For they poysen the people, priuely and oft
They richen through regratry, & rentes hem bigheth,
With that ꝑ pore people, should put in her wombes
For toke they all truely, they timbred not so hygh
Ne bought no burgages, be ye full certen.
And Mede ꝑ mayd, the Mayre hath besought
Of all such Sellers, siluer to take
Or presentes without peyce, as peces of syluer
Ringes or other riches, the regratours to mainteine
For my loue ꝙ that Lady, loue hem echone
And suffer hem to sel, some deale ageynst reason.
Saloncn the sage, a sermon he made
For amend Mayres, and men that kepe lawes
And tolde hem this teine, that I tel thinke.
Ignis deuorabit tabernacula eorū, qui libenter accipiūt mu-
Amōg these lettred leodes this latē is to meane (ncra.
That fyre shal fall, and brenne all to blo asshes
The houses and homes, of hem that desireth
Giftes or peres gyfts, bicause of her offices.
The king from the counsel came, & called after mede,
And sent for her a swyth, with sergeantes many
That brought her to boure, with blys & worshipe
Curtesly the king than, comsed to tell
To mede the mayd, melleth these wordes.
Unwittely woman, wrought hast thou ofte
And wurse wroughtest ꝑ neuer, than tho ꝑ fals toke
But I forgeue the that gilt, and graunt the my grace
Hence to thy death daye do so no more.
I haue knight conscience, came late from beyonde
If he willeth the to wyfe, wilt thou him haue?

What harme ꝑ pitillers doē what abuseis in regratig.

Iob. xv.

Yea lordyng that ladieg God forbydels,
But I be wholy at your helt, hang me sone.
And than was Conscience called, to come and appeare
Before the king and his counsell, as clerkes a other
Knelinge Conscience, to the kinge louted
To wyte what his will were, and what he do shoulde.
Wilt ȳ wedde this woman qȳ kynge, if I wil assēte
For she is fayre of thy felowship, for to be thy make
Quod conscience to the king, Christ it me forbydde
Or I wed such a wyfe, woo me betyde
For she is frayle of her fayth, fykell of her speche
And maketh men mysdo, many sondre tymes
Trust of her treasure, betrayeth ful many
Wyues and widowes, wantones she teacheth
And learneth hem lechery, that loue her giftes
Your father she felled, through falce byhest
And hath poysened Popes, and peyred holy churche
Is not a better bawd, by him that me made
Betwene heuen and hell, in earth though men sought
For she is tykel of her tayle, tayle wise of her tonge
As cōmē as a carte way, to eth a knaue that walketh
To monkes and to mynstrels: to meseis in hedges
Hisours and sompnours, such men her prayseth
Shrewes of shires, were shent if she were not
For she doth men lese her land, and her lyfe both.
She letteth falce prisoners, and payeth for them ofte
And geueth the Gailors, goid and grotes togethers
To wayteren the falce, se where him lyketh
And taketh the true by the top, and tyeth hem fast
And hangeth hem for hatred, that harme did neuer
To be cursed in consistory, she counteth not a beane
For she copith the cōmissarie, and coteth hys clarkes
She is assoyled as sone, as her selfe lyketh

Conscience forsaketh Mede for hir euyll conditiōs

And may nigh as moch do, in a month one
As may your secret Seale, in sixe score dayes
For she is preuy with the pope, prouisors it knoweth
For sir Simonie and her selfe, sealeth the bulles
She blesseth the bishops, though they be lewde
Prouendreth persons, and prestes mainteineth
To haue lemmans and lotteries, all her lyue dayes
And bringeth forth barnes, agayne forbode lawes
There she is well with the king, woo is the Realme
For she is fauorable to false, and fouleth truth oft
Bi Jesus with her Jwels, your Justices she shendith
And lyeth ageyne the lawes, and letteth hem the gate
That fayth may not be of force, her florēs fly to thick
She leadeth the law as her liste, & louedaies maketh
And doth mē lese thrugh her loue, ȳ law might wyn
The maze of a meane man, though he mote her euer
Lawe is so lordleche, and loth to make ende
Without presentes or penes, she pleaseth full fewe
Bi goodreso ȳ is gret ruth, reherse mē what hē liketh
Barons and burgesses, she bringeth in sorowe
And al the cōmon in care, that couetith lyfe in trueth
For Clergie and couetis, she coupleth togither
This is the life of that lady, now lord giue her sorow
And al that mainteineth her mē, meschaūce hē betide
For pore mē may haue no powr, to plain hē whē they
Such master is mede, among mē of good, (smarts
Than morned Mede, and meued her to the kinge
To haue space to speke, spedeli she might
The king graunted her grace: with a good wyll
Excuse the if thou canst: I can no more sayne
For conscience accuseth the: to congayne the forewer
Naye lord quod that lady: leue him the worse

Medeha-th leue to speake

When ye witten witterly, where the wrong lyeth
There that mischiefe is great, mede may helpe.
And thou knowest conscience, I came not to chyde
Ne dep̄raue thy person, with a p̄roud herte
Wel thou wotest warnard, but if thou wilt gabbe
Thou hast hanged on me, halfe a leuen times
And also griped my gold, giue it wher̄ the liked
And why thou wr̄atheſt ȳ nowe, wōder me thinketh
Yet I may as I might, menske the with giftes
And maintreine thy manhod, moze then thou knowest
And thou hast famed me foule, befoze the king here
Foz killed I neuer no king, ne councelled therafter
Ne did as thou demest, I do it on the kinge
In Nozmandy was he not, noyed foz my sake
And thou thy selfe sothely, shamedst him ofte
Crope into a Chabane, foz colde of thy nayles
Wendest that winter, wold haue lasted euer
And dredest to be deade, foz a dym cloude
And hydest vp ward, foz hunger of thy wombe.
Without pitie pyloze, poze men thou robbedst
And bare hyz bras at thy backe, to Calleis to sell
There I last with my lozde, his life foz to saue.
I made his men mery, and mourning let
I batred hem on her backe, and bolded her hertes
I dyd hem hoppe foz hope, to haue me at will
Had I bene merschall of his men, by Mary of heauen
I durst haue layd my lyfe, and no lesse wed
He should haue be lozd of ȳ lande, in length & bredth
And also king of that kyth, his kynne foz to helpe
The lest bzol of his bloud, a bacons pere.
Cowardly thou cōscience, councelledst him thens
To leuen his lozdship, foz a lytle syluer

Mede rehersith what she hath done

That

That is the richeſt realme, that raygne ouer houeth.
It becometh to a kynge, that kepeth a realme
To gyue mede to men, that mekely him ſerueth
To alliantes and to al mē, to honerne hem wᵗ giftes
Mede maketh him beloued, and for a man holden.
Emperours and Erles, and all maner of Lordes
For gyftes haue yonge men, to go and to ryde
The Pope & al the prelates, preſentes vnderfoggen
And medeth men hem ſelues, to maintein her la wes.
Seruauntes for their ſeruice, we ſe well the ſothe
Taken mede for hyr maiſtrys, as they may accorde.
Beggers for their biddynge, bidden me Mede
Mynſtrels for theyr myrth, Mede they aske.
The kyng hath mede of his mē, to make peace in lād
Men that teachen chyldren, crauen after mede.
Prieſtes that preachen ỹ people to good, aſken mede
And maſſe pence and her meat, at the meale tyme.
All kynne craftes men, crauē Mede for her prentiſes
Marchauntes and mede, muſte nedes go togythers
No wyght as I wene, withouten mede may lyue.
Quod the king to Cōſcience, by Chriſt as me thinketh
Mede is well worthy, the maiſtrye to haue.
Nay quod Conſcience to ỹ king, & kneled on the earth
There are .ii. maner of Medes, my lord wᵗ your leue
That one god of hys grace, grauteth in his bliſſe
To hem that well worchen, whyle they liuen here
The prophet precheth thereof, & put it in the pſalter.
Domine quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo. &c.
Lord who ſhal mōne in thy wonnes, & with thi holy
Or reſtē in thi holy hils: this aſketh Dauid. (ſaynts
And Dauid aſſoyleth it him ſelfe, as ỹ pſalter telleth.
Qui ingreditur ſine macula, et operatur iuſticiam.

Mede telleth how neadful ſhe is to all men.

Conſcience telleth ỹ king of .ii. maner of Medes.

Pſal. xv.

They that entren of one coloure, and of one will
And haue wrought worckes, ẅ right & with reason
And he that vseth not, the life of vsurye
And enfourmeth poꝛe men, and pꝛeſerueth trueth

ꝑ ſal. xv. Qui pecuniam ſuam non dedit ad vſuram
Et munera ſuper innocentem non accipit.

And al ẏ helpe the innocẽt, and holden ẅ the rightfull
Without Mede doth hem good, & the truth helpeth
Suche maner men my Loꝛde, ſhal haue ẏ firſt mede
Of god at her greate nede, whan they gone hence
Ther is an other mede meſureles, ẏ maſters deſtreth
To maintaine miſdoers, mede they take.
And therof ſpeaketh the pſalter, in a pſalmes ende.

ꝑ ſa. xxvi In quorum manibus iniquitates ſunt
Dextera eorum, repleta eſt muneribus.

And he that grypeth hir golde, ſo me god helpe
Shall abye it bytter, oꝛ the boke lyeth
Pꝛieſtes and perſons, that pleaſynges deſieren
That taken mede and money, foꝛ maſſes ẏ they ſinge
Taken her mede here, as Mathew vs teacheth

ꝑ mat. vi. Amen amen, recipiebant mercedem ſuam.

That labourers and poꝛe folke, takẽ of her maiſters
It is no maner mede, but a meaſurable hyꝛe
In marchaundice is no mede, I may it well auowe
It is a permutatiõ apertly, a peniwoꝛth foꝛ another
And reddeſt thou neuer Regum, thou recraed mede
Whã the vẽgeaũce fel on Saule, & on hys chyldꝛen
God ſent to Saule, by Samuell the pꝛophete
That Agag of Amelec, and all hys people after
Shoulde dye foꝛ a dede, that done had her elders
Therfoꝛe ſaid Samuel to Saul, god him ſelf hoteth
The be buxume at his bidding, his wil to fulfill

Wend

Wēd to Amelec w̄ thine host, & what ȳ findest there
Burnes and Beastes, brenne hem to death (slea it
Woydowes and wyues, women and childzen
Mouable & vnmouable, and al that thou might find
Brenne it beare not awaye, be it neuer so ryche
For mede nor for money, loke thou distroye it
Spyll it and spare it not, thou shalt spede the better
And for he coueted her cattell, and the kinge spared
Forbare him & his beasts both, as ȳ bible witnesseth
Otherwyse than he was, warned of the prophet
God sayd to Samuel, that Saule should dye
And his sede for that synne, shamefully ende
Such a mischiefe mede made, Saule ȳ king to haue
That god hated him forever, & all his heyres after
The colour of thys case, ne kepe I not to tell
On auenture it noyed men, no ende wyll I make
For so is this world wont, w̄ hem that haue power
That who so sayeth sothe, is soonest blamed
I Conscience know this, for kind wit, me it taught
That reason shall rayne, and realmes gouerne
And right as Agag had, happe shall come
Samuell shall slea him, and Saule shall be blamed
And Dauid shall be diademed, & daunten hem all
And one christen kinge, kepe hem echeone
Shall no more mede be maistry, as she is nowe
And loue and lownes, and leauty togythers
Shall be maisters on molde, Truthe to saue
And who so trespaceth against truth, or taketh again
Leauty shal done hym lawe, & no life els (his wil
Shal no sergeāt for his seruice, wear no silk howne
Ne no Pelure in his cloke, for pleadynge at the barre
Mede of misdoers, maketh many Lordes.

This is no prophecy, but a reasonable gatherig.

And

And ouer lords lawes, ruleth the realmes
And kind loue shall come yet, and conscience togither
This is no prophecye, but a truth gathered of the scriptures. And make of lawe a labourer, such loue shall aryse
And such a peace among the people, & a perfite truth,
That Jewes shal wene in their wyt, & waxe wõders
That Moses & Messia, be come into this erth (glad
And haue wonder in her hertes, that men be so true.
All that beareth bastarde, brode swerde or launce
Axe, or yet hatchet, or any weapon els
Shalbe demed to deth, but if he do it smithy.
Esai. ii. Into sicle or into sythe, to share or to culter.
Conflabunt gladios suos in vomeres.
Euery man to play with a plow, pikeaxe, or spade,
Spynne or spread dong, or spil him selfe wt sloughe,
Priestes or persons, with placebo to hunte
And dynge apon Dauid, euery day tyl euen
Hunting or hauking, if any of them vse
Hys boast of benifice, worth by nome him after
Shal neither king ne knight, constable ne mayre
Ouerleade the common, ne to the court sõmone
Ne put hem in panel, tõ done hem plight her truth
But after ỹ dede is done, one dome shal rewarde
Mercy or no mercy, as truth wil accord.
Kinges courte, cõmon courte, consistorye and chapter
Al shalbe but one court, and one Baron by iustice
Than worth true tõg, a tidy man ỹ tened me neuer
Batteis shall none be, ne no man beare weapon
And what smith that any smithed, be smittẽ therwt to
Esai. ii. Nõ leuabit gens contra gentem gladium. &c. (death
And or this fortune fall, find men shal the werste
By syx sũnes and a shyp, and halfe a shefe of arowes.
And ỹ mydle of a mone, sh[illegible] make ỹ Jewes to turne,

And

And Sarasines for that sight shall syng
Gloria in excelcis deo
For Makometh and Mede, mischape shal that tyme
For Mi elius est bonum nomen quam diuitie multe
Al so wroth as the wind, waxe Mede in a while
I can no latin ꝙ she, clerkes wote the sothe
She what Salomon sayth, in Sapientie bokes
That he that geueth giftes, the victory winneth
And most worshipp hath therw̄, as holy write telleth.
Honorem acquiret, qui dat munera.
I leue wel Lady ꝙ cōscience, that the latin be true
And thou art like a lady: that rad a lesson once
Was Omnia probate, and that pleased her well
For that was no longer, at the leaues ende
Had she loked that other half, and the lefe turned
She shuld haue foūd sel wordes folowing therafter
Quod bonum est tenete, Trueth that texte made
And so fared ye Madame: ye coude nomore finde
Tho you loked on Sapience, sitting in yonr study
This text that ye haue told, were good for lords
And you failed a cūnig clerk ẏ coud ẏ lefe haue turned
And if ye seke Sapiēce oft, find ye shall ẏ followeth
A full teneful text, to hem that take mede
And that is, Animam autem aufert accipientium. &c.
And ẏ is the taile of the text: of that that ye shewed
That though we win worshipp & with mede haue
The soule that the sond taketh, by so much (victory
is bounde.

That scripture shold be read whole. 1. Tess. v.

Psalmus quartus de visione.

CEase sayth the kinge, I suffer you no longer
Ye shal sangtle forsoth, & serue me both
Kysse hyr quod the king, conscience I hote

Conscience wil haue reasons aduice.

Nay by Christ quod Conscience, congay me rather
But Reason reade me thereto, rather wyl I dye.
And I cõmaũd you & the king, to Conscience than
Rape the to ride, and Reason thou fetch
Commaund him that he come, my counsell to heare
For he shall rule the realme, and reade me the beste
Of Mede and of other, and what man shal hir wedde
And accoũten w the Conscience, so me Christ helpe
How thou lernest ỳ people, the learned & the lewde.
I am fayne of that forward, sayd the freke than
And ryt right to Reason, & rowndeth in his eare
And sayd as the kinge bade, and sythe toke his leaue.
I shal aray me to ryde quod Reason, rest the awhile
And called Caton his knaue, curtise of speache
And also Thomme true tonge, tell me no tales
Ne lealynge to laughen of, for I loued hem neuer

Reason rydeth on sufferãce.

And set my saddle apõ Sufferaũce, til I se my tyme
And let waroken it wel, with wytty wordes girthes
And hãg on him the heauy bridle, to holde his heade
For he wil make wehe, twise er he come ther (lowe
Than Cõscience apon his caple, caried forth fast
And reason with him rit, rownynge togithers
Whych maistris Mede, maketh on this earth.

Warren wysdome & Wittye folowed Reason

One Waren wysedome, and Wytty his fere
Folowed hym faste, for they had to done
In ỳ Escheker & at ỳ chauncerye, to be discharged of
And ridẽ fast, for Resõ shold read hem ỳ best (things
For to saue hem for siluer, frõ shame and frõ harmes
And Cõscience knew hem wel, they loued couetise
And bade Reason ride fast, and reck of hem nether
Ther be wiles in her words, & with mede they dwell
Ther as wrath & wrangeling is, there get they siluer
And wher is loue & leauty, they wil not come there.

Contricio et infelicitas in viis eorum. &c. Psa. xiii.
They ne giue not of God, one goose winge.
Non est timor domini ante oculos eorum. &c. Psa. xiii
For God wot, they wil do more for a dosen chykins
Or as many capons, or for a seame of Otes
Than for loue of our lord, or al his leue sayntes.
Therfore reason let hem ride, the rich by hem selfe
For cõsciẽce knoweth hẽ not, ne Chryst as I trowe.
And than Reason rode fast, the right hie gate
And Conscience him kenned, tyl they came to ỳ kyng.
Curtesly the king than, came agaynst Reason
And bet wene him selfe and his sonne, set hym on bẽch
And wordeden wel wisely, a great whyle togythers.
And thã came Peace into parlimẽt, & put forth a byll Peace cõ playneth vpõ wrõ
How Wronge agaynst hys wyl, had his wife taken
And how he rauyshed Rose, Raynoldes loue
And Margaret of hyr maidẽhed, maugre hir cheeks
Both my geese and my gris, his gadlinges fetcheth,
I dare not for feare of hym, fight ne chide
He borowed my bayard, & brought him neuer home
Ne no ferthing therfore, for ought I could pleade
He mainteineth his men, to murther myne owne
Forstalleth my fayres, & feghteth in my chepyng,
And breketh vp my berne dores, & stealeth away my
And taketh me but a tayle, for .x. quarter otes (wheat
Yet he beateth me therto, and lieth by my mayd
I am not hardy for him, vneth to loke
The king knew he said soth, for cõscience him told
That Wrõg was a wicked luske, & wrought much
Wrõg was afraid thẽ: & wisedome he sought (sorow
To make peace wt his pence, and proferd him manye
And sayde, had I loue of the kyng: lytle wold I reche

If Wrõg might obtaine the kinges fauour, he passeth for no more.

Though Peace and hys power, playned hem euer
Tho went Wisedome, and sir Warren the wittye
For that Wronge had wrought, so wycked a dede
And warned Wrong tho, with such a wise tale.
Who so worketh by wyll, wrathe maketh oft
I saye it by my selfe, you shall it well finde
But if Wede it make, thy mischefe is vp
For both thy lyfe and thy londe, lyeth in hir grace.
Than wowed Wronge, wysedome full yerne
To make his peace wt his pence, handy dãdy payed.
Wisedome and Wyt than, went both togythers
And toke Wede midde hem, mercy to wynne.
Peace put forth hys heade, and his pan bloudy
Wythouten gylt god wot, gate I thys scath
Conscience and the commune, knowen the sothe
And wisedome and wyt, weren about faste
To ouercome the kinge, with cattel if they myght.
The kinge swore by Christ, and by his crowne both
That wronge for hys workes, should wo thorowly
And commaunded a constable, to cast him in yrons
And let hym not these seuen yeres, se hys fete once.
God wot quod Wisedome, that were not the beste
And he amẽdes might make, let mainprice him haue
And be borowe for his bale, and byggen him boote
And so amẽd that is misdo, & euermore the better
Wytte accorded therewith, and sayde the same
Better is that boote, bale adowne bringe
Than bale be ibeate, and bote neuer the better.
Than gan Wede to meuen hér, & mercy she besought
And profred Peace a present, all of pure golde
Haue thys man of me quod she, to amend thy scath
For I wyll wage for Wronge, he will do so no more

Wrong is cõmitted to prison.

By

Situouslye Peace than, prayed to the kinge
To haue mercy on ỹ man, that misdyd him so oft
For he hath waged me wel, as wisdome him taught
And I forgiue him that gylte, wyth a good wyll
So that the kinge assent, I can say no better.
For mede hath me amẽds made, I mai no more aske
Naye quod the kynge tho, so Christe me helpe
Wronge wẽdeth not so away, erst I will wyt more
For lope he so lightly, laughen he woulde
And eft be the bolder, to beate mine hewen
But Reasõ haue ruth on him, he shal sit in my stocks
And ỹ as longe as he liueth, but lownes him borow
Some men rad Reasõ tho, haue ruth on that shrewe
And to councell the kynge, and conscience after
That mede might be meinperner, Resõ thei bisought
Rede me nought ỹ Reason, no ruthe to haue
Tyll Lordes and ladyes, loue all Trueth
And haten all harlotrye, to heare or to mouth it
Tyll Pernels purfill, be putte in hir hutche
And childerns cherishing, be chastisinge wt yardes
And harlots holynes, be holden for an hynde
Tyl clarkes couetise, be to clothe the pore and fede
And religious Romers, recordars in her cloysters
As saint Benet hem bade, Bernard and Francis
And tyll preachers preaching, be preued on hem selfe
Till the kynges counsell, be the cõmon profite
Tyll bishops barnes, be beggers chambers
Her haukes & her houndes, helpe to pore religious
And til saint James be soughte, there I shall assigne
That no man go to Galice, but if he go forever
And all Rome runners, for robbers of beyond
Beare no siluer ouer sea, that signe of kyng sheweth

Mede stoppeth Peaces mouth

Reasons aduice in the punyshynge of Wronge

Neyther grauen noꝛ vngrauen: gold neither ſyluer
Apon forfeture of that fee, who ſo find it at Douer
But if he be merchãt oꝛ his mã: oꝛ meſſẽger w̃ letters
Prouiſoꝛ oꝛ prieſt: oꝛ penant foꝛ hys ſynnes
And yet ꝙ Reaſõ by ꝑ roode: I ſhall no ruthe haue
While Mede hath the maſterie: in this mouth hall
And I may ſhew examples, as I ſe other whyle
I ſaye it by my ſelfe quod he: and it ſo were
That I were king with crowne: to kepe a realme
Should neuer wꝛouge in this woꝛld: ꝑ I wyt might
Be vnpuniſhed in my power: foꝛ peril of my ſoule
Ne get my grace foꝛ gyftes, ſo me God ſaue
Ne foꝛ no Mede haue mercie, but if mekenes it made
Foꝛ Nullum malum the man: mette with Impunitum
And badde that Nullum bonum be Irremuneratum
Let thy cõfeſſour ſyꝛ king, conſtrue this vnglozed
And if ye wozken it in werke: I dare wed mine eares
That law ſhal be a labourer: and leade afelde dounge
And loue ſhall leade the land, as the leefe lyketh.
Clerks ꝑ were Confeſſours: coupled hem togithers
Al to conſtrue this clauſe foꝛ the kinges pꝛofit
And not foꝛ ꝑ cõfoꝛt of ꝑ poꝛe comon: ne kinges ſoule
Foꝛ I ſe Mede in the mouth hal: on men of law wink
And thei laughing lope to her: and left reaſon many
Waren wiſedome, winked apon Mede
And ſayd madame I am your mã: what ſo mi mouth
I fayle flozens ꝙ the freke, & fail ſpeche oft: (iangleth
Al rightfull recoꝛden, that Reaſon trueth tolde
And wit accoꝛdid therwith, and cõmẽdid his woꝛds
And the moſt people in the hall: & manye of the greate
And lettẽ mekenes a maſter, & mede a manzed ſhrew.
Loue left of her light: and leautie yet laſſe
[illegible] that all the hall it herde

Mat. xvi.

Law ſhal lead afelde &c.

But he be knowen for a cokcolde, cut of my nose
Wede mourned sore tho, and made heauy chere
For the most cõmon of that court, called hir an hore
And a Sisoure and a somnour, sued hir fast
And a shriues clarke, beshrewed all the route
For ofte haue I quod he, holpen you at the barre
And yet gaue ye me neuer, the worth of a ryshe.
The kinge called Conscience, and afterwarde Reason
And recorded that Reasõ, had rightfully shewed
And Woodlych apon Wede, wt might the king loked
And gã waxe wroth wt law, for mede had it nere shét
And said, by your la w as I leue, I lese many eschets
Wede ouermastreth lawe, and muche trueth letteth
And Resõ shal rekẽ wt you, if I raigne anye whyle
And deme you by this day, as ye haue deserued.
Wede shall not maynprise you, by Mary of heauen
I wil haue Leauty in law, & let be your iangling
And as most folk witnesseth, Wrong shal be demed.
Quod Cõscience to ỹ king, but ỹ common wil assent
It is full harde by myne heade, hereto to bringe it
All your lege lordes, to leden thus euen.
By hym ỹ raught on ỹ rode, ỹ Reason to the king
But if I rule this your realme, rente out my guts
If ye bidden buxumnes, be of myne assente.
And I assent sayd the kyng, by. S. Mary my ladye
By my counsell commune, of clarkes & of erles
And reddily reason, thou shalt not ride from me
For as longe as I lyue, leaue the I nell
I am ready quod Reason, to rest with you euer
So Cõscience be of our counsel, I kepe no better
And I graunt quod the king, god forbid it falle
As long as our liues lasteth, lyue we togythers

The iers the fron righ..

Reasõ taketh vpõ hym to rule the realme.

Passus quintus de visione.



The kyng and his knights, to the kirke wente
To here mattes of the day, and ỳ masse after
Thã waked I of mi wiking, & wo was wal
That I ne had slept sadder, & sighen moze
And er I had faren a furlong, sentise me hente
That I ne might farder a fote, foz defaut of slepinge
And sat softly adoune, and sayd my beleue
And so I babled on mi beads, thet bzought me aslep
And than I saw much moze, then I befoze of tolde
Foz I se the field full of folke, that I befoze of sayde
And howe reason gan araiẽ him, al ỳ realme to pzech
And with a Cros afoze ỳ king, comsed thus to techen,
Pestilences come foz sinne. He pzeued that this pestylences, were foz pure synne
And the south westozne wind, on satterday at euen
Was partly foz pure pzid, and foz no poynt els.
Pyries and plumtries, were pulled to thearth
In ensample tho segges, ye shuld done the better
Beches and bzode okes, were blowen to the grounde
Turned vpwardes her tayles, in tokening of dzed
That dedly synne er domesday, shall fozdone hem all
Of this matter I might, mamelie full long
And I shall saye as I sawe, so me god helpe
How partly befoze the people reason began to pzeche
He bad wastoz go wozke, what he best coude
And win his wasting, with some maner craft
He pzayed Pernell her purfyles to let
And kepe it in her cofer foz cattell at her nede
Tomme Stowne he taught, to taken two staues
And fech Felicie home, frome the winen pine
And he warned Wat, his wife was to blame
That her hed was wozth half a marke, & his hod not
And he bad Bet, cut a how oz twain (wozth a grot

And

And beate Beton therwith, but if she will werke
And then he charged chapmen, to chasten her children
Let no winninge hem forwany, whyle they be yonge
Nefor no pouft of pestilence, please hem not out of re-
My syer sayd to me, and so did my dame, (son
That the leuer child, the more lore behoueth
And Salomon sayd the same, that Sapience made.

True correction muste be had

Qui parcit virge, odit filium. Pro. xiii.

The Englysh of thys latine, who so will know
Who so spareth the spring, spylleth hys children
And sithen he prayed prelates, and prieftes togither
That ye preach to the people, preue on your selfe
And do it in dede, it shall driue you to good,
If ye liue as ye learne vs, we shal leue you the better,
And sithen he radde religion, her rule to holde
Lest the king and his councel, your commons apere
And be stuardes of your stedes, till ye be ruled better.
And sithen he councelled the king, his cōmons to loue
It is thy treasure if treso ne were, & treacle at thi nede
And sithē he praied ỳ Pope, haue pity on holy church
And ere he gaue any grace, gouerne first him selfe.
And ye ỳ haue lawes to kepe, let trueth be your coue-
More then gold or gifres, if ye will god please (tyse
For who so contrarieth truth, he telleth in the gospel.
That god knoweth hem not, ne no saynt in heauen.

The suppression of Abbayes. Good counsell.

Mat xxv

Amen dico vobis, nescio vos.

And ye that seke saynt James, & sayntes at Rome
Seke saynt truth, for he may saue you all,
Qui cum patre et filio, that fayre hem befal,
That sueth my sermon, and thus sayd Reason.
Than raune Repentaunce, and reherced his teme
And gart Will wepe, water with his eyen
Perfect proude herte, plate hir to the earth

True pilgrimage.

And lay along or she loked, and lord mercy cryed
And behyght to him, that vs al made
She shoulde vnsow her serke, and set theron here
Shal neuer high hert me hent: but hold me low
To affayntey her flesh, ỹ fierce was to synne,
And suffer me to be missayd, and so dyd I neuer
But now wyll I meke me, and mercy beseche
For al this I haue hated in my hart.

Lechour. The olde satisfaciõ

Than Lechoure sayd alas, & on our lady he cried,
To make mercy for his misdedes, betwene god & his
With ỹ he sholde ỹ saturday, for seuẽ yere after (soule
Drynke but myd the daye, and dyne but once

Enuye.

Enuy with heuy herte, asked after shrifte
And carefully Mea culpa, he comsed to shew
And was as pale as a pellet, in the palsey he semed
And clothed in Caurymaury, I can it not discriue,
In kyrtel and curtepy, and a knife by hys syde
Of a friers frocke, were the foresleues
And as a leke that hath lyed long in the sunne
So loked he with leane chekes, louring foule
His body was to bole for wrath, ỹ he bote his lippes
And wringig wỹ ỹ first, to wreke him self he thought
With workes or wỽ wordes, whan he se his time
Ech word that he warped, was of an edders tonge
Of chyding and of chalenging, was his chief liuelode
With backbiting & bisner, & bearing false wytnes
This was al his curtesy, wher ỹ euer he shewed him
I wold be shriuen or this shrew, if I for shame durst,
I wold be gladder by god, ỹ Gyb had mischaunce

Enuious workes.

Than if I had won this weke, a wey of Essexe chese
I haue a neyghbour nye me, I haue noyed hym ofte
And lowen on him to lords, to don him lose his siluer
And made his frend be his foe, thrugh my false tõg

His grace and his good happes, greueth me ful sore
Betwene many and many, I make debate oft
That both lyfe and lyme, is lost thrzough my speche,
And when I mete him in market, that I most hate
I halse him hendlech, as I his frende were
For he is doughtier then I, I dare do none other,
And had I mastry and might, god wot my wyll,
And whā I come to ỳ kirke, & shuld knele to the rode
And pray for the people, as the prieste teacheth
For pilgrimes & for palmers, & for al the people after
Than I cry on my knees, ỳ Christ geue him sorow
That bare away my bole, and my brode shete
Away from the auter, then turne I mine eyen
And behold how Elen, hath a new coate
I wyth that it were mine, w al the webbe after
And at mens lesing I laugh, that mine herte aketh
And for their winning I wepe, and wele the tyme
And deme that they do yll, though I do well worse,
Who so undermineth me herof, I hate him deadly
I wold that ech a wight, were my knaue after
For who so hath more then I, ỳ angreth me sore.
And thus I lyue loueles, like a lyther dogge
That all my body bolneth, for bytter of my gall
I might not eaten many yeres, as a man ought
For enuy and euell wyll, is euell to defye
May no suger ne no swete thyng, swage the swelling
Ne no Diapendion, dryue it from my harte
Nether shrift nether shame, but shraping of mi maw,
This I reade ỳ repentaunce, & rede him to ỳ beste.
Sorow for synnes, saluacion is of soules,
I am sory quod that segge, I am but selde other
And ỳ maketh me thus megre, for I ne mai me beng

So howe Enuy repenteth.

Amonges Burgeſis haue I be, dwellyng at Lõdon
And gard backbityg be a broker, to blame mẽs ware
Whan he ſold and I not, than was I ready
To lye & loure on my neyghbour, & to lak his chaffer
I wil amẽd this if I maye, through migh of god al-
Wrath. Now awaketh Wrath, wt two white eien (mighty
And niueling with the noſe, and his necke hanginge.
I am Wrath quod he, I was ſometyme a Fryer
And the couentes gardiner, for to grafte Impes
On Limitours and Legiſters, leſynges I imped
Til they bear leaues of ſmoth ſpeach, lords to pleaſe
And ſithẽ they bloſomed abrod, in bour to hear ſhrift
And now is fallẽ therof a frute, ỹ folke han wel leuer
Shew her ſhrifts to hem, thã ſhriue hẽ to her perſõs
And perſons haue perceiued, ỹ Friers part wyth hem
Theſe poſſeſſours preach, and depraue Friers
And Friers findeth hẽ in defaut, as folk bear witnes
And whã thei prech ỹ people, in many places aboute
I Wrath walke wt hem, and wiſh hem of my bokes.
A good ſcholemaſter. Thus thei ſpeke of mi ſpiritualty, & deſpiſe ech other
Tyl they be both beggers, & by my ſpiritualty libbẽ
Or els al rich and riden about, I Wrath reſt neuer
That I ne moſt folow this wicked folke, for ſuch is
Nunnes. I haue anaunt to Nun, & an Abbes both (my grace
Her had leuer ſwone or ſwelt, thã ſuffer any paine
I haue bene coke in her kitchen, and hir couent ſerued
Many monethes with hem, & with Monkes both
I was the Priores potager, and other pore ladyes
And made hẽ Jowts al tãgling, ỹ dame Jone was a
And dame Clarence a knightes daughter, (baſtarde
a cokolde was hir ſire,
And dame Pernel a prieſts file, priores was ſhe neuer
For ſhe had child in chery time, al our chapter it wyſt

Of

Of wicked wordes (I Wrath) hir wortes made
Tyll thou liest and thou liest, lopen out at once
And eyther hyt other, vnder the cheke
Had they had knues bi Christ, ether had killed other.
Saint Gregory was a good pope, & had a good for That no priores were prieste, for ỹ he prouided (wit Lest haply they had had no grace, to hold harlatry in For they are ticle of hir tonges, & must al secretes tell Amõg monkes I might be, and many times ishamen For they be many fell frekes, my feris to espie Both Prior and subprior, and our pater abbas And if I tell anye tales, they taken hem togithers And do me faste frydates, to breade and to water I am chalenged in Chapter house, as I a child were And balaced on the bare arse, and no breach betwene Therfore haue I no likynge, vỏ tho leodes to wonne I eate there vnhende fiche, and feble ale dryncke Other while whan wine cometh, & I drinck it at eue I haue a fluxe of a foule mouth, well fiue daies after Al ỹ wickednes that I wot, by anye of our brethren I kouth it in our cloyster, that all our couent wot it Now repẽt the ỹ Repẽtaũce, and reherse thou neuer Councel that ỹ knowest, by coũtenaunce ne by sight And drincke not ouer delicately, ne to depe neither That thy wil bicause therof, to Wrath myght turne Ete sobrius he saide, and assoyled him after And bade hym wil to wepe, his wickednes to amẽd.

Gregory wold not sufferr wo menne to hear confession.

And than came Couetis, can I him not discriue
So hungerly and hollowe: so sternely he loked
He was bittlebrowed, and baberlypped also
Wyth two blered eyen, as a blinde hagge
And as a lethrey purse, lolled his chekes

Couetise.

Well syder then his chyn they sheuered for olde
The ymage of couetise. And as a boūd-mā of his bacō, his berd was bidraue
With a hode on his heade, & a lousy hatte aboue (led
And in a tauny tabard, of twelue winter age
Al totorne and baudye, and full of lyce crepinge
But if that a louse, could haue lepen the better
She had not walkt on ỳ welte, so was it thredbare.
I haue bene couetise quod this catife, I beknowe it
For sometime I serued Symme at style (here
And was his prentice plight, his profyt to wate
Fyrst I lerned to lye, a leese other twayne
Wyckedly to wey, was my first lesson
To Wy and to Winchester, I went to the fayre
With many maner merchādise, as my master me hight
Ne had the grace of gyle, ygo amongest my chaffer,
It had bene vnsolde this seuen yere, so me God helpe
Than draue I me amōg drapers, my donet to lerne
To draw the lyser a long, the longer it semed
Among the rich rayes: I rendred a lesson
To broche hem w a packnedel, & plyt hem togythers,
And put hem in a presse, and pynned them therin
Til ten yardes or twelue, had tolled out .xiii.
My wyfe was a websters, and woollencloth made
She spake to spinsters to spynen it oute
And the pound ỳ she payd, bipaised a quarterne more
Than myne owne auncer, who so weyed trueth
I bought her berly malte, she brewed it to sell
Penyale and pudd ingale, she poured togithers
For labourars and low folke, that lay by it selfe.
The best ale lay in my bour, or els in my chambre
And who so bummed therof, bought it thereafter,
A gallon for a grote, god wote no lesse

And

And yet it came in cupemele, this craft she vsed.
Rose the Regrater, was hir right name
She hath holden hukkerye, all her life tyme
And I swere now sothelich, that sinne wold I let
And neuer wickedly wey, ne wicked chaffre vse
But wend to Walsingham, and my wyfe also,
And vyd the rode of bꝛõholme, bring me out of dette
Repentest thou euer (quod repentaunce)
oꝛ restitucion madest?
Yes once I was herberd ꝙ he, wt̃ anhepe of chapmẽ,
I rose when they were at rest, & rifled their males.
That was not restituciõ, ꝙ repẽtãce, but robers thekt
Thou hadst ben better woꝛthy, be hanged therfoꝛe
Than foꝛ al that, thou hast here shewed.
I toke rifling foꝛ restituciõ ꝙ he, foꝛ I neuer red boke
I cã no frẽch in fayth, but of thefer ende of Noꝛfolke
Vsed thou euer vsury ꝙ repẽtaũce, in al thy lyfe time?
Nay sothely he sayd, saue in my youth
I lerned amonge Lumberdes, and Iewes a lesson
To wey pence wt̃ a payes, and pare the heuyest
And lene it foꝛ loue of crese, to laye a wed and lesen it,
Such dedes I did wꝛite, ik he his day bꝛoke
I haue no maners bi rerages, thã thꝛough. (Miseria-
I haue lent lords & ladies, my chaffer (tur & cõmodat
And ben her bꝛoker after, and bought it my selfe
Eschaunges and cheuisaunces, wt̃ suche chaffer I dele
And lend folke that lese wyll, a lyp at euery noble
And with lumbardes letters, I lad gold to Rome
And toke it by tale here, and told hem there lesse.
Lẽdest thou euer lords, foꝛ loue of her maintenaunce?
Yea I haue lent lords, that loued me neuer after
And hath made mani a knight, both mercer & draper

The restitutiõ that nowe is vsed.

That

That payd not for his prētishod, one paire of glouis
Hast thou pitie on pore men, ỹ must nedes borowe.
I haue as much pitie on ỹ pore, as pedler hath of cats
That kylth hem if he cā hē catch, for couet of her skins
Art ỹ mālech emōg thi neibours, of thi mete & drinke.
I am holden quod he as hinde, as is hound in kitchin,
Amongest my neibours namely, such a name I haue.
God leue ỹ neuer & repentaūce, but ỹ repēt ỹ rather
Grace on this ground, thy god wel the byset
Ne thine heyres after ỹ, haue ioye of ỹ thou wynnest
Ne thine executors wel biset, ỹ siluer ỹ thou hē leuest
And ỹ was wōne w̄ worōg, w̄ wicked mē be dispēdid
For wer I frier of ỹ house, ther goodfeith & chariti is
I nold cope bs wyth thy cattel, ne our kirke amende
Ne haue a peny to mi pittaūce, so god my soul helpe
For ỹ best boke in oure house, bryght golde if it were.
And I wist witterly thou were suche as thou tellest.
Ore els that I could know it by any kindes wyt.

Ill gotte goodes must be ill spent.

Seruus es alterius cū fercula pinguia quæris
pane tuo potius vescere liber eris.

Thou art an vnkind creatrue, I can the not assoyle
Tyl thou make restitucion, and rekening w̄ them all,
And syth that reason rolle it, in the regester of heauen
That ỹ hast made eche mā good, I may ỹ not assoile.

Non dimittitur peccatum nisi restituatur ablatum.

Forgette not that ỹ last date will surely come. Ps al. li.

For all that haue of thy good, haue God my trouth
Bene holdē at the heygh dome, to help the to restitute
Who so leueth not this be soth, loke in ỹ psalter clause
In Miserere mei deus whether I meane truth

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti. & .&c.

Ps ca. xvii

Shal neuer worken mā in this world, thriue with that thou wineste

Cum sancto sanctus eris, Construe me that in englisch,

Than

Thã wart ỹ shrew in wãhope, & wold hãg him selfe
Ne had repẽtãce ỹ rather, recõforted him in this ma
Haue merci in thi mind, & with mouth beseech it (ner
For Gods mercy is moze, than al his other wozkes
And al wikednes in ỹ wozld, ỹ mã mai wozk oz thik
Is no moze, to ỹ mercy of God, thã in ỹ sea a glied.

True repẽtaunce hathhope of mercy.

Omnis iniquitas quantum ad misericordiam dei
Est quasi scintilla, in medio maris.

Therfoze haue ỹ merci in mind, & merchãdice leue it
For thou hast no good ground, to get thee w̃ wastel
But if it were w̃ thy tong, oz els w̃ thy two hãdes
For ỹ good that ỹ hast gottẽ, began all w̃ falshead
And as lõg as ỹ liuest w̃ it, ỹ paist not but bozowst
And if ỹ wit neuer to which, ne to whom to restoze
Beare it to the byshope, and byd him of hys grace
Wisse it hym selfe, as beste is for thy soule
For he shall answere for the, at the heygh deme
For ỹ & for many mo, that mã shal gyue a rekening
What he learned you in lente, leue you none other
And lẽte you of our lozdes good, to kepe you frõ sin

The Bysshop shal answere for many

Nowe beginneth Glotton, for to go to shrifte
And carieth him to the kirkeward, his cepe to shew
And Beton the brustter, bade him god mozrow
And asked him w̃ that, whetherward he would
To holy kirke saide he, for to heare masse
And sithen I would be shryuen, and sinne no moze
I haue good ale goship said he, Glotõ wold ỹ assay
Haste thou ought in thy purse, any hote spices?
I haue pepper & pionesq he, & a pound of garlyke
And a farding wozth of fenel sede, for fasting daies.
Than goeth Glotton in, and greate others after
Cisse the souteres, sate on the bench

Commen drȳkerds

Wat the warner, and hys wyfe boeth
Tyme the tynckar, and tweyne of hys prentises
Hycke the hackeney man, and Hughe the nedler
Clarise of cockelane, and the clarke of the churche
Daute the diker, and a dosen other.
Syr Pierce of Prydy, and Pernell of Flaunders
A Ribiboure, a ratener, a rakier of chepe
A Roper, a redinge kinge, and Rose the dischereſſe
Godfray of garlike hyue, and Gryffin the walche
And bpholders an heape, earely by the morro we
Geuen Glotō with glad cheare, good ale to hanſell
Clemente the Cobler, caſte of hys cloke
And at the newe fayre, he nempned it to ſel
Hycke the hackeney man, hytte hys hode after
And bade Bete the butcher, be on hys ſyde
There were chapmen ichoſe, thys ware to praiſe
Who ſo hath ȳ hode, ſhould haue amēds of ȳ cloke
Two riſen bp in rape, and rouned togythers
And prayſed theſe peny worthes, apart by thē ſelfe
They couldnot by their cō ſcience, accorden in truth
Tyll Roben the roper, aroſe by the South
And named him for an bmpere, that no debate nere
For to trye this chaffer, betwexte hem there
Hycke the Hoſteler, hadde the cloke
In couenaunte that Clement, ſhould the cup fyl
And haue Hickes hode ȳ hoſteler, & holdē hi ſerued
And who ſo repented ratheſt, ſhould ariſe after
And greten ſir Gloton, wyth a gallon of ale
There were laughyng & louring, & let go the cuppe
And ſo ſytten they to euēſong, & ſongen otherwhile
Tyll Glotton had igolped, a gallon and a gill
Hys guttes began to gothlen, as two gredy ſowes
He piſſed a pottell in a Pater noſter whyle

And

And blew his round rewet, at his rugge bones end
That al that harde that horne, helde her nose after
And wished it had bene wyped, w a wyspe of tirses
He might neyther stepe nor stand, or he a staffe had
And than gan he to go, like a glemans bytch
Sometyme a syde, and sometyme a rere
As who so layeth lynes, for to lacche fooles
And whā he drough to ỹ doore, thē dimmed his eyen
He stōbled on ỹ threshold, & threwe to the earth
Clement the cobler, caught him by the myddle
For to lyft hym a loft, and laied him on his knees
And Glotō was a great churle, & a grime in ỹ liftig
And kought vp a candel, in Clementes lappe
There is none so hongry hounde, in Herforte shere
Durst lap of tho leuings, so vnlouely they smaught
With al ỹ wo of thys world, hys wife & hys wench
Bare hym home to his bedde, & brought him therin
And after al this excesse, he had an accidie
That he slept saturday & sonday, til sūne wēt to rest
Than waked he of hys wynking, & wyped his eyes
The first word ỹ he warped was, wher is ỹ bolle
His wit gā edwite him tho, how wickedly he liued
And Repētaūce right tho, rebuked hem that tyme.
As w words & workes, ỹ wroughtest yl in thy lyfe
Shriue ỹ & be ashamed therof, & shewe it w mouth
I Gloton quod the gome, gilt ye me ye de
That I haue trespaced w tōg, I cā not tel howe oft
Sworne gods soule, & so god me helpe & holidome
There no nede was, nyne hundred tymes
And ouer se me at my soupe, & sometime at nones
That I Gloton gyrte vp, ere I had gone a mile.
And I spilt ỹ might be spared, & spēt on some hūgri

The discription of a drōken man.

Ouer delicatli on fasting daies, dr̃ok and eaten both
And sat sũtime so long ther, ꝑ I slept & eate at once
For loue of tales in taberns to drink ꝑ more I dined
And hied to ꝑ meat er none, whã fasting daies were
This shoing shrift & repentaũce, shal be merit to ꝑ
And than gan gloton grete, and great dole make
For his lewde lyfe, that he lyued had
Pretty vowes. And vowed to fast, for honger and for thurste
Shal neuer fisshe on fryday, diffien in my wombe
Tyl abstinence myne aunt, haue gyuen me leue
And yet haue I hated her, al my lyfe tyme
Than came Sloth al beslaberd, w̃ two slymy eyne
I must sit sayde ꝑ Segge, or els I must nedes nap
I maye not stond ne stoupe ne w̃ out mi stole knele
Were I brought abed, but if my talende it made
Shuld no ringing do me rise, or I wer ripe to dine
He begã Benedicite w̃ a belke, and hys brest knoked
And raskled and rored, and rut at the laste.
Awake reuke quod repẽtance, & rape ꝑ to shrift.
If I shulde dye by thys daye, me lyste not to loke.
I cã not perfitli mi Pater nost. as ꝑ priest it singith
But I cã rimes of Robẽhod, & Rãdall of Chester
But of our lorde or our ladi, I lerne nothyng at all.
I haue made vowes xl. & forgottẽ thẽ on ꝑ morow
I performed neuer penaunce, as ꝑ preist me hight
Ne ryght sorie for my sinnis, yet was I neuer
And if I byd any beades, but if it be wrath
That I tel w̃ mi toung, is two mile from mi herte
I am occupied euery daye, holy daye and other
With Idle tales at ꝑ ale, & other while in churches
Gods paine & his passion, ful selde thynke I theron
I visited neuer sebul men, ne fettred folke in pyttes

I haue

I haue leuer here an harlotry, or a somers game
Or leasinges to laugheat, and bilye my neighbours
Thē all ꝑ euer marke made, Math, Jhō, & Lucas.
And vigiles and fastynge dayes, al these let I passe
And lye in bedde in lent, & mi lem mā in mine armes.
Tyl mattens & masse be done, & thā go I to ꝑ friers
Come I to Ite missa est, I holde me serued,
I am not shryuen sometyme, but if sickenes it make
Not twyse in two yere, & thā vp gesse I shriue me
I haue ben priest & parson, passynge thyrty winter
Yet can I nether solfe ne singe, ne saintes liues read
But I cā find in fielde, or in a furlong an hare
Better than in Beatus vir, or in Beati omnes,
Construe one clause, and ken it to my parischens
I can holde loue daies, and heare a reues rekening
And in Cannon & in decretals, I can not read a line
If I bugge and borow ought, but if it be tayled
I forget it as sone, and if men me it aske
Syxe sithes or seuen, I forsake it wyth othes
And thus tene I true men, ten hundred tymes
And my seruaūtes salary, somtimes is behinde
Ruth is to hear ꝑ reknig, whā we shal make accoūt
So wo wicked wil & wo wrath, my workmē I paye
If anie man do me benifite, or helpe me at nede
I am vnkind against his curtesi, & cā not vnderstād
For I haue & haue had, sōdeale haukes maners (it
I am not lured wo loue, but if ought be vnder ꝑ thōb
That kindnes that myne euē christen, kid me ferther
Syxe sythes I slouth, haue forgotten it syth
In spech, & in sparing of spence, I spilt many a time
Both flesche and fische, and many other vitailes
Both breade and ale, butter mylke and chese.

For slouthed in my seruice, tyl it myght serue no mā
I ranne aboute in youth, & gaue me not to learning
And euer sith haue bē a begger, for my foule slouth.
Heu mihi quia sterilem duxi, vitam iuuenilem.
Repētist thou & Repētaūce, & right wo he swoned
Tyll Vigiliate, the veile, fet water at his eyes
And slapte it on hys face, and faste on hym cryed
And sayde ware the, for wanhope wyl the betray
I am sorye for my synnes, saye to thy selfe
And beate thy selfe on the brest, & byd god of grace
For is no gilte here so greate, but ỳ his goodnes is
Thā sate Slouth vp, & seyned him Swyth (more
And made a bowe tofore god, for his foule Slouth
Shal no sōday be thys seuen yere, but sikenes it let
That I ne shall do me or day, to the dere church
And heare mattens and masse, as I a monke were
Shall no ale after meate, holde me thence
Tyll I haue euensong hearde, I behote to the rode
And yet woll I yelde agayne, if I so muche haue
All that I wickedly wanne, sithen I wytte had
And thoughe my liuelode lacke, letten I nell
That eche man ne shall haue hys, or I hence wende
And with the residue and the rēnaunte, by ỳ rode of
I shall seke Trueth erste, or I see Rome (Chester
Robert the robber, on Reddite loked
And for there was not wherof, he wept swith sore
And yet the sinfull shrewe, sayde to hym selfe
Christe that on Caluery, apon the crosse dideste
Tho Dismas my brother besought you of grace
And haddest mercy on that man, for Memento sake
So rue on thys robber, that Reddere ne hereth
Ne neuer wene to wynne, with craft that I knowe

An admonition to beware of dispair in repentaunce.

But

But for thy mikle mercye, mitigation I beseech
Ne dampe me not at domisday, for that I did yll
What befell of this felowe, I can not fayre shewe
Well I wotte he wept faste, water wyth hys eyen
And knowleged hys gilte, to Christe yet eft sones
That Penitencia hys pycke, he shoulde polish newe
And leapte with him ouer lande, all his like tyme
For he had layne by Latro Lucifers aunte
And than had Repētaunce ruth, & rad hē al to knele
For I shall besech for al sinful, our sauiour of grace
To amend vs of our misdedes, & do mercy to vs al
Now god q̄ he, ꝑ of thy goodnes gā ꝑ world make
And of naught madest ought, & mā most like thi self
And sithen suffredest for sinne, a sickenes to vs al
And al for ꝑ best as I leue, what euer ꝑ boke telleth

O felix culpa O necessarium peccatum Ade.

For through ꝑ synne thy sōne, sent was to the earth
And became man of a maide, mankind to saue
And makest thy selfe w̄ thy sōne, & vs sinfull ilyche.

Faciamus hominē ad imaginē et similitudinem nostrā. Et alibi. Qui manet in charitate, in deo manet, et deus in eo. Gene.i i Io.iiii.

And syth with thy selfe sonne, in our sute dyedest
On good Friday for mās sake, at ful time of ꝑ daye
There thy selfe ne thy sonne, no sorow in death feled
But in our sect was the sorow, & thy sonne it ladde.

Captiuam duxit captiuitatem. Ephe.iiii

The sunne for sorow thereof, lost light for a tyme
At midday whē most light is, & mealtime of saints.
Feddest w̄ thi fresh blud, our forfathers in darkness

Populus qui ambulat in tenebris, vidit lucem magnam.

And by ꝑ light ꝑ leaped out of ꝑ, Lucifer was blēt
And blew all thy blessed, into ꝑ blisse of Paradise

The

The thyrde daye after, thou yedeste into our lute
A synful Mary the sawe, ere saint Mary thy dam
And all to solace synful, thou suffredest it soner.

Mat. ix. Non veni vocare iustos, sed peccatores ad penitentiam

And al ỹ Warke made, Mathew John & Lucas
Of thy doubty dedes, were done in our armes.

John. i. Verbum caro factum est, et habitauit in nobis.

And by so much me semeth, the sikerer we maye
Bydde and beseche, if it be thy wyll
That art our father & our brother, be merciful to vs
And haue ruth on these ribaudes, ỹ repent hẽ selues
That euer they wrathed the, in this world (sore
in worde, thought, and dede.
Thẽ hẽt Hope an horne of Deus tu cõuersꝰ viuificabis
And blew it w̃ Beati quorũ remisse sũt iniquitates. (nos
That all Sayntes in heauen, songen at once.

Psal. 36. Homines et iumẽta saluabis quemadmodum multiplicasti, misericordiam tuam deus.

A thousande of men tho, throngen togythers
Criden vpwarde to Christe, & to hys cleane mother
To haue Grace to go with hem, Truth to seken.
And there was none so wise, the way thyther could
But blustering forth as beastes, ouer bãckes & hills
Tyll late was and longe, ere they a leode mette
Appareled as a paynime, in pylgrames wyse
He bare a burden I ounden, wyth a brode lyste
In a wythe wandes wyse, swounden about
A bole and a bagge, he bare by hys side
An hundred amples, on his hatte sette
Signes of Sinai, and shelles of Galice
And many a crouch on his cloke, & keyes of Rome
And the vernicle before, for men shoulde knowe

And

And se by hys signes, whom he so sought hadde,
Thys folke frained him fyrst, from whence he came.
From Sinai he seid, and from our Lords sepulchre.
In Bethlem and in Babilon, I haue bene in both,
In Ermonie and Alexander, and many other placis.
Ye maye see by my signis, that be set in my hatte
That I haue walked full wyde, in wette and in drye
And sought many good Seints, for my soulis helpe
Knoweste thou not a crossent, that men call truth.
Coudst k not wish vs ỹ wai, where ỹ wighe wõnith.
Naye so me God helpe, seyd that gome than
I saw neuer Palmer with poke nor wyth scrippe
Aske after him ere, tyll nowe in this place.
Peter, quod a ploweman, and put forth his heade
I knowe him as kyndly, as clerke doeth his boke
Conscience and kynd witte, kenned me to his place.
And dyd me sweren sykerly, to serue him for euer
Both to sowe and to set, the whyle I swinke myght.
I haue ben his folower, all thys fifty wynter
Boeth sowen his seed and sued hys beastes
Wyth in and wythoute, I wayted his profite.
I dyke and delue, and do that truth hoteth
Sometyme I sowe and some tyme I thresh
In Tailars and tinkars craft, what truth can deuise
I weue and I wynde, and do what truth hoteth
For though I seyt my self, I serue hym to paye.
I che haue myne hyre wel, and other whyles more.
Heis prestiste payar that pore men knoweth,
Heue whalt none helk his hire, ỹ he ne hath it at euen
He is as lowe as a lambe, and louely of spech,
And if ye wyll wytt where he wonnith:
I shal wysh you witterly, the hye waye to his place.

The plowman is Truthes seruaunt

Yea leue Piers & these pilgrimes, & prokerd him hyre
For to wend wh hem, to Truethes dwellynge place
Nay by my soule health & piers, & gan for to swere
I nolde fang a ferthinge, for sayne Thomas shrine
Truth wold loue me & lesse, lõgtime therfore after
And if ye wil to wend wel, this is the way thyther
Ye must go thorow mekenes, both men and wiues
Til ye come into cõscience, & Christ wit the soth
That ye louen our lord God, leuest of all thynges
And that your neighbours next, in no wyse appeire
Other wise thã thou woldest, he wrought to thy selfe
And so boweth forth di a broke, beeth burõ of speach
Tyll you finden a forde, your fathers ye honoureth

Honora patrem et matrem. &c.

Wade in that water, and washe you well there
And you shall leape the lighter, all your lyfe after
And so shalt thou se swere not, but if it be for nede
And namely on idle, the name of god almighty
Thã shalt & come di a croft, but come thou not therin
That croft hight couet not, mẽs cattel nor hir wiues
Ne none of her seruauntes, that no yen hem might
Loke ye breke no bowes ther, but if thei be your own
Two stockes there standen, and stynte you not there
They hight stele not, ne sle not, stricke forth by both
And leaue hem on the left hand, & loke not therafter
And holde well thy holy daye, heighe till euen
Thã shalt thou blẽch at a berch, bear no false witnes
He is frithed in wyth Flozens, and other fees many
Loke thou pluck no plant ther, for peril of thi soule
Than shal ye se Sayloth, so it be to done
In no maner els not, for no mans biddynge
Thã shalt thou come to a court, as clere as the sunne

How Piers teacheth the waye to truth.

Exod. xx.

The

The mote is of mercie, that maner a bowte
And al the walles bene of wyt, to holden wil oute
And kerneled wyth chrystendome, mankinde to saue
Botrased with beleue so, or thou beest not saued
And al the houses bene hiled, hales and chambres
Wyth no lead but ỽ loue, & low spech as brethern
The bryge is of bide wel, the better may thou spede
Euery piller is of pennaunce, of prayers of saynts
Of almes deds are ỽ hokes, that the gates hangē on
Grace hygh the Gate warde, a good man forsoth Truthes
His mā hight Amēd you, for many mē him know with portare.
Telleth hym this token, that truth wyt the soth
I performed the penaūce, that the preest me enioined
And am full sorie for my sinnes, & so shal I euer
Whan I thinke theron, though I were a pope
Bedde th amende you mekē hym, tyl his master once
To wayne vp the wyket, that the women shute
Tho Adam and Eue, eten apples vnrosted

Paradisi porta per Euam cunctis clausa est, et per virginem Mariam patefacta est.

For he hath the key & the clicket, though ỽ king slepe
And if grace graunt to the, to come in this wyse
Thou shalt see in thie selfe, Truth sit in thyne herte
In a cheyne of charitie, as thou a childe were
To suffer hym and sey not agaynst thy Sirs wil
And beware than of Wrath that is a wicked shrewe
He hath Enuye to him, that in thy hert sitteth
And poketh forth pride, to praise thy selfe
The boldnes of the benefices, maketh ỽ blinde than
And thā wast ỽ dryuē out as dewe, & the dore closede
Keyed and clyketted, to kepe the wyth oute
Happily an hundred winter, er thou eft entre

Thus mightest ꝑ lesen his loue, to let wel by thy selfe
And neuer happely eft enter, but grace if thou haue
And there are seuen sisterne, that seruen Trueth euer
Truthes maidens And are porters to the posterns, ꝑ to the place belong
That one of hem hight Abstinẽce, Humilitie an other
Charitie and Chastitie, bene the chiefe maidens there
Patience and Peace, do muche people helpe
Largenes the Ladye, letteth in full manye
She hath holpẽ an hundred out of the deuils pinfold
And who is sibbe to these seuen, so me god helpe
He is wonderslye welcome, and faire vnderfoggen
And but ye be sibbe, to some of these sisters seuen
It is ful hard bi my head q Piers, for any of you al
To get in gõg at any gate ther, but grace be ꝑ more
Now by Christ q a cutpurse thẽ, I haue no kin there
Nor I q an apeward, by ought that I can knowe
Wyt God quod a wakrester, wist I this for soth
Shuld I neuer furder a fote, for any friers preachig
Yis quod Piers ꝑ plowmã, & poked hem all to good
Mercy is a mayden there, hath might ouer hem al
And she is sybbe to al synfull, and her sonne also
And through ꝑ helpe of hem two, hope ye none other
Thou might get grace therby, so thou go bytyme
Bi. s. Paul q a pardoner, on auẽture I be not knowẽ
I wil go fetche my boxe, w̃ my brenets all (there
And also a bull, wyth a Byshops letters.
By Christ q a cõmõ womã, thy cõpany wyl I folow
Thou shalt saye I am thy sister, I ne wotte whether
they be gonne.

THis were a wicked way, but if we had a gide
That wold wed vs ech a fote, & ỳ way tell
Quod perkin ỳ plowmã, bi.s. Peter of rome
I haue an halfe acre to erie, by ỳ highe waye
Had I eried this halfe acre, and sowen it after
I woulde wende with you, and the way teach
This were a longe lettynge, q a lady in a Skleire
What should we women worke, in the meane while
Some shal sowe ỳ sacke q Piers, for shedinge of the
And se ye louely ladies, w your long fingers (wheate
That ye haue silke and sandell, to sowe whan time is
Chesibles for chaplaynes, churches to honour
Wyues and widdowes, wolle and flaxe spinneth
Make cloth I counsell you, & ken so your doughters
The nedy and the naked, nimeth hede how thei liggē
And cast hem clothes, for so commaundeth truth
For I shall leue hem liuelode, but if the lande fayle
Flesche and breade boeth, to ryche and to pore
As longe as I liue, for the lordes loue of heauen
And al maner of mē, ỳ through meate & drink libbeth
Help him to worke wightlye, that winneth your fode
By Christ quod a knight tho, he kenneth vs the beste
And on the teme truely, taught was I neuer
And kē me quod ỳ knight, & by Christ I wyll assaye.
By saint Paule quod Perken, ye profer me fayre
That I shall swynke and swete, & sowe for vs boeth
And other labours do for thy loue, all my lyfe tyme
In couenaunt that thou kepe, holy kirke and my selfe
Frō wastours & frō wicked mē, ỳ this world destroi-
And go hunt hardely, to hares and to Foxes (eth
To bores & to brocks, ỳ breken adowne my hedges
And go assayte the Fawcons, wilde fowles to kyll

How Piers assigneth women to worke.

Piers prayeth a knight to helpe to kepe holy church.

For such cometh to my croft, and croppeth mi whete
Curteslye the knyght then, comsed these wordes
By my power Piers quod he, I plight the mi trouth
To fulfill thys forwarde, though I fyght should
As longe as I lyue, I shal the mayntaine
Piers coueiteth ȳ knightes wysely.
yea and yet a poynt quod Piers, I pray you of more
Loke ye tene no tenaunt, but truthe wol assent
And though ye mai amarcie hem, let merci be tayour
And mekenes thie maister, mauger Medes chekes
And though pore mē profre you, presents and gyfts
Nym it not on a venture, ne maye it not deserue
For ye shal yelde it agayne, at one yers ende
In a ful perilous place, Purgatory it hight
And misbed not thi bond mē ȳ better migh ȳspede
Though he be thi vnderling here, wel it may happen
That he were worthelier set & vp more blis (in heuē
Than thou, but thou do bet, and liue as thou shoulde

Amice ascende superius.

Luk. xiiii
For in charnel & in churche, cheris be ful euel to know
Or a knight from a knaue there, know this in thi hert
And ȳ thou be true of thy tonge, & tales ȳ thou hate
But if thei be of wisdō or wit, thy worknē to chastē
Holde wyth no harlots ne here not her tales
And namelie at the meate, suche men eschew
For it be the deuilis dyssours, I do the to vnderstōde
I assent be saint Jame, the knyght said thanne
For to worke bi thy wordes ȳ while my lyfe endureth
And I shal aparel me quod Parkē, in pilgrems wise
And wend with you I wyl. tyl we finde truthe
And cast on my clothes clouted and hole
Mi cokers and mi cuffes, for colde on my nailes
And hang mi hoper at mi hals, in stede of a scrip
A bushel of brede corne, bring me therein

For

For I will sowe it my selfe, and sith will I wend
To pilgrimages as palmers do, pardō for to haue
And who so helpeth me to erye, and sower I wende
Shal haue leaue by our lord, to glene here in herueste
And make hē mery thermid, maugre who so grudge
And all kinne crafty men, that can liue in truth (it
I shall fynde hem fode, that faythfully lyb beth
Saue Jake the iudgeler, and Jenet of the stewes
And Daniel the displeyer, and Denot the baude
And Fryer faytoure, and folke of hys order
And Robin the ribauder, for hys rustye wordes
Truely tolde me it once, and bade me tel it after
Deleatur de libris viuentium. I should not deale wh hem
For holye church is hote, of hem no tythes to take
Quia cum iustis non scribantur.
They be escaped good auenture, God hem amend
Dame werche whan tyme is, Pierce wife hyght
His daughter hight doright so, or ỹ daine shal ỹ beat
His sōne hight Suffer thy souerains, to haue her wil
Deme hem not for if thou doest, ỹ shalt it dere abye
Let God worcke withall, for so his word teacheth
For now I am old and hore, and haue of myne owne
To penaūce & to pilgrimage, I wil pas wthese other
Therfore I wil er I wend, do write my bequest.
In dei nomine amen, I make it my selfe
Ye shall haue my soule, that best hath deserued it
And from the fende it defend, for so I beleue
Tyll I come to my countes, as my Credo me telleth
To haue a release and a remission, on that rētal I leue
The kyrke shal haue my carren, and kepe my bones
For of my corne and cattell, the craued my tythes
I payed it him priestly, for the perell of my soule

ỹ fal. 69.

ỹ fierces wife.

How ỹ fiers maketh hys testamēt.

Therfore

Therfore is he holde I hope, to mind me i his, masse
And mengen in hys memory among all christen
My wife shal haue of ỳ I wan wt Truth & no more,
And deale among my doughters and mi dear childrē
For though I dye to day, my dettes are quyte
I bare home that I borrowed, or I to bedde yede
And wt the residue & the rēnaunt by ỳ rode of Lukes
I wyll worshyp therwyth Truthe by my life
And bē hys Pilgraime at ỳ plowe, for pore mēs sake
Mi plow fote shalbe mi pikstaf, & pitch ato ỳ rootes
And helpe my culter to kerue and clense ỳ forowes.
Nowe is Perkin & hys pilgraymes to ỳ plow faren
To erie this halfe acre, helpen him many
Dikers and deluers dygged vp the balkes
Therwith was Perkin apaied, & praysed hem faste
Other workemen ther were, that wrought ful yerne
Euery man in his maner, made hym selfe to done
And some to please Perkin, picked vp the wedes.
At high prime Pierce, let the plowe stonde
To ouer se hem him selfe, and who so best wroughte
He shoulde be hyred therafter whā heruest time came
And than satten some and songe at the nale,
And holpen erie his halfe acre, with hey trolly lolly
I olye worlkine. Now by ỳ peril of mi soule qᵗ Pierce, al in pure tene.
But ye arise the rether, and rape you to werke
Shal no graine that groweth, glad you at nede
And though ye dye for dole, ỳ deuyl haue that retche.
Tho were faytors aferd, and feyned hem blind
Some layde her legges alyze, as such losels can
And made her mone to Pierce, & prayed him of grace
For we haue no lims to labour wt, lord graced be ye
And we pray for you Pierce, & for your plowe both,

That

That God of his grace, your grayne multiply
And yelde you for your almes, that you geue vs here
For we cã neither swynk ne swet, such sikues vs aslith
If it be soth q̃ Pierce ỹ ye sayne, I shall it sone espye
ye be wasters I wote wel, and trueth wot the sothe
And I am his old hine, and hight him to warne
Which they wer in this world, his worknẽ apered,
ye wast ỹ men winnen, with trauayle and wyth tene
And truth shall teach you, his terme to dryue
Or ye shal eat barly bread, and of the broke drinke.
but if ye be blind or brokẽ legged, or bolted with tõg
ye shal eate wheat bread and drinke with my selfe,
Tyl God of his goodnes amandement you sende.
And ye might trauel as trueth wolde, & take meate &
To kepe kyne in the field ỹ corne frõ the beasts (hyre
Dyken or deluen, or dinging apon sheues
Or helpe make morter or beare mucke a fielde
In licherie and in losengerie, ye lyue and in slouth
And al is through sufferaũce, that vengeaũce yourne
And Ankers & heremites, ỹ eate but at nones (taketh
And no more or morow, mi almes shal not they haue
And cattel to kepe hem wh, ỹ haue cloysters and chur
And Robert runabout shal not haue of myne (ches
Ne apostles but thei preche cã, & haue byshops power
They shal haue pane & potage, & make her self at ease
No reasonable religiou hath right nought of certen.
And thã gan a wastoure to wrath him & wolde haue
And to piers ỹ ploumã he profer̃d his gloue (fought
A bretoner a bragger, and bofeted Pierce also
And bad him go pysse wh his plow, for pyned shrewe
Wilt thou or nilt thou, we wyll haue our wyll
Of thy flour and of thy flesh, fetch when vs lyketh,

Learne to auoyde counterfaite beggers.

The wastour wil fight.

And maken hys mery there myd, maugre thy chekes

Pierce playneth to the knight.

Than Pierce ỹ plowman, plained him to the knyght
To kepe him as couenaunt was, fro cursed shrewes
And frõ these wastors wolueskins, ỹ make ỹ worlde
For tho wasten & win nought, & that like while (dere
Worth neuer plẽty amõg ỹ puple, ỹ while my plowe
Curtesly the knight thã, as his kind wolde (liggeth
Warned wastour, and wished him the better,
Or ỹ shalt abie by the lawe, by thorder that I beare
I was not wonte to worke ỹ wastour, & now I nill
And let light of the law, & lesse of the knight, (begyn
And set Pierce at a pese, and his plow both
And manaced Piers and his men, if they met eft sone.

Pierce preied hõger to reueg hym.

Now bi ỹ peril of mi soul ỹ piers, I shal apeir you al
And whouped after hunger, that heard him at ỹ first
Awreke me of these wastours ỹ he, ỹ this worlde shen
Hunger in hast tho hent, wastour by the maw (deth
And wrõg him so bi the wombe, ỹ both his eien wa-
He buffeted the breton about the chekes, (tered
That he loked lyke a lanterne al his life after
He brate hem so both, he brake nere her guttes,
Ne had Pierce wyth a pese lof prayed hũger to cease
They had bene doluen, ne deme thou none other,
Suffre hẽ liue he sayd, & let hẽ eate with hogges,

Faytors worke for fear of hõger.

Or els beanes and branne, ibaken togethers
Or els milke or meane ale, thus prayed Pierce for hẽ.
Fatours for feare therof, flowen into barnes
And flapped on with flailes, frõ morow till euen
That hunger was not so hardy, on hem for to loke.
For a potte full of pese, that Pierse had ymaked
An heape of Heremites, henten hem spades
And kit her copes, and courtebies hem made

And

And wenten as workemē wt spades & with shoueis,
And doluen and diggen to driue away hunger,
Blind and bedridden, were botened a thousand
That sitten to begge siluer, sone were they healed
For bread bakē for baterds was bote for mani hōgri
And many beggers for beans, burume wer to swik
And ech pore mā wel apayd, to haue pesē for his hire
And what Pierce praied hē to do, as prest as a hauk
And therof was Pierce proude, & put hem to worke,
And gaue hē meat as he migh ford, & reasonable hire
Than had Pierce pity, & prayd hunger to wende,
Home vnto his owne yarth, and holdē him there
For I am wel awroke of wasters, by thi might now
And I pray the er thou passe, quod Pierce to honger
Of beggers and bidders, what best to be done.
For I wote wel be thou went, they wil worchful yl
For mischefe it maketh, they be so meke now
And for defaut of her fode, this folke is at my wyl.
They ar mi bloudy brether & pierce, for god bought
Truth taught me once to loue hem eche one (vs all
And helpen hem of all thing, aye as hem nedeth
And now wold I wit of the, what were the best
And how I might mastren hem, & make hem work.
Heare now quod hunger, and holde it for wysedome,
Bold beggers & bygge, that may her bread swinke
With houds bread, & horsebread hold vp her herteg
Abate hem with beanes, for bollinge of her wombe
And if the gommes grutch then, bid hem go swynke
And he shall soupe sweter, when he hath it deserued
And if thou find any freke ỹ fortune hath apaired
Or any maner falty man, fond thou such to knowe
Confort hem wt thy catell, for Chrystes loue of heuē,

What nede can do.

How beggers may be made to worke.

Loue hem, and leue hem, for so the law teacheth
Gal. vi. a Alter alterius onera portate.
And all maner of men, that thou myght espye,
That nedy ben and noughty, help hem of thy goods
Loue & lacke hē nought, least god take the vēgeaūce,
Thoughe they do euyll, let god worche.
Hebr. xii. Mihi vindictam, et ego distribuam.
Rom. xii. If ỹ wilt be gracious to go, do as the gospel techeth
De. xxii. And biloue ỹ amōg low men, so shalte ỹ latch grace.
Luk. xvi. Facite vobis amicos de mammone iniquitatis.
I nold greue god & Pierce, for al the good on groūd
Myght I synles do as thou saist, said Pierce then
Yea I behote the & hunger, or els the bible lyeth.
Go to Genesis the gyant, the engendrour of vs all,
In Sudore and in swynke, thou shalt thy meat tilye
And labour for thy lyuelode, for so our lord hyght,
And Sapience sayth the same, I sawe it in the bible,
Piger pre frigore, no fyelde woulde tilye,
Prou. xx. And therfore he shall begge & byd, & no man bate his
The slouthfull sutter bōger Mat. xxv Wathew w māss face, mouthed these words (hūger
That Seruus nequā had a mnā, & for he nold chaffer
He had maugre of hys maister, for euermore after
And biname hym hys Mnam, for he ne wold worch
And gafe that Mam to hym, that ten Mnams had
And with that he sayd, that holy kirke it hearde
Ye that hath shall haue, and helpe there it nedeth,
And he ỹ hath not shall not haue, ne no mā him helpe
And ỹ he weneth well to haue, I wil it him bereue
Kynde wyt woulde, that ech a wyght wrought.
Or in digging or in deluing, or trauaile of prayers
Cōtēplatiue life, or actiue life, Christ wold thei wrought
The psalter saith in ỹ psalmes of beati omnes, (ught
The freke ỹ fedeth him selfe, w hys faythful labour

He

He is blessed by the boke in body and in soule.
Labores manuum tuarum, quoniam manducabis. Psal. 128.
Yet I pray you ꝙ Pierce pur charitie & ye can
Any leeke leche craft, lere it me my deare
For some of my seruaunts, and mi selfe both
Of al a weke worke not, so our wombe aketh,
I wote wel ꝙ hunger, what sikenes the ayleth,
Ye haue manged ouer muche, & ỹ maketh you grone,
And I hote the ꝙ hunger, as thou thy hele wilneste,
That thou drinke no day, ere thou dine somewhat,
Eate not I hote the, ere hunger the taketh
And send the of his sauce, to sauour with thy lyppes,
And kepe some tyl souper time, and syt not to longe,
And ryse vp ere appetite haue eaten his fyll,
Let not syr Surfyte syt at thy borde,
Leue him not for he is licherous, & lycorous of tong,
And after mani maner of meat, his maw is a hũgred,
And if thou diet the thus, I dare lay my eares
That phisike shal his furred hode, for his kode sell,
And his cloke of Calabrie, with all ỹ knaps of golde,
And be fayne by my fayth, his phisike to let
And learne to labour whond, for lyuelode is swete
For murtherers are many leches, lorde hem amende,
They do men dye by their drinks, yer destinie it wold
By. S. Paule ꝙ Pierce, these are proketable wordes
Wend now honger when thou wylt, ỹ wel be ỹ euer,
For this is a louely lesson, the lord it the foryelde.
By hote god quod honger, hence ne wil I wende
Til I haue dined by this day, and dronken both,
I haue no peny ꝙ Pierce, polettes for to bye,
Ne neither gose ne grys, but two grene chesis,
A fewe curdes and creame, and an hauer cake. Howe piers prayeth hũger to teache hym a lich crafte for hym and for hys seruaũtes

And two loues of beanes & bran, bake for my folke,
And yet I say by my soule, I haue no salt bacon
Ne no cokeny by Christ, colopes for to make
And I haue percely and pozets, & many cole plãtes,
And eke a cowe and a calfe, and a cart mare
To draw a field my dung ỹ while ỹ draught lasteth
And by this lyuelod, I must lyue to Lammas tyme
By that I hope to haue, haruest in my crofte
And then I maye dight thy dinner, as me dere liketh
And al the poze people tho, pescoddes fetten,
Beanes and bakẽ apples, they brought in her lappes
Chiboles and chernell, and rype cheries many
And proferd Piers ỹ present to please wyth hys hũger
All hunger eate in hast, and asked after moze,
Than poze folke for feare, fedde hunger yerne
With grene pozet & pesen, to poysen him thei thought
By ỹ it neghed to haruest, new cozne came to cheping
Than was folke fayne, and fedde hunger wt the beste
With good ale as Glotõ taught, & gart hũger to slepe
And tho wold waster no wozk, but wandrẽ aboute,
Ne no begger eate bread, that beanes in were
But of Coket and Clermatine, oz els of cleane wheat
Ne no halfepeny ale in no wise drinke
But of best & of ỹ browneste that in bozough is to sel
Labozers that haue no lãd to liue on, but her handes
Deyned to dyne a daye, wyth nyght old wozres
May no penyale hem paye, ne no pece of bacon
But if it be fresh flesh, other fysh, fryed other bakte
And ỹ chaud, oz plus chaud, for chilling of her maw
And but if he be highly hiered, els will he chyde
And that he was wozkeman wrought, waile ỹ tyme
Agaynst Catons counsel, comseth he to iangle.

Poze folke fedde hunger.

Prouendre pricketh thẽ.

Pau

Paupertatis onus patienter ferre memento. Cato.

He greueth him against god, & grutcheth agayn reso
And thã curseth he the king, and all hys counsel after,
Such lawes to loke, labourers to greue.
While hũger gafe hem hier, not one of hẽ wold chide,
Ne striuen against his statute, so sternely he loked
And I warne you workemen, win while ye may
For hunger hither ward hasteth him selfe
He shall awake with water, wastours to chast.
Ere fiue yere be fulfilled, such famine shall arise
Through floudes and foule weder fruite shal fayle,
And so sayd Saturne and sent you to warne,
And whẽ ye se the sunne amisse, & two mõkes heades
And a maid haue the maistry, and multiply by hight.
Than shal death withdraw, and derth be iustyce
And Dauie the dyker shall dye for hunger,
But if God of his goodnes graunt vs a treue.

This is no prophecy but a pronostication.

Passus septimus de visione.

THruth hearde tell herof, and to Pierce sente,
To taken his teme, and tilen the earth
And purchased a pardone, Apena et culpa
For hym & for his heyres for euermore after
And bade him hold him at home, and erye his laies
And all that helpe him to erye, to sette, and to sowe
Or any other mistery, that might Pierce auayle,
Pardon w Pierce plowman Truth hath graunted.
Knightes and kinges that kepeth holy kyrke,
And rightfully in realmes ruleth the people
Haue pardon through purgatorie to passe ful lightly
With patriarks & prophets, in Paradice to be felow
Byshops iblessed, if they bene as they should,

Pierces Pardon.

Legysters

Legisters of both lawes, the lewd thet wo to preach,
And in asmuch as they may, amend al synful
Are peers wo thapostles, such pardon pierce shewth
And at the day of dome, at the high deyse to syt
Marchauntes in the mergen, had many yeres
And none Apena et culpa, the pope wyl hem graunt
For thei hold not her holidaies as holi kirk teacheth,
And for they swere by her soul, & so godmust hē help
Agayn cleane conscience her cattell to sell.

What merchaun-tes shuld do.

And vnder his secret seale truth, sent hem a letter
That they shuld bugge boldely, that them best lyked
And sythen sell it agayne, and saue the winning
And amend mesōdiux, ther mede, & misease folk help
And wicked waies, wightely amende
And do boote to bridges, that to broke were
Marien maydens, or maken hem Nunnes.
Pore people and prisoners, finden hem her fode
And set scholers to schole, or to some other craftes
Releue religion, and renten hem better.
And I shall send you my selfe, s. Wihel mine archāgel
That no deuel shal you dere, ne fere you in your doing
And witten you from wanhope if ye wil this worke,
And send your soules in safety to my saynts in Joye
Than were marchaunts mery, many wept for Joy
And praised pierce the plowmā that purchased ỹ bul
Wen of law lest pardon had, that pleden for mede
For the psalter saueth hem not, suche as taken giftes
And namely of Innocentes, that no euil ne canneth.

Psal. xv. Wyen of law shold take nought but their fee.

Super innocentem munera non accipies.

Pleders shuld peine hem to plead, for such in healthy
Princes and prelates should pay for her trauell.

& regibus et principibus erit merces eorum.

And

And many a Justice and Iurour would for John do Lawyers
Than for Dei pietate, leue you no other. (more should take
And he that spendeth his speche & speaketh for ỹ pore no money
That is innocent & nedy, and no man eppeyreth
Conforteth him in that case, wout couetise of giftes,
And spekith law for our lords loue as he hath lerned
Shal no deuil at his deathes daye, derrn him a mite
That he ne worth salfe & his soule, ỹ psalter beareth
Domine quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo? (witnes Psal. xv.
And to bug water ne wind, ne wit, ne fire ỹ fourth
These four the father of heuē made to this fold in cō-
These be Truthes treasures, true folk to help (men
That neuer shal worxe ne wane, wout God him selfe.
Whā they drawen one to die, & indulgēce wold haue
Their pardon is full petit, at their pertyng hence
That any mede of meane men, for their mooting take
Ye Legisters and lawyers, hold thys for Truthe
That if I lye, Wathewe is to blame,
For he bade me tel you this, & this prouerbe me told
Quodcumque vultis vt faciant vobis homines, facite eis Luke. vi.
All yuynge labozers, that libben w̄ her handes
That truly taken, and truly wynnen,
And liuen in loue and in law, for their lowe hertes
Haueth the same absolution that sent was to Pierce Of giuig
Beggers & bidders, ne be not in the bulle of almes.
But if the suggestiō be south, ỹ shapeth hē to begge
For he that beggeth one byt, but if he haue nede
He is false wyth the fende, and defraudeth the nedy
And also he begileth the gyuer, agaynst his wyll
For if he were not nedy, he would giue ỹ to an other
That were more nedi thā he, so ỹ nedest should be hol-
Caton kēneth me thus, & the clerke of Stories (pen

Cui des dicto, is Catons teachinge
And in the stories, he teacheth to bestow your almes
Sit elimosina tua in manu tua donec studes cui des,
Gregorie And Gregory was a good man, & bade vs geuen al
That asketh for his loue, that vs al leueth.
Non eligas cui misereatris, ne forte pretereus illū qui mere-
tur accipere. Quia incertum est pro quo deo magis placeas.
For ye wit not who is worthy, & god wot the nedie.
In him that taketh is ỹ trechery, if any treson walke
For he that geueth yeldeth, and yarketh him to rest
And he ỹ biddeth borowēth, & brigeth him self in det
For beggers borowē euer, & their borow is godal-
To yeld hē ỹ geueth hē, & yet vsurie more (mighty
Lukexix. Quare non dedisti pecuniam meam ad mensam,
vt ego veniēs meum cum vsuris exigerem?
Therfore bid not ye begers, but if ye haue great nede
For he ỹ hath to bug hī bread, ỹ boke bereth witnes
He hath inough ỹ hath bred, though he haue nought
Satis diues est qui non indiget pane (els
Let vsage be your solace of saintes lyues readynge
The boke bāneth begeri, & blameth hē in this maner.
Psal..37 Junior fui et iam senui, et non vidi iustum derelictum
nec semen eius querens panem.
For ye lyue in no loue, ne no lawe holde
Wani of you ye wed not, the women ỹ ye with deale
But as wild beasts with wehe, worthē vp & worchē
And bringen forth barnes, that bastardes men callē.
Or the backe or some hone, he breaketh in his youth:
And sithe gone faiten vb your faūtes, for euer after
There is more mishappe puple, amōg these beggers
Than of al maner of mē that on thys molde walketh.
And they that lyue thus her lyfe, may loth the tyme
(That

That euer thei were mē wrought, whā thei shal hēce
And old mē & hore, that helples be of strength (fare
And women with chylde, that worke ne may
Blynde and bedrideu, and broke their membres
That taken the mischeues mekely, as mesels & other
Haue as plaine pardon, as the plowman hym selfe
For loue of her low hertes, our lord hath hē graūted
Their penaūce & their purgatory, here on this earth
Pierce quod a priest tho, thy pardon must I reade
For I will construe ech a clause, & ken it ỹ in englishe
And Pierce at his prayer, his pardon vnfolded
And I behinden hem both, beheld all ỹ bulle
All in two lines it laye, and not a leefe more
And was wrytten ryght thus, in witnes of Truthe,

Et qui bona egerunt ibunt in vitam eternam. Mat. xxv
Qui vero mala in ignem eternam.

Peter quod the priestе tho, I can no pardon fynde
But do wel and haue wel, & god shal haue thy soule
And do yll and haue yll, hope thou none other
But after thy deathes day, ỹ deuil shal haue thi soule
And Pierce for pure tene, pulled it in twaine.
And sayde. Si ambulauero in medio umbre mortis Psal. xxiii
Non timebo malum quoniam tu mecum es.

I shal cease of my sowyng quod Pierce, & swinke not
Ne about my dealy loy, so busy be no more (so hard
Of prayers & of penaūce, my plowe shal be hereafter
And wepe whē I shold slepe, though whet bread me
The prophet his paine ate, in penaūce & sorow (faile
By that the psalter sayeth, so dyd other manye
That loueth god lelly, his liuelode is full easy.

Fuerunt mihi lachrime mee, panes die ac nocte. Psal. xlii
And but if Luke lye, he learneth vs by fowles

We shoulde not be busye, aboute the worldes blysse
Math. vi Nolite solliciti sitis, he sayth in the gospell
And sheweth in examples our selues to wisshe
The foules in ỹ field, who findth hẽ meate in winter.
Haue they no garner to go to, but god fedes hem all.
What q the priest to Perkin, Peter as me thinketh
Thou art lettered a litle, who learned the on boke.
Abstinẽce ỹ Abbes q Pierce, mine. a. b. c. me taught
And cõsciẽce came afterward, & kẽned me much more
A blynde priestes taunt. were ỹ a priest q he, ỹ might preach wher ỹ should,
As diuinor in diuinitie, w̃ Dixit insipiens, to thy teme
Lewd Lorel q Pierce, litle lokest thou on the bible
On Salomons sawes, seldome thou beholdest.
Ecce derisiones et iurgia cum eis ne crescant.
Pro. xxii. The priest and Perkin, apposed either other
And I through her wordes awoke, & wayted about
And sawe the sunne in the south, sit that time
Weatles and moneles, on Maluerne hylles
Musinge on these metales, and my waye ich yede.
Many tymes these metals, hath made me studye
Of that I se sleapynge, if that so be myght
And also for Pierce the plowman, full pensife in hert
And what a pardõ Pierce had, al ỹ people to cõfort
And how ỹ priest impũgned it, w̃. ii. propre wordes
And I haue no sauery in sõgwary, for I se it oft faile
Caton and canonistres, counsell vs to leaue
To set sadnes in songwary, for Sompnia ne cures
How Daniel dimed the dreames of Nabugodonosor. And for the byble boke beareth wytnes
Howe Daniell dimned, the dreames of a kinge
That was Nabugodonosor, named of clarkes
Daniel saide sir kynge, thy dreames betoken
That vnkought knights shal come, thi kingdome to clayme

Amongest lower Lordes, thy land shall be departed
And as Daniel dymned, in dede it fell after
The king lost his lordship, and lower men it had
And Joseph met marueilously, how ỹ mone and the (sunne
And the .xi. starres, halsed him all
Than Jacob iudged Josephes swyuen
Beau fitz quod hys father, for defaute we shall
I my selfe and my sonnes, seche the for nede
It befell as hys father sayde, in Pharaos time
That Joseph was iustice, Egypte to loken
It befel as his father told, his frēds ther him sought
And all this maketh me, on this metals to thinke
And howe the prieste prcued, no pardon to do wel
And demed that do well, indulgence passed
Biennales and triennales, and byshops letters
And how dowel at ỹ day of dome, is dignely vnder-
And passeth al the pardō, of .S. Peters church (fōgen
Now hath ỹ pope power, pardō to graūt ỹ people
Wythout any penaūce, to passe into heauen
This is our beleefe, as lettered men do vs teach
Quod cūque ligauerītis super terram, erit ligatum et in celis
And so leue lellye Lordes, forbode els
That pardon and penaunce, & prayers done saue
Soules that haue sinned, seuen sythes deadly
And to truste to these trentals, truely me thinketh
Is not so siker for the soule, as to do well
Therfore I red you reukes, that rich be on this earth
Apon truste of your treasure, trientales to haue
Be ye neuer the bolder, to breake the ten hestes
And namely ye maisters, mayres, & iudges
That haue the welth of this world, & for wise mē be
To purchase you pardōs, & the popes buls (holdē

Of the dreames of Joseph

Note howe he confoundeth the auctority of ỹ popes Mathei. 16

At the dreadfull dome, whan the dead shall arise
And commen all tofore Christ, accounte for to yede
How thou leadest thy life here, & his lawes kepest
And how thou didest day by day, ỳ dome will reherse
A poke full of pardon there, ne prouincial letters
Though ye be foũden in ỳ fraternitie, of ỳ .iiii. orders
And haue indulgẽce an. C. fold, but if dowel you help
I beset your patentes & your pardons, at a pins hele
Therfore I counsell all christen, to crye god mercy
And make Christe our meane, that hath made emẽds
That god giue vs grace here, or we go hence
Such workes to worke, while we ben here
That after our deathes daye, do wel rehearse
At the day of dome, we did as he hyght.

ꝑ alius octauus de visione.
Et hic incipit inquisitio prima de dowell.

Thus robed in russet, I romed aboute
All a Somer season, for to seke dowel
And freyned full oft, of folke that I mette
If any wight wist, wher dowel was at inne
And what man he might be, of many man I asked
Was neuer wight as I went, that me wysh could
Where this ladde lenged, lesse or more.
Tyll it befell on a Fryday, two Fryers I mette
Maisters of the Minours, men of greate wytte
I halsed hem hendely, as I had learned
And prayed hem for charitie, or they passed further
If they knewe any courte, or contrye as they went
Where that dowell dwelleth, do me to wytte
For they be mẽ on this mould, that most wide walke

And

And knowē contries & courts, & many kinnes places
Both princes palaces, and poze menes cotes
And dowel & do euil, where they dwel both.
Amongest vs ỳ the minours, that man is dwellinge
And euer hath as I hope, and euer shall hereafter,
Contra quod I, as a clarke, and cumsed to disputen
And sayde hym sothlye, Septies in die cadit iustus. Prou. 24.
Seuen sythes sayeth the boke, synneth the rightfull,
And who so synneth I say, doth euel as me thinketh
And dowel and doeuyl, may not dwel togither,
Ergo he is not alway among you fryers.
He is other whyle eis where, to wyshen the people.
I shall say the my some, sayde the frier than,
Howe seuen sithes the sadde man on a day synneth,
By a forbisne quod the fryer, I shal the faire shewe.
Let bryng a man in a bote, amyd the brode water
The winde and the water, and the bote waggyng
Make a man manytyme, to fall and to stande
For stand he neuer so stiffe, he stumbleth if he moue
And yet is he safe and sounde, and so hym behoueth,
For if he ne arise the rather, and raght to the stere,
The wind would wt the water, the boote ouerthrow
And thus were his life lost through latches of him self
And thus it falleth quod ỳ frier, bi folk here on erth
The water is likned to ỳ world, ỳ waneth & wexeth
The goods of this world, ar likened to ỳ gret waues
That as winds and wethers, walken a bout.
The boote is likende to our body, ỳ brytil is of kynd
That through the flesche, and the frayle worlde
Synneth the sadde man, a day seuen tymes
And deadly synne doeth he not, for dowel him kepeth
And ỳ is charitie ỳ champion, chiefe helpe agayne sinne.

For:

For he strēgtheth man to stand, & stirreth mans soule
And thoughe thy bodi bowe, as bote doth in water,
Aye is thy soule safe, but if thou wylt thy selfe
Do a deadlye sinne, and drenche so thy soule
God wyll suffer wel thy slouth, if thy selfe lyketh
For he gaue the two yereslgifts, to teme wel thy selfe
And ỳ is Witte & Frewil, to euery wight a portion
To flyinge fowles, to fishes, and to beastes
And man hath moste therof, and most is to blame
But if he worth wel therw, as dowel hym teacheth.
I haue no kind knoyng ỳ I, to cōceiue all your wor-
And if I may liue & loke, I shal golearne better (des
I bikenne the Christ, that on the crossedyed
And I said the same, saue you from mischaunce
And giue you grace on this grōūd good mē to worth
And thus I went wide wher, walking mine one
By a wyde weldernes, and by a woddes syde,
Blisse of the birdes, brought me on slepe,
And vnder a lynde on a land, lened I a stounde
To lyth the layes, the louely fowles made,
Wyrthe of her mouthes made me there to slepe
The maruelouseste metelles, mette me than
That euer dremed wyght, in world as I wente.
A much man as me thought, and like to my selfe,
Came and called me, by my kinde name
What art ỳ quod I tho, thou ỳ my name knoweste
That thou wotteste wel quod he, and no wight better
Wot I what thou art. Thought sayd he than,
I haue sued the this seuen yeres, se ỳ me no rather.
Art thou Thought ỳ I tho, thou couldest me wysse
Wher ỳ Dowel dwelleth, & do me that to knowe
Dowel, & Dobetter, & Dobest the thirde quod he

Dis opinion of frewyll.

Are

Are thre fayre vertues, and be not farre to finde,
Who so is true of hys tonge, & of hys two handes
And through his labor or his lōd, his liuelod wineth
And is trusty of hys taylyng, taketh but his owne
And is no drunkelewe ne dedigious, do wel him folo-
Dobet doth ryght thus, & he doth much more (weth
He is as lowe as a lambe, and louely of speache
And helpeth all men, after that hem nedeth,
The bagges & the bigirdles, he hath to brok hem al,
That the Erle Auarous, helde and hys heyres
And thus w̄ māmōs mony, he hath made him frēdes
And is runne to religion, and hath rendred the bible
And preacheth to the people, sayntе Paules wordes.
Libenter sufferetis insipientis cum sitis ipsi sapientes. ii Cor. xi
And suffereth the vnwyse, wyth you for to lyue
And w̄ glad wil doth hē good, for so god you hoteth
Dobest is abone boeth, and beareth a bishops crosse
Is hoked on that one ende, to halye men from hell
A pyke is on the potent, to pull downe the wycked
That wayten anye wyckednes, do well to tene
And do well and dobet, amongest hem haue ordeyned
To crowne one to be kynge, to rule hem boeth
That if do well and dobet, arne agaynste dobeste
Than shall the kynge come, and caste hem in yrons
And but if dobest byd for hem, they be there for euer
Thus do well and dobet, and dobeste the thyrd
Crouned one to be king, to kepen hem al
And to rule the realme, by her thre wyttes
And none other wise, but as they thre alientyd.
I thanked thought tho, that he me thus taught
And yet sauoreth me not thy suging, I couet to lerne,
How do wel dobest & dobetter, done among ỹ people

But wyt can wish the ꝙ thought, wher tho. iii. dwell
Els wot I none that can tell, that nowe is alyue.
Thought and I thus, thre dayes we yeden
Disputynge vpon dowell, daye after other.
And ere we were ware, with wyt gan we mete
He was longe and leane, lyke to none other
Was no pryde on hys apparell, ne pouerty nether
Sadde of hys semblaunce, and of soft chere
I durste not moue no matter, to make hym to tangle,
But as I bade thought tho, be meane betwene
And put forth some purpose, to preuen his wyts
What was dowel fro dobet, & dobest frō hem both
Than thought in that tyme, sayd these wordes
Whether dowel dobet, and dobest ben in land
Here is wyl wold wyt, if Wit could teach him
And whether he be mā or womā, this mā fain wold
And worch as they thre wold, this is his entēt (espy

Wit wyll haue none excelle.

Passus nonus de visione. Et primus de dowell.

HEre dowell dwelleth ꝙ wit, not a day hence
In a castel ỹ kind made, of four kins things
Of earth & ayre is it made, migled togithers
With wind & wō water, witterly enioyned
Kynde hath closed therin, craftely withall
A Lemman that he loueth, lyke to him selfe
Anima she hyght, and Enuye her hateth
A proude pricker of Fraunce, ꝙ princeps huius mundi
And woulde wynne her away, wō wiles & he myghte
And kind knoweth thys well, & kepeth her the better
And dothe her wō sir dowell, is duke of thys marches
Dobet is her damosell, sir dowels daughter
To serue this lady lelly, both late and rathe.

Dowel is keper of ỹ toule.

Dobest

Dobest is aboue both a Bychops pere
That he byd moote be do, he ruleth hem all
Anima that lady, is led by his lerning.
And ỳ cõstable of ỳ castell, that kepeth all ỳ watche, Inwytte
Is a wyse knight withall, sir Inwit he hight hath fyue
And hath fyue fayre sonnes by his fyrst wyfe sonnes.
Syr Seewel and Saywel, and hearwell the end
Syr worchwel w thy hand, a wight man of strẽgth
And syr Godfray gowel, great lordes forsoth
These fyue bene set, to saue this lady Anima
Tyl kind come or send, to saue her for euer
What kins thing is kind q I, canst thou me tell
Kynd q wytte is a creator, of al kinnis thinges
Father and former of all, that euer was makyd
And that is the great god that ginning had neuer
Lord of lyfe and of light, of blys and of payne
Angels and all thing arne at his wyl,
And man is him most like, of marke and of shape,
For through ỳ word that he spake, werẽ forth bestes
Dixit et facta sunt. Psal. xxxiii
And made Adam, likest to him selfe one
And Eue of his ribbe bone, wout any meane
For he was singuler him selfe, and sayde Faciamus.
As who say more must hereto, then my worde one Goddes
My might must helpe now with my speche, myghte
Euẽ as a lord shuld make leters, & he lackid perchmẽt must help his word.
Though he could write neuer so wel, if he had no pẽ
The letters for al his lordship, I leue wer neuer ima-
And so it semeth by him, as the bible telleth. (ked
There he sayde. Dixit et facta sunt.
He must worch with hys worde, and hys wit shewe
And in this maner was mãn made, by might of God

Wyth his word & his workmãshyp, and w̃ life to last
And thus god gaue him a goste, of ỹ godhed of heuẽ
And of his great grace, graunted him blysse
And ỹ is life that aye shal last, to ai our linage after
And ỹ is the castel ỹ kinde made, Caro it hight
And is as much to meane, as man with a soule
And that he wrought with work, & with word both
Through might of the maiesty, man was imaked
Inwyt and all wyts, closed bene therin
For loue of the ladie Anima, that life is nempned
Ouer al in mans body, she walketh and wandreth
And in the herte is hir home, and hir most rest
And Inwit is in ỹ head, and to the herte loketh
What Anima is leef or loth, he leadith hyr at his wil
For after the grace of god, the greatest is Inwyt
Much wo worth ỹ mã that misruleth his Inwytte
And ỹ bene glotons globberis, her god is her wõbe.

Phili. iii. Quorum deus venter est.

For seruen they Sathan, their soules shal he haue
They liue in sinfull lyfe here, hir soules is like ỹ deuill
And all that liuen good life, are like to God almighty.

1. Jo. iiii. Qui manet in charitate, in deo manet.

Alas that drink shal fordo, that god dere bought
And doth god forsake him, ỹ he shope to his likenes.

Mat. xxv Amen dico vobis, nescio vos. Et alibi. Et dimisi eos secundum desiderata eorum.

Fooles that fauten Inwyt, I find that holi church
Wo be to youꝑturn the tithes to priuate vse. Shuld findẽ hem that fauten, & fatherles children
And widowes ỹ haue nought, wherw̃ to win hẽ her
Wad men and maydens that helples were (foode
Al these lacke Inwyt, and lore behoueth.
Of this matter I might make a long tale

And

And finden fell witnesses, amonge the four doctors
That I lye not on ỹ I learne ỹ, Luke bereth witnes
Godfathers & godmothers, ỹ sene her godchildren
At misease and at mischiefe, and moune hem amende,
Shal haue penaũce in purgatory, but they hem helpe
For more belõgeth to ỹ litle barne, or he ỹ law know
Than nempning of a name, and he neuer the wyser
Should no christen creature, crye at the gate
Ne fayle paine ne potage, & prelats did as they shulde
A Jewe wol not see a Jewe, go iangling for defaut
For al ỹ mouables on this mold, & he amẽd it might
Alas ỹ a christen creature, shalbe vnkind to an other
Sythen Jewes that we iudge, Judas felowes
Eche of hem helpe other of ỹ that hem nedeth
Why wyl not we christẽ, of Christs good be as kynd
As Jewes that be our lores men, shame to vs all.
The Cõmune for hir vnkindnes I drede me shal abie
Bishops shalbe blamed, for beggers sake
He is worse then Judas, that geueth Japers syluer,
And biddeth the begger go, for his broken clothes.

Proditor est prelatus cum Juda, qui patrimonium Christi minus distribuit. Et alibi, pernicios⁹ dispensator est qui res pauperum Christi inutiliter consumit.

He doth not well ỹ doth so, ne dredith God of might
He loueth not Salomõs sawes that sapience taught

Initium Sapientie timor domini. Eccle. i.

That dredeth god he doth wel ỹ dredith him for loue
And nogh̄t for drede of bẽgeaũce, doth therfore ỹ bet
He doth best that wdrawe̅th him, by day & by night
To spyl any speche, or any space of tyme.

Qui offendit in vno, in omnibus est reus. Jaco. ii.

Lesyng of time, truth wotes the sothe

Bestowe youre tythes as you are bounde to do.

Is moste hated apon earth, of hem that be in heauen
And lithen to spill speach, that enspired is of grace
And gods gleman, and a game of heauen,
Wold neuer ꝑ faythfull father his fydle were bytem-
Ne his gleman a gadling a goer to tauerne. (perd
To all true tidy men, that trauell desyren,
Our lord louethhem & lente (lowd other styll)
Grace to go to hem, and agone her lykelode.

Psa. 34. Inquirentes autem dominū, non minuentur omni bono.

Mariage is praised

True weddid liuing folke, in this world is dowell,
For they moote worke and win, & the world susteyne,
For of hir kind they come, that cōfessours be nēpned
Kynges and knightes, Caysers, and cherles
Maydens and martires, out of one man come
The wyfe was made the way, to helpe to worch
And thus was wedlocke iwrought w a meane persō
First by the fathers will, and the frendes counsell,
And sithē by the assent of hē self, as thei might accorde
And thus was wedlocke iwrought, & god him self it
In earth & in heuen, him selfe was the witnes (made
And falsе folke faythtles, theues and lyers,
Wastours and wretches, out of wedlocke I trowe
Cōceiued ben in yl time, as Cayne was of Eue,
Of such sinfull shrewes, the psalter maketh mynde,

Psal. vii. Concepit in dolore et peperit iniquitatem.

And all that come of that Cayne, come to eueil ende
For god sent to Sem, and sayd by an aungell

Learn to chose the a wyfe.

Thine issue in thine issue, I wil that they be ioyned,
And not thy kind in Caines kind, coupled nor spoused
Yet Sem agayne the soūd, of our sauioure of heuen.
Caines kind and his kind, coupled togithers
Til god wrothed for her worbes, & such a word sayd

That

That I made man, now it me forthynketh,
Penitet me, fecisse hominem. Gene. vi.
And came to Noe anone, and bade him not let
Swythe go shape a shyp, of shydes and of bordes
Thy selfe, & thy sons thre, & sithen your wyues
Buske you to that bote, and byde you therin,
Tyl forty dayes be fulfilled, ỹ I houde haue washed
Cleane away ỹ cursed bloud, that Cayne hath made,
Beastes that nowe ben, shall banne the tyme
That euer that cursed Cayne, came on thys earth
All shall dye for hys dedes, by dales and by downes
And the fowles that flowe forth, wyth other beastes
Except onely, of euerye kynde a couple,
That in thy shingled shyppe, shall be saued.
Here bought the barne, the belsyres gyltes
And all for her forefathers, fareden they worse
The gospell is here againe, in one degre I finde.
Filius non portabit iniquitatem patris,
Et pater non portabit iniquitatem filii. Eze. xviii
And I fynde, if the father be false and a shrewe
That somdeale the sonne, shall haue the syrs tutches
Impe on an elderne, and if thyne apple be swete
Much maruayle me thynketh, and more of a shrewe
That bryngeth forth any barne, but if it be the same.
And haue a sauour after ỹ syre, seeld seest thou other.
Nunq̃ colligitur de spinis vua, nec de tribulis ficus. Luke. vi
And thus through cursed Caine, came care apō earth
And al for they wrought, wedlocke ayenst gods wil
Forthy haue they maugre of her mariges, ỹ mary so
For some as I see, now soth for to tell (her childrē
For couetise of cattell, vnkindelich be wedded
And carefull conception cometh of suche mariages
As befell of the folke, that I before tolde

For

For good shold wed good, though they no good had
Joh. xiiii I am Via et veritas, sayth Christe, I may auaūce all
It is an vncomely couple, by Christ as me thinketh
To gyue a yonge wenche, to an olde feble
Or wedden any wyddowe, for wealth of her goodes
That shall neuer barne beare, but if it be in armes
Many a pair sithē ỳ pestilēce hath plight hē togyther
The frute that they bryngē forth, are foule wordes
The frutes of wicked matriage. In ielousye ioyeles, and tanglen a bed
Haue thei no childrē but chests, & clapping thē betwē
And though thei do hē to dōmow, but if ỳ deuel help
To follow after the fliche, fetche they it neuer
And but they both be forswornē that bacon they tyne
Forthy I coūcel al christen couet not to be weddid
For couetis of cattel, ne of kinrid ryche
And maydens and maydens, matche you togythers
Wydowes and widowes worche the same
For no landes but for loue, loke ye be wedded
And thā get ye ỳ grace of god, & good inough to liue
And euery man seculer, that may not conteyne (wyth
Wisely goo wed, and ware him from synne
For lecherie in lokyng, is lyme yarde of hell
Wo hyrles thou arte yonge, and thy weapon kene
Worcke the wō wyueyng, if thou wilt be excused
Dum fis vir fortis, ne des tua robora scortis
Scribitur in portis meretrix est Janua mortis=
Whan ye haue wyued, be ware and werch in tyme
The maryed couple muste kepe thē seluesclean. Not as Adam & Eue, whan Cayne was Ingendred
For in one time truly betwene, man and woman
Ne shuld no bourd on bed be, but if they both were
Both of lyfe & of soule, and in perfit charytie (cleane
That ylke derne dede, do no man ne shoulde

And

And if they lead thus their life, it liketh god almighty
For he made wedlocke firste, and hym selfe saide.
Bonum est vt vnusquisque vxorem suam habeat propter fornicationem. 1. Cor. vii
And they y othergates bē getē, for gedlings ben hold Bastards
As falce folke, fūdlinges, faytours and liers
Ungracious to get good, or loue of the people
Wandren and wasten, what they catche maye,
Agayne dowell they do euyl, & the deuyl serue,
And after their deathes daye, shal dwel wt the same
But god giue hem grace here, hem selues to amende.
Dowell my frende is to done, as lawes teachen.
To loue thy frende and thy foe, leue me y is dobet.
To gyue vnto meune both, yonge and olde
To healen and to helpen, is do best of all,
And do well is to dreade god, and do bette to suffer
And so cometh dobest of both, & bringeth adowne the
And y is wicked will, y many worke shendeth (modie
And dryueth awaye dowell, through deadly sinnes.

Passus decimus de visione,
Et secundus de dowell.

THā had Wit a wife, was hote dame study, Wyttes
That leue was of lere, and of liche doeth. wyfe.
She was wōderli wroght, wit me so teched
And al staryng dame study, sternely sayde.
Wei art y wyse q she to wyt, any wysdomes to tell
To Flatterers or to foles, that frentyke be of wyttes
And blamed him and banned him, & bade him be styl
Wyth suche wyse wordes, to wysche any sottes
And sayde, Noli mittere mā, Margarite Pearles,
Amonge hogges, that haue hawes at wyll.
They do but driuel theron, dyase were hem leuer,
Thā al pryecious Pearles that in Paradice wareth.

W.t. I saye

I say it by such, quod she, ỳ shew it by her worꝛks
By their worꝛkes know the
That hem were leuer land, and loꝛdshyp on earth,
Oꝛ ryches oꝛ rentes, and rest at her wyll,
Than al the soth sawes, that Salomon sayde euer
Wysedome and wytte, now is not woꝛth a kerse
But if it be carded ẇ couetis, as clothers kembe her
Whoso cã cõtryue deceites, ⁊ cõspyꝛe wꝛõgs (woule
And lead foꝛth a loue daye, to let wyth truth
He that such craftes can, is oft cleped to counsell,
They lead Loꝛds wyth leasinges, and belieth Truth
Job the gentel in his gestes, greatly wytnesseth
That wicked mẽ weldẽ, ỳ wealth of this woꝛld
And ỳ they be loꝛdes of ech lond, ỳ out of law lyueth.
Psal xxii Quare impii viuunt, bene est omnibus qui preuaricantur et inique agunt,
The Psalter sayeth the same, by such as done euyl.
Psal. xi. Ecce ipsi peccatores hadũdãtes in seculo: obtinuerũt diuitias
Lo sayth holy lecture, which loꝛds be these shꝛewes:
Thilke that god geueth most, lest good they dealeth
And most vnkind be to ỳ cõmẽ, ỳ most catel weldeth.
Psal. xi Que perfecisti destruerunt, iustus autem, ⁊c.
Harlots foꝛ her harlotrye, maye haue of her goodes
And iapers and iudgelers, and iangelers of ieltes
And he that hath holy wꝛyte, aye in his mouth
Only diuinitie hath noꝛeward And can tell of Tobie, and of the twelue Apostles
Oꝛ preachẽ of ỳ penaũce, ỳ Pilate falsely wꝛought
To Jesu the gentle, that Jewes to dꝛawe:
Lyttle is he loued, that suche a lesson sheweth
Oꝛ daunten oꝛ dꝛawe foꝛth, I do it on god him selfe
But tho that fayne hem foles, ⁊ with fayting liueth
Againe the lawe of our loꝛde, and lien on hem selfe
Spitten and spuen, and speake foule woꝛdes
Dꝛynken and dꝛiuelen, and do men foꝛ to gape

Lyken

Lyken men, & lye on hem, ỹ leneth hem no gyftes
They can no moze minſtrelſy, ne muſyke men to glad
Than Mundie the milner, of multa fecit deus
Ne were hir vyle harlotry, haue god my trouth
Shoulde neuer kynge ne knyght, ne canon of Poules
Gyue hem to her yeres gyfte, ne gyft of a grote,
And myzth & minſtrelſy, amongeſt men is nought
Lechery, loſenchery, and loſels tales,
Glotony and greate othes, this mirthe they loueth,
And if thei carpē of Chriſt, theſe clerkes & theſe lewd.
And they meet in her mirth, whan minſtrels ben ſtyll
Than telleth they of the trinitie, a tale oz twaine
And bzingeth fozth a blade reaſon, & takē Bernard to
And put fozth a pzeſūption, to pzeue ỹ ſoth (witneſs
Thus they dzeuell at her dayſe, the deitie to ſcozne
And gnawen god wt hyz gozge, whan hyz guts fallen
And the carfull may crye, and carpen at the gate
Both a fyngerd and a furſte, and fozchel quake
Is none to nymen hem nere, his noye to amend
But hunten hym as a hounde, & hoten hym go hence,
Litle loueth he that Lozde that lent hym all ỹ blyſſe,
That thus parteth, wt the poze, a pertel whā him ne-
Ne were mercy in mean men, moze than in rich (deth
Mendynauntes meatles, myght go to bedde.
God is much in the gozge, of theſe greate maiſters,
And amonges meane men, his mercy & hys wozckes
And ſo ſayeth the pſalter, I haue ſene it oft.

All men loue bau-dyne.

Ecce audiuimus eum in effrata, inuenimus eum in campis ſilue. Pſal. 131.

Clarkes and other kinnes men, carpen of god faſt
And haue him much in ỹ mouth, & meane men in hert
Friers and faytozs, haue fo vnden ſuch queſtions
To pleſe wyth the pzoud men, ſith the peſtilēce time

And preachen at. S. Paules, for pure enui of clarks
That folke is not firmed in the faythe, ne free of her
Ne sory for her synnes, so is pryde waxen, (goodes
In religion, & in al the realme, amõgest rich & pore
That prayers haue no pore, the pestilence to lette
And yet ỳ wretches of this worlde, are none ware by
Ne for dreade of ỳ death, wdraw not her prid (other
Ne ben plentuous to the pore, as pure charitie wold
But in gaines & i glotony, forglotẽ her goods hẽ selfe
And breketh not to the begger, as the boke teacheth.

Frange esurienti panem tuum. &c.

Esai. lviii

And ỳ more he wynneth, & wexeth welthy in ryches
And lordeth in landes, the lesse good he dealeth
To bie telleth you not so, takehede ye ryche
Howe the byble boke of hym beareth wytnes

Si tibi sit copia habundanter tribue
Tobi. iiii. Si autẽ exiguum, illud impertiri stude, libẽter

Who so hath much spend mãly, so meaneth Tobie
And who so lytle weldeth, rule hym thereafter,
For we haue no letter of our life, how long it shal en-
Suche lessons lordes, shoulde loue to heare (dure
And how he myght most meyny, manlych fynde
Not to fare as a fideler, or a frier to seke feastes,
Homely at other mens houses, and haten her owne.
Elenge is the hal, euery day in the weke
There the Lorde ne the lady, lyketh not to sytte
Nowe hath eche ryche a rule, to eaten by hem selfe
In a priuie parler, for poore mens sake
Or in chambre wyth a chymney, and leaue the chiefe
That was made for meales, men to eate in (hal
And all to spare to spende, that ypyll shall an other
I haue heard heigh men, eatynge at the table

Carpe

Carpē as they clarkes were, of Chriſt & of his might
And leidē faut vpon the father, that formed vs al
And carpen againe clarkes, crabbed wordes
Why would our ſauiour ſuffer, ſuch a worme in his (bliſſe
That begiled the woman, & the man after
Through which wiles & wordes, they went to hel
And al her ſede for her ſynne, the ſame death ſuffered
Here lieth your lore, theſe lordes beginneth to diſpute
Of ỹ ye clarkes vs kenneth, of Chriſt by the goſpel.

Filius non portabit iniquitatem patris. Eze. xviii.

Why ſhould we that now be, for the works of Adā
Roten and to rente, reaſon would it neuer

Vnuſquiſque portabit onus ſuum. Galat. vi.

Such motiues thei moue, theſe maſters in her glory
And make men in miſbeleue, that muſē on her words
Imaginatiue here after ward, ſhall anſwere to youre
Auſten to ſuch arguers, telleth this teme. (purpoſe

Non plus ſapere, quam oportet. Rom. xii.

Wylneth neuer to wytte, whye that God woulde
Suffer Sathan, hys ſede to begyle,
And beleue lelly, in the loore of holy kyrke
And praye hym of pardon, and penaunce in thy lyfe
And for hys muche mercy, to amende you here
For who ỹ wylneth to wyt, ỹ waies of god almight
I would hys eye were in his ars, & his finger after
That euer wylneth to wytte, why that god woulde,
Suffer Sathan, hys ſede to begyle
Or Judas to the Jewes, Jeſu betraye
Al was as thou woudeſt lord, worſhyp be thou
And al worth as thou wold, what ſo we deſpute
And tho ỹ vſe theſe hanylowes, to blindē mēs wits
What is dowel fro dobet, now deke mote worthe

Sith he wylneth to wit, which they be both
But if he lyue in the life, that longeth to dowel
For I dare be his bold borow, ꝑ dobet wil he neuer
Though dobest draw on hym, day after other
And whā ꝑ wytte was ware, what dame studie told
He became so confuse he cñneth not loke
And as dombe as death, and drew him arere
And for no carping I cold after, ne kneling to therth
I myght get no grayne, of his grete wyttis
But al laughynge he louted, and loked apon study
In sygne that I shulde, besechen hyr of grace
And whē I was war of his wil, to his wife I loutid
And sayde mercie madame, your mā shal I worth
As longe as I liue, both late and rathe
For to worchen your wil, the whyle mi life endureth
With ꝑ that ye ken me kindlye, to know what is do-
For thi mekenes mā ꝙ she, & for thi milde spech (wel
I shal ken the to my cosen, that clergye is hoten
He hath weddyd a wyfe, wiñ these syr moneths
Is syb to the seuen artes, Scripture is hyr name
They two as I hope, after my teachinge
Shal wisshen the dowel, I dare vnder take
Than was I as fayne, as foule of fayr morow
And glader then the gleman that golde hath to gyfte
And asked hir the high way, where that clergie dwelt
And tel me some token ꝙ I, for tyme is that I wend
Aske the hygh waye quod she, hence to suffre
Both wel and woo, if that thou wylt learne
And ryde forthe by riches, and rest thou not therin
For if ꝑ compleste ꝑ therwith to clergie cõmeste ꝑ neuer
And also the lycores lande that lechery hight
Leaue it on thy left half, a large mile and more,

The maner of thē ꝑ be in office

Tyll

Tyll thou come to a courte, kepe well thy tonge
Frō leasinges & lyther speach, & licorous drinckes
Thā shalt thou se sobrietie, and simplicitie of speache
That ech wight bein his wyll, hys wytte to shewe
And thus shalt ꝑ come to cleargye, ý cā many thinges
Saye hym thys signe, I sette him to schole
And that I grete well his wife, for I wrot hir many
And set hir to Sapience, & to the psalter glose (bokes
Logike I learned her, and manye other lawes
And all the vnisons in musike, I made hir to know
Plato the poete, I put hem firste to boke
Aristotle and other moe, to argue I taught
Grammer for gyrles, I garde firste to wryte
And beat hem w a bales, but if they would learne
Of all kinnes craftes, I contriued tooles
Of carpentre of caruers, and compassed Masons
And learned hem leuel and line, though I loke dimme
And Theologie hath tened me, seuen score times
The more I muse therin, the mistier it semeth
And the deper I deuine, the darker me it thynketh
I full lethye thynge it were, if that loue nere
And for it leet best by loue, I loue it the better
For there as loue is Leader, ne lacketh neuer grace
Loke thou loue lellie, if the liketh Do well
For Dobet and Dobest, bene of loues kynne
In other seience it sayth, I sawe it in Caton

Studye teacheth al thinges

Cato.

Qui similat verbis, nec corde est fidus amicus
tu quoque fac simile: sic ars deluditur arte.

Who so gloseth as Gylours done, go me to ý same
And so shalt thou false folcke, and faiethles begyle
Thys is Catons kenning, to clerckes that he lerneth
And Theologye techeth not so, who so taketh hede

He

He kẽneth the cõtrary, agayne Catons wordes
For he biddeth vs be as brethrẽ, & bid for our enmies
And loue hẽ ỹ lye on vs, & lẽd hem whan they nede
And do good agayne euyl, god hym selfe hoteth

Galat. vi Dum tempus habemus operemur bonum ad omnes maxime autem ad domesticos fidei.

Paule preached the people that perfitenes loued
To do good for gods loue, and gyue men that aske
And nainely to such, that sueth our beleue
And al ỹ vs lacke or lye, our Lord techeth vs to loue
And not to greue hẽ ỹ greue vs, god him self forbad it

Mihi vindictam, et ego distribuam.

There for loke thou loue, as long as thou dures
For is no sciẽce vnder ỹ sũne, so souerain for thi soul
And astronomi is a harde thing, and euil for to know
Gemetrie and geomansye, so gylful of speche

The vanite of sciẽce

Who so thinkith worchẽ tho two, thriueth but late
For Sorcerie is ỹ souerainst boke ỹ to sciẽce belõgith
yet ar therfe bichers in forcers, of felmens makyng.
Experimentes of alkinamie, the people to deceiue
yf thou thynke to do wel, dele therwyth neuer
Al these sciences I me selfe, sotiled & ordeined
And founded hem formest, folke to desceyue
Tel Clargy these tokens, and scripture after
To counsel the kyndlie, to knowen what is dowel.
I sayde graund mercy madame, & mekely her grate
And went wightlie awaye, woute more letinge
And til I came to clergie I coulde neuer stinte
And grate wel the goodman, as study me taught
And afterward the wyfe, and worshypped hẽ both
And tolde hem the tokens, that me taught were
Was neuer gom on this groũd sith god made ỹ world

Fayrer

Fayrer vnderfongen, ne frendlier at ease
Than my selfe sothly, sone so he wyste
That I was of wittes house, and wt his wife dame
I sayd to hē sothly, ꝑ sent was I thither (Studye
Dowell and Dobet, and Dobest to learne
It is cōmen life ꝙ Cleargy, on holy church to beleue
With all ꝑ articles of ꝑ faith, ꝑ falleth to be knowen
And that is to beleue lelly, both learned and leude
On the greate God, that gynnynge had neuer
And on the sothfast Sonne, that saued mankinde
From the deadly death, and from the deuyls power
Through ꝑ helpe of ꝑ holy goste, ꝑ which gost is of
Thre persons, and not in plurell numbre (both
For all is but one god, and ech is godhym selfe

Deus pater, Deus filius, Deus spiritus sanctus.

God the father god ꝑ sonne, god the holy gost of both
Maker of mankynde, and of beastes bothe
Austen the olde, hereof made bokes
And him selfe ordeined, to sadd vs in beleue.
Who was his auctour? all the foure euangelistes
And Christ cleped him selfe so, ꝑ Euāgelists beareth
Al ꝑ clarks vnder Christ, ne coud this assoile (witnes
But this belōgith to beleue, to lewed ꝑ wold dowell
For had neuer freke fiue wits, the faith to dispute
Ne man had no merite, myght it be preued.

Fides non habet meritum, vbi humana ratio prebet experimentum.

Than is dobet to suffer, for thy soules sake.
All that the holy boke byt, by holye kirkes teachinge
And that is man by thy might, for mercies sake
Loke thou worke it in work, that thy word sheweth
Such as thou semest in sight, be in assaye found.

Appare quod es, vel esto quod appares.

And let no bodye be, by thy bearinge begiled
But be suche in thy soule, as thou semest without
Thau is dobest to be bolde, to blame the gylty
Sithen thou seest thy selfe, as in soule cleane
And blame thou neuer body, and ꝑ be blame worthy
Si culpare velis, culpabilis esse caueris
Dogma tuum sordet, cum te tua culpa remordet.
God in the gospell, greuously repreueth
Al that lacken any life, and lackes haue hem selfe.
Luke. vi. Quid conspicis festucam in oculo fratris tui, trabem in oculo tuo. &c.
Why meuest ꝑ thi mode, for a mote in thi brothers eie
Sithen a beame in thine owne, blindeth thy selfe
Elice primo trabem in oculo tuo.
Whyche letteth the to loke, lesse or more
I reade ech a blinde bullarde, do boote to him selfe
For Abbots & for priers, and for all maner prelates
As persons & parish priests, ꝑ preach should & teach
All maner men, to amend, by hir might
Thys text was tolde you, to beware ere ye taught
That ye were such as ye sayde, to salue with other
For gods word wold not be lost, for ꝑ worcheth euer
If it auailed not ꝑ cõmen, it might auaile your selfe
And it semeth now sothly, to the worlds sight
That gods word worketh not, on lerned ne on lewd
But in such maner, as Mathew meneth in the gospel
Math. xv Dum cecus ducit cecum, ambo in foueam cadunt.
Against lewed prestes Lewed men may liken you thus, ꝑ the beame lieth in
And the festue is fallen, for your defaut (your eye
In all maner of men, thrugh mauzed prestes
The bible beareth witnes, that al the folke of Israell
Bytterly bought the giltes, of two bad prestes

Offin

Offyn and Finees, for her couetyse
Archa dei inyschapped, and Eli brake hys necke
Forthi ye correctors claw here, & correct first your self
And thē mai ye safely sai, as Dauid ỹ made ỹ psalter.
Existimasti inique quod ero tui similis arguam te, et statuam contra faciem tuam. Psalm.l.
Thē shal burel clarks be bashed, you to blāe or greue
And carpen not as they carpe now, & call you domme
Canes muti non valentes latrare. (hosides Esaie.lvi
And to lacke you wh a word, your worksmāshyp to let
But be prester at your praier, thē for a pound of nobils
And all for your holines, haue you this inhert
In schole there is skorne, but if a clarke wyll learne
And great loue & liking, for ech of hem loueth other
And nowe is religion a rider, a romer by streate
A leader of louedayes, and a loude begger Reade hys
A pricker on a palfrey, from Maner to Maner
An heape of houndes at his arse, as he a lorde were
And but if hys knaue knele, that shall his cope bryng
He loured on him & asked, who taught him curtesye
Litle had lords to done, to giue lands from her heirs
To religious ỹ haue no ruth, if it raine on her altares
In many places ther they persōs be, bi thē self at ease
Of the pore haue they no pity, and that is her charitie
And they letten hem as lordes, her lands lye so brode
And there shal come a king, and cōfesse you religious The suppressiō of abbayes.
And beat you as the bible telleth, for brekig of your
And amende moniales, monkes, and chanons (rule
And put hem to her penaunce, Ad pristinum statum ire
And barons wh erles, beat hem through, Beatus vies
That her barnes clain: ē, & blame you foule (teching
Hii in curribus, et hii in equis ipsi obligati sunt. &c. Psal.xxii

And than friers in her freytor, shal fynd a key
Of Constantynes cofers, in which is the catel
That Gregories godchyldren, had il dispended
The Abbot of Abington And thã shal ỹ Abot of Abingtõ, & al his issue for euer
Haue a knocke of a kynge, and incurable the wound
That this worth soth seke ye, that oft ouer se ỹ bible
Esa. xlvii. Quomodo cessauit exactor quicuit tributum cõtriuit dominꝰ baculũ impiorũ et virgã dominãtiũ, cedẽtiũ plaga insanabili
And ere that kinge come, Cayne shal awake
And Dowel shal ding him down, & distroi his might
High degre helpeth nothing to heauenwarde. Thẽ is Dowel & dobet & ỹ, dominus & kinghthod
I wyll not skorne quod scripture, but if scrutiners lie
Kynghode ne knyghthode, by aught I cã awaite
Helpeth not to heuenwarde, one heres ende
Ne ryches ryght naught ne ryaltie of lordes
Paule preuith it impossible, rich men to haue heuen
Solomon sayth also, that siluer is worst to loue.
Nihil iniquius quam amare pecuniam.
And Catõ kẽneth vs to couetẽ it naught, but as nede
Dilige denarium sed parce dilige kormam. (teacheth
And patriarkes and prophets, and poets bothe
Wryten to wyshe vs, to wyl no ryches
And praise pouertiꝫpaciẽce, thapostils bear witnes
That thei haue heritage in heuen, and by true right
Ther rich mẽ no right may claim, but of ruth & grace
Contra quod I, by Christ, that can I repreue
And preuen it by Peter, and by Paul bothe
That ben baptised be saued, be he ryche or pore.
That is in extremis quod Scripture, amõg saracẽs
They mow be sauyd so, & ỹ is our beleue (& Iewes
That an vnchrysten in that case may christẽ an heathẽ
And for his lely beleue, whan he the lyke tyneth

Haue

Haue the heritage of heaueq, as ani man christen
And christen men woute, moze, mai not come to hene
Foz ỳ Christ foz christen mẽ died, & cõfirmed the law,
That who so wold and willeth, with Christ to arise
Si cum Christo surrexistis &c. Col. iii.
Ye shoulde loue and leue, and the lawe fulfyll
That is loue thy lozd god, leuest aboue al thyng,
And after all christẽ creatures, in cõmẽ ech mã other,
And thus him lõgeth to loue, that leueth to be saued
And but we do thus in dede, ere the day of dome,
It shall beslitten vs full soze, the syluer that we kepe
And our backs ỳ moteatẽ bẽ, & se beggers go naked
Oz delite vs in wine & wildfoule, & wot ani in defaute
Foz euery christen creature, shoulde be kinde to other,
And sithen heathen to helpe, in hope of amendment
God hateth both hygh & lowe, ỳ no man hurt other,
And sayth slea not ỳ sẽblable is, to mine owne likeneg
But if I send the some token, and saye, Non necaberis
I slea not but suffer, and all foz the beste
Foz I shall punyshe hem in purgatorye, oz in ỳ pyt of
Euery man foz his misdedes, but if mercy it let, (hell
Thys is a longe lesson ỳ I, and litle I the wyser
Where dowel is oz dobet, darkely ye shewen,
Many tales ye tell, that Theology lerneth,
And that I man made was, and my name entred
In the legend of lyfe, longe ere I were,
Oz els wrytten foz some wyckednes, as holye wryte
Nemo ascẽdit ad celũ, nisi qui de celo descẽdit. (manaceth Joh. iii
I leue it wel bi our lozd quod I, and no letter better,
Foz Solomon the sage, that Sapience taught
God gaue hym grace of wyt, and al his goods after
He demed well and wyselyas holy wryte telleth.

Aristotle and he, who wished men better.
Maisters that of gods mercy, teachen mē & preachen
Other words they wish vs, for wisest as in her time,
And all holy kyrke, holdeth hem both dampned,
And if I shold worke, bi her works, to wyn me heuen
That for her workes and wyt, wonneth in payne
Than wrought I vnwysely, what so euer ye preach
And of selle wytty in fayth, lytle karli I haue
Though her gost be vngracious, god for to please
For many men on this molde, more letten her hertes,
In good thā in god, therfore hem grace fayleth
At hyr moste mischiefe, whan they shall lyke lete,
As Solomō did & such other, ỳ shewed greate wyts,
And her works as holi write saith, were euer ỳ cōtra
Therfore wyse witted mē, & welletted clarkes (rye
As they say hem selues, selde done therafter.

Math. 23. Super cathedram Moysi. &c.

And I wene it worthes of manye, as was in Noes,
They that made Noe a shippe were vnsaued
Tho he shoope that ship, of shides & of bordes (time
No wight ỳ wrought therō was salfe, ne ani workmā
But birdes and beastes, and the blessed Noe, (els
And hys wyfe with his sonnes, & also her wyues,
Of wights that it wrought, was none of hem saued
God leue it fare not so by folke, that ỳ fayth teacheth,
Of holy kirke ỳ harborowe is, & gods house to saue
And shilden vs from shame therin, as Noes ship did
And mē ỳ made it, amyd ỳ flood he drowned (beasts
The Cultor of thys clause, curate is to meane,
That ben carpēters, holy kyrke to make, for Christes

Psalm. 36 Homines et iumenta saluabis domine. (own beasts

On good Fryday I finde a felon was saued,

That

That had liued all hys life, wᵗ lealinge & wyth thefte,
And for he beknew on ẏ crosse, & to Chriſt chroue hi
He was ſoner ſaued, than ſaint John the Baptiſte
And or Adam or Iſai, or any of the prophetis
That had lyen wyth Lucifer, many longe yeres,
A robber was raunſomed, rather than they all,
wᵗhoutē any penaunce of purgatory, to perpetual
Thā Mari Magdelē, what womā did worſe (bliſſe
Or who worſe thā Dauid, ẏ Vzias death cōſpired
Or Paule the Apoſtle, that no pity had,
Muche chriſten kinde, to put to death,
And nowe be theſe as ſouereines, & ſayntes in heuen
Tho ẏ wrought wickedleſt, in worlde tho thei were,
And tho that wiſely worde, and written many bokes
Of wit & of wyſedome, wᵗ dampned ſoules wōneth,
That Solomō ſaith I trow be ſoth, & certē of vs al
Sunt iuſti atque ſapientes, et opera eorum in manu dei ſunt. Eccleſ. ix.
There are witty & wellearned, & her workes ben hid
In the handes of almighty god, and he wot ẏ ſothe
Wherfore a mā worth alowed ther, & his leſt workes
Orels for his yll wil, and for enuy of herte,
And be alowed as he liued, for by yl, mē knowe good
For how wiſt mē what is white, if al thig blak were
And who wer a goodmā, but if ther wer ſom chrew
Therfore lyue we forth, wᵗ other mē, I leue few ben
For Nam oportet vient euplace, il ny ad que pati. (good
And he that may all amend, haue mercy on vs all
For ẏ ſothfaſt word ẏ euer god ſaid, was Nemo bonus
Clergye tho of chriſtes mouthe, cōmēded was litle,
For he ſayd to ſaint Peter, and to ſuch as he loued.
Cum ſteteritis ante reges et preſules. &c. Mat. xiii
Though ye come before kinges, & clarkes of ẏ lawe,

The thef was ſaued before any of the prophets

Be

Be not abashed, for I shall be in your mouthes
And giue you wit & wil, and cũning to conclude
Hem al that agaynst you, of christendome disputen
Dauid maketh mention, he spake amongest kinges
And might no king ouercome him, as bi cũning spech
But wyt and wisedome, wan neuer the maistrye
Whan man was at mischiefe, wout the moze grace
The doutiest doctour, and diuinour of diuinitie
Was Austen the old, and heighest of the foure
Sayd thus in a sermon, I se it writtẽ once.

Ecce ipsi idiote rapiunt celum, vbi nos sapientes in inferno mergimur.

And is to meane to Englishe men, to moze and to lesse
Are none rather rauished, from the right beleue
Than are these cũning clarkes, that can many bokes
Ne none soner saued, ne sadder of beleue
Than plow men and pastoꝛs, & poꝛe cõmen laboꝛers
Sowters and shepeherds, & such lewed Juettes
Percen wyth a Pater noster, the palaice of heauen
And passẽ Purgatoꝛi penaũceles, at her hẽce parting
Into the blisse of Paradice, foꝛ her pure beleue
That vnperfitelye here knew, and ekelíued
Yea men knowe clarkes, that cursed the tyme
That euer they could oꝛ knew moze thẽ Credo in deum
And principalli her Pater noster, mani a persõ hath wy:
I se exãples my selfe, & so may many other (shed
That seruaũtes ỳ seruen loꝛdes, seldõ fal in arerages
But tho that kepe the loꝛdes catell, clarkes & reues,
Ryght so lewde men, and of lytle knowynge,
Selde fall they so foule, and so ferre in synne,
As clarkes of holy church, ỳ kepe Christes treasure,
The which is mãs soule to saue, as god saith in ỳ go

Math. xx Ite vos in vineam meam. (spell

Passus

Psalmus undecimus de tribulatione.

THan Scripture scorned me, & a skille loked
And lacked me in latine, & light by me she set
And sayd, Qui ulti multa sciunt, et seipsos nesciũt.
Tho wept I for wo, & wrath of hir speache
And in a wynkinge wrath, wexed I aslepe.
And marueylous metals, mette me than
That I was rauished right there, & Fortune me set
And into the land of Longing, alone, she me brought
In a mirrour right Middelearth, she made me to loke
Sithẽ she said to me, here mightest thou se wonders
And know that ỹ couetist, & come therto peraduẽture
Than had Fortune folowing her, two fair damosels
Concupiscentia carnis, men called the elder mayde
And Couetis of eyes, called was the tother
Pryde of perfite liuynge, pursued hem both
And bade me for my coũtenaũce, accoũt cleargy light
Concupiscentia carnis, colled me about the necke
And said thou art yong & yemp, & haste yeares inowe
For to liue longe, and Ladyes to loue
And in this myrrour ỹ might se, mirthes ful many
That leaden the wily wise, to liking al thy life time
The seconde sayde the same, I shal sue thy wyll
Tyll thou be a lorde and haue land, let the I nell
That I ne shal folow thi felowship, if Fortune it like
He shall finde me hys frende, quod Fortune therafter
The freke that foloweth my will, failed neuer blysse.
Thã was ther one ỹ hight Eld, ỹ heauy was of chere
Wan quod he if I mete with the, by Mary of heauẽ
Thou shalt finde Fortune the fayle, at thy most nede
And Concupiscentia carnis, cleane the forsake
Bitterly shalt thou banne hem, both day and vyght

The dam sels of Fortune.

Age.

Couetise of eye, that euer thou hyr knewe.
And prid of perfite liuing, to much perell the bryngе.
The confell of Actiues
Yea rech ꝓ not ꝙ rechles, & stode forth in raged clothes
Folow forth ꝑ Fortune wol, thou hast wel far til Eld
A mā may stoupe time inough, whā Eld shal tine the
Homo proponit ꝙ ā poete, & Plato he hight (crowne
And Deus disponit, quod he, let god do hys wyll
If Truth do witnes it is wel done, fortune to folow
Concupiscentia carnis, ne Couetis of eyes
Ne shal greue the greatly, ne but ꝑ wilt begyle the.
Yea fare wel Phip ꝙ Fanteltie, & forth gan me drawe
Til Concupiscentia carnis, accorded all my workes
Alas Eighe quod Elde, and holines both
That wit shal turne to wretchednes, for will to haue
Couetise of eyes, cōforted me anone after (his liking
And folowed me forty winter, or fifty and more
That of dowell ne dobet, no deinty me thought
I had no liking ne no luste, of hē ought to know
Couetise of eies, came after in my mind
Than dowelt or dobet, amonge my deades all
Couetise of eyes, confor ted me oft
And sayd haue no conscience, how thou come to good
Go confesse the to some Frier, & shew hym thy sinnes
For while Fortune is thy frend, Friers wil the loue
And fetche the to their fraternitie, and for the beseche
To her Prior prouincial, a pardon to haue
And pray for the pole by pole, if thou be pecunfosus.
Sed pena pecuniaria non sufficit, pro spiritualibus delictis.
By wiching of this wēch I wrought, hir words wer
Til I forgate youth, & yarne into Elde (so swete
And than was Fortune my foe, for al her faire beheste

And

And pouertie pursued me, and put me lowe
And tho found I the Fryer aferde, and flytting bothe
Agaynste our fyrste forwarde, for I sayde I nolde
Be buried at hyr house, but at my paryshe churche
For I heard once, how conscience it tolde
That kind wold mē be buried, ther thei were christēid
Or where ẏ he wer parishē, ẏ ther he shold be grauen
And for I sayd thus to Friers, a tale they me helden
And laued me the lesse, for my lely speache
And yet I cried on my confessour, ẏ helde him selfe cū-
By mi faith frier q I, ye farē like these wowers (nig Friers
That wed none wedowes, but for to welde her goods did not
Ryght so by the rode, rought you neuer seke ẏ ba-
Wo here my body were buried, by so ye had my siluer di but the
I haue muche maruaile of you, q so hath many other monie.
Wo by your couent coueteth, to confesse and burye
Rather then to baptise barnes, that be catechisinges
Baptisynge and burisynge, both be needfull
And much more meritorie me thinketh, it is to baptise
For a baptised man may, as these masters telleth
Through cōtritiō come to ẏ high heuē, sola cōtricione
And barne without baptisme, may not be saued
Nisi quis renatus fuerit, loke ye lettred mē, wher I lye Iohn. iii.
And beauti loked on me, q I loured after (or do not
Wherfore loureste ẏ q beauty, q loked on me hard
If I durste q I amongeste mē, these metels auowe
Yes bi Peter q bi Poule q he, q toke hē both to wyt-
Non oderis fratres in corde tuo sed arce, (nes Leuit. xix
sed publice argue illos.
They will aledge also quod I, q by the gospel preuē
Nolite iudicare quemquam. Rom. ii.
And wherof seruith law q Beautie, if no life vnder-

Falseneꝭ ne flatterye, for somewhat thapostle sayd.
Non odoris fratre, & in the psalter also, saith Dauid the
ꝑ sal. l. Existimasti inique, quod ero tui similis. (prophet.
It is lefull for lewde men, to say the sothe
If hem liketh and lust, ech a lawe it graũteth
Except persons and prestes, & prelates of holy kyrke
It falleth not for that folke, no tales to tell
Thoughe the tale were true, and it touched synne
Thing ꝙ al ꝙ world woot, wherfore shouldest ꝙ spare
And reden it in Rethorike, to arate deadle sinne
And ben euermore first, the defaute to blame
Though ꝙ se yll, say it not first, be sory it nere amẽdid
Nothyng that is pryuye, publisshe thou it neuer
Neyther for loue laude it not, ne lacke it for enuye
ꝑ atum laudabitupera percius
Ye sayth soth ꝙ scripture tho, & skipte vp & preached
And ꝙ matter ꝙ she meaned, if lewde mẽ it knew
The lesse as I leue, louen it they would.
This was hyr theme, & hir text, I toke ful good hede
ꝓ ulti to a mangery, and to the meate were sũpted
ꝓ ath. rr and. xxii. Whã ꝙ people were plener come, ꝙ porter vnpend ꝙ
And plucked in ꝑ auct, priuily, & let ꝙ rẽnaũt go (gate
All for tene of her text trembled my herte
And in a were gan I werre, & with my selfe to dispute
Whether I wer chose or not, on holy kirke I thoght
That vnderfonged me at ꝙ fõt for one of gods chosẽ
For Christe cleped vs al, come if we woulde
Saracyns & Schismatikes, and so he did the Iewes
ꝓ cal. lv. O vos omnes scientes veritr. &c.
And badde hem sonke for sinne, safely at hys breast
And dryncke bote for bale, broke it who so myght
Thã may all christẽ come quod I, & claime her enter.

By ỹ bloude ỹ he bought vs w̄, & through baptisme
Qui crediderit, et baptisatus fuerit. (after Mar. xvi
For though a christen mā coueted his christēdome to
Ryghtfully to reney, no reason it woulde, (renie
For may no cherle charter make, ne hys catel sel
Wythouten leaue of his Lord, no lawe will it graunt
And he may runne in arerages, and runne so frō home
And as a reneyed kaytyfe, recheles runnen aboute
And reason shal rekē w̄ hym, & cast hym in arerage
And put him after in a prison, in purgatory to brenne
For his arerages rewardē hym there, tel domes daye
But if contrition wyll come, and crye by hys lyue
Mercy for his mysdeades, wyth mouth or w̄ hert
That is sothe sayde scrypture, may no synne lette
Mercy all amende, and mekenes hyr felowe
For thei bē as our bokes telleth, aboue gods werks
Misericordia eius super omnia opera eius. Psal. cxliv.
Yea bawe for bookes ỹ one, was brokē out of hel,
I Troianus a true knight, toke witnes at a pope
How I was dead, & dampned to dwel in paine
For an vnchristen creature, clerkes witten ỹ sothe
That al ỹ clargi vnder Christ, ne might me cratch frō
But only loue & leauty, & my lawful domes (hell
Gregory wyst wel that, and wyned to my soule
Saluation for sothnes, that he se in my workes
And after that he wepte, & wyned me were graūted
Grace wout any bedebydding, his bone was vnder
And I saued as ye se, wout synging of masses (fogē
By loue and by leadynge, of my lyuyng in trueth
Brought me frō bitter paine, ther no bidding might.
Lo ye lords what leuty did bi an emperour of Rome
That was an vnchristen creature, as clarkes finde in

Gregorie Not through praier of a pope, but for his pure truth
was ỳ sarazin saued, as .s. Gregory beareth witnes
Wel oughte lords ỳ laws kepe, ỳ lesso hold in mynde
And on Troianus truth to thik, & do truth to ỳ puple
Lawe wout loue quod Troianus, ley there abeane
Or any science vnder the sonne, the seuen artes and al
But they be lerned for our lords loue, lost is thy time
For no cause to catch syluer by, or be called a master
But all for loue of our lorde, & the bet to loue ỳ people
For saynt John sayd it, and soth are hys wordes.

1. Joh. iii Qui non diligit, manet in morte.

Who so euer loueth me not, he liueth in death dyng
And that all maner of men, enemies and frendes
Loue eyther other, and leue hem as hem selfe
Who so leueth not he loueth not, god wot the sothe
And cõmaũdeth ech creature, to cõforme him to loue
And souereinely the pore people, & her ennies after
For hem that haten vs, is our merite to loue
And pore people to please, her praiers may vs helpe.
And our loye, and our healthe, Jesu christe of heauen
Christe was pore In a pore maus apparayle, pursued vs after
And loked on vs in hyr likenes, & that ẅ louely chere
To know vs by our kynd hert, & casting of our eien
Whether we loue ỳ lords here, before the lord of blisse
And exciteth vs by ỳ euãgelie ỳ whã we make feastes
We should not clepen our kinne therto, ne no kynnes
Luk. xiiii Cum facitis cõuiuia, nolite inuitare amicos. (tryche
And call the careful thereto, the croked & the pore.
For your frendes wil feden you, & found you to quite
Your festig & your fayr gift, ech frẽd quiteth to other
And for the pore I shal pay, & wel quite her trauayle
That geue hẽ meat or money, and loue hẽ for misse

For the best ben some rych, & some beggers & poze
For we al are Christes creatures, & of his cofers rich
And brethrē as of one bloud, as wel begers as Erles
For on Caluert of christis blud, christēdome gā spzig
And bloudy brethrē we became ther, of one bodi won
As Quasi modo geniti, and gentilmen echone
No begger nor no boy among vs, but if sinne it make
Qui facit peccatum, seruus est peccati. Joh. viii.
In the olde lawe, as holy letter telleth
Wennes sonnes, menne called vs ech one
Of Adams issue and Eue, aye til god man dyed
And after his resurrection, redemptor was his name
And we hys brethrē by him bought, both rich & poze
For thy loue we as leue brethrē, & echeman lene other
And of ỳ ech man may forbeare, amēd ther it nedeth
And enery man helpe other, for hence shall we al.
Alter alterius onera portate. Galat. vi
And be we not vnkind of our catel, ne of our cunning
For wot no mā how nie it is, to be binome frō both
Therfore lacke no others like, though he more latine
Ne vndermine not for wle, for is nō woute saut (know
For what euer clarkes carpe, of christendome or els
Christ to a cōmen woman said, in cōmune at the feaste
That Fides tua should saue hir, & saluē hir of al sinnes
Than is beleue a lelly helpe, aboue logyke or lawe
Of logyke or of lawe, in Legenda sanctorum,
Is litle alowaunce made, but if beleue hem helpe
For it is ouer longe or logyke, any lesson assoyle
And lawe is loth to loue, but if he lacke siluer
Both logike and law, that loueth not to lye
I counsell all christen, cleaue not theron to sore
For some words I find writ, were of faythys teachig

That

That saued sinful men, saint John bereth witnes.

Mat. vii. Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis remetietur vobis.

Therfore learne we ỹ law of loue, as our lord taught
And as saynt Gregory sayd, for mans soules healthe.
Mi eius est scrutari scelera nostra, quã naturas rerum.
Why I meane thys matter, is moste for the pore
For in her likenes our Lorde, oft hath bene knowen
Wytnes in Paske weke, when he yede to Emaus
Cleophas ne knew him not, that he Christ were
For his pore apparell, and pilgrames wedes
Tyll he blessed and brake, the bread that they eaten
So by these workes, they wist that he was Jesus
And bi clothing they knew him not, ne by carping of tong
And all was in example, to vs sinfull here
That we shoulde be lowe, and louely of speach
And apparel vs not proudly, for pilgrimes are we al
And in the apparel of a pore mã, & pilgrimes lykenes
Many tymes god hath ben met, among nedy people
There neuer segge him see, in sette of the rych
S. John & other saintes, were sene in pore clothynge
And as pore pilgrymes, prayden mens goodes
Jesu Christ on a Jews daughter light, gẽtle though she were
Was a pore maid, & on a pore mã wedded
Martha on Mary Magdalen, an hudge playnet she made
And to our sautour selfe, sayd these words

Luke. x. Domine non est tibi cure quod soror mea reliquit me solam ministrare?

And hastely God answered, and eithers wyl folowed
Both Martha as Maries, as Mat. bereth witnes.
And pouertie god put before, and praysed that better.
Maria optimam partem elegit que non. &c.
And al the wise that euer were, by ought I cã espye
Prayse pouerty for best life, if patience folowe

And

And both better & blessedder, by many fold thã riches
And though it be sour to suffer, yet after cometh swet
As on a walnutte wythout, is a bytter barke
And after that bitter barke, be the shell awaye
Is a kernell of confortе, lyfe to restorе
So is after pouertye and penaunce, patiently taken
For it maketh a mã to haue mind in god, & a greet will
To wepe and to wel bid, wherof waxeth mercy
Of which Christ is a kernel, to confort the soule:
And well siker he slepeth, the man that is porе
And lesse he dreadeth death, and darke to be robbed
Than he that is right rych, reason bereth witnes.

Psauper ego ludo, dum tu diues meditaris

Although Solomon sayth, as folke seth in the bible. Prou.xxx
Diuitias nec paupertates.
Wiser than Solomon was, bereth witnes & taught
That perfite pouertye was, no possession to haue
And life most liking to god, as Luke bereth witnes. Mat.xix.
Si vis perfectus esse, vade et vende. &c.
And is to meane to men, that on thys moulde liuen
Who so wil be pure perfite, muste possessions forsake
Or sell it as sayeth the boke, and the siluer deale
To begers ỹ gone & beg, & biddẽ good for gods loue
For failed neuer mã meate, that mightful god serued
As Dauid saith in ỹ psalter, to such as bene in wyl
To serue god goodlich, ne greth hem in penaunce.

Nihil impossibile volenti.

Ne lacketh neuer liuelode, lynnen ne wollen.

Inqui rẽtes autẽ dominum nõ minuentur omni bono. Psal.34.

If prestes were perfite, they would no siluer take
For masses ne for mattens, ne her meates of vsurers
Ne nether kirtle ne cote, though thei for cold shold die

And they hit devour did, as Dauid saith in ỹ psalter.

Psa. xlvii. Judica me deus, et decerne causam meam.

Spera in deo speketh of prists, ỹ haue no spẽding siluer
Thã if they trauel truly, & trusten in god almighty
Hem should lacke no liuelode, nether wollen noꝛ linen
And ỹ title thei take oꝛders by, telleth thei be aduãced
Thã nede not you to take siluer, foꝛ masses ỹ ye singe
Foꝛ he ỹ toke you your title, shold pai you your wags
Oꝛ the bishop that blessed you, if that ye be woꝛthye
Foꝛ made neuer kig a knight, but he had catel to spẽd
As befel foꝛ a knight, oꝛ found him foꝛ hys strength
It is a carefull knight, & of a kaytife kynges making
That hath no land ne linage rich, ne good loos of his
The same I saye foꝛsoth, by al suche prestes (hãdes
That haue neither cũning ne kinne, but a crowne one
And a title a tale of nought, to liue by at his mischiefe
He hath moꝛe beleue I leue, to latch by hys crowne
Cure than foꝛ kẽning oꝛ knowing, oꝛ foꝛ clene bering
I haue wonder why, and wherefoꝛe the bishop
Maketh such prestes, that lewed men betrayen
A charter is chalengeable, befoꝛe a chiefe Justice
If falske latine be in that letter, the law it impungeth
Oꝛ painted pentreliarie, oꝛ perce ll ouerskipped
The gome ỹ gloseth so charters, foꝛ a goki is holden
So it is a goby by god, that in hys gospel fayleth
Oꝛ in masse oꝛ mattens, maketh any defaute

Prieſting was an occupation to lyue by

Jacob. ii. Qui offendit in uno, in omnibus est reus.

Also in the psalter, sayth Dauid to ouerskippes.

Psa. xlvii. Psallite deo nostro psallite, quoniam rex terre deus Israel, psallite sapienter.

The bishope shall be blamed, beforе god as I leue
That crowneth such gods knights, ỹ cã not sapiẽter

Synge

Synge ne psalme read, ne say a masse of the daye
And neuer nether is blamles, the bishop or ỹ chaplen
For euer ether is indited, & that is ignorantia
Non excusat episcopos, nec idiotes prestes
This loking on lewd prests, I am leapt frō pouerti
Which I praise, her patiēce is more perfit thā riches
And much more in meting thus, wh me gā one disput
And slepyng I se all thys, and sythen came kynd
And named me by my name, and bad me nimen hede, Natnre
And through the wōders of this world, wyt to take teacheth
And on a mountain ỹ mydle erth hight, as me thought man.
I was fette forth, by ensampies to know
Through eche a creature & kynd, my creatour to loue.
I se the sūne & the sea, and the sonde after
And where that brydes & beastes by her makes they
Wyld wonynes in woodes, & wōderful fowles (yedē
Wyth fleked fethers, and of fell colours
Wan and hys make, I myght bothe behold
Pouertye and plentye, bothe peace and warre
Blysse and bale bothe, I se al at once
And howe men toke mede, and mercye refused
Reason I see sothlye, frwen all beastes
In eatyng & drynkyng, & in engendrying of kynde
And after course of cōception, none toke kepe of other
As whā they had rydē in rote tyme, right anone aftir
Wales draw hē to males, on mornings by hem selfe
And in euenynges also the males ben frō the females
There ne was cowe ne cowekinde, ỹ conceiued had
That wold abellow after boles, ne bore after sowe
Both horse and houndes, & all other beastes
Medled not wyth her makes, that wh kole were
Brydes I beheld, that in bushes made nestes

Had neuer wyghte wytte, to worke the leste
I had wonder at whome, and where the Pie learned
To lygge the sticks in whiche, she layeth & breadeth
His wright as I wene, coulde worch hir nest to pay
If ani mas made a mold therto, much wōder it were
And yet me marueiled more, howe many other birds
Hydden and hylden, her egges ful derne
In maryes and mores, for men should hem not fynd
And hydden her egges, whan they therfro wente,
For feare of other fowles, and for wylde beastes
And some treden her makes, and on trees breden
And broughtē forth hyr byrds so, all aboue ȳ ground
And some byrds at ȳ byl, through brething cōceiued
And some cauked I toke kepe, howe pecocks breadē
Muche marueyled me, what master they had
And who taught hem, on trees to tymbren so hyghe
That neither barne ne beast, maye hyr byrdes rechē
And sithē I loked on the sea, & so forth apō ȳ starres
Many selkougthes I see, be not to see nowe
I see floures, in the frythe, and her fayre colours
And how amōg ȳ grene grasse, growed so many huis
And some soure, & some swete, selkougth me thought
Of her kindes & of her colours, to carpē it wer to lōg
And that most meued me, and my mode chaunged
That reason rewarded, and ruled al beastes
Saue man and hys make, manye tyme and ofte
No reason hem folowed, and than I rebuked
Reason and right, tyl hym selfe I sayde
I haue wonder of the quod I, that wyttye art holdē
Whi ȳ ne suiste mā & his make ȳ no myschief, hē folow
And reason arated me, and sayd reche the neuer
Why I suffer or not suffer, thy selfe hast not to do

Amende

Amende ȳ it ik thou myght, for my tyme is to abide
Sufferaūce is a sufferan vertue, and a swiftevēgeaūce
Who suffreth more thā god ꝙ he, no gome as I leue
He might amēd in a minute while, al ȳ amisse stādeth
And he suffreth for some mās good, & so is our better
The wyse and the witty, wrote thus in the byble.
De te quete non molestat, noli certare. Eccle. xi.
For be a man, fayre or foule, it falleth not for to lacke
The shampe ne the shape, that god shope hym selfe
For al ȳ he did was wel do, as holy writ witnesseth.
Et vidit deus cuncta que fecerat, et erant valde bona. Gene.i.
And bade euery creature, in hys kynde encrease
All to myrthe with man, that most woth holye
In foundynge of the flesche, and of the fende bothe
For mā was made of suche a matter, he mai not well
That ne sōtime him bited, to folowē his kind (astart
Caton accordeth ther with, Nemo sine crimine viuit.
Tho caught I colour anone, & cōsed to be, ashamed
And awaked therewyth, wo was me than
That I in metellis ne myght, more haue knowen
And than sayde I to my selfe, and chyde that tyme
Now do I ken do wel ꝙ I, by dere god as me thinke
And as I cast vp my eyen, one loked on me & asked
Of me what thyng it were I wysh, syr I sayd.
To se much and suffer more, certes quod I, is do well
Hadyest thou suffred he said, slepyng tho thou were
Thē hadst ȳ kēde ȳ Clergy can, & kend more by reson
For reson wold haue rehearsed ȳ, right as cleargi said
And for thy intermitting here art thou forsake.
Philosophus esses, si tacuisses &c.
Adam whyle he spake not, had paradise at wyl
But whā he māelid about meat & ētermittd to know

The wisedome & ꝑ wit of god, he was put frō bliſ
And ryght ſo fared reſō w̄ the, thou w̄ thy rude ſpech
Lakedſt & loſedſt, thyng that longed not to be done
Tho had he no lyking, for to learne the more
Pryd now & preſūption, peraduēture wol me appele
That cleargy thy company, ne kepeth not to ſhew
Shal neuer chalēgyng ne chidyng, chaſt a mā ſo ſoue
As ſhal ſhame and ſchēden hym, & ſhape hym to amēd
For let adronken daffe, in a dyke fall
Let hym ligge loke not on hym, tyl hym lyſt to aryſe
For though reſō rebuked him thā, it wer but pure ſin
And whē nede nimeth hym vp, for doubt leſt he ſterue
And ſhame ſhraketh hys clothes, & hys ſkyn waſcheth
Thā wot the dronken daffe, wherfore he is to blame.
Ye ſayen ſothe quod I, iche haue iſene it ofte.
There ſmiteth nought ſo ſmarte, ne ſmelleth ſo ſoure
As ſhame ther he ſhewith hym, for ech mā hym ſchōith
Why ye wiſh me thus ꝙ I, was for I rebuked reaſō
Certes ꝙ he that is ſothe, and ſhope him for to walkē
And I aroſe vpright w̄ that, and folowed hym after
And prayed hym of hys curteſye, to tel me hys name

Shame is the beſt remedye for dronkardes.

## ꝑ aſſus duodecimus de viſione.

I Am Imaginatiue quod he, idle was I neuer
Though I ſit bi miſelfe, in ſikenes & in helth
I haue folowed ꝑ in fayth, thys .xlv. wynter
And oftimes haue meued ꝑ, to think on thine
And how fel ferniers are faren, & ſo few to comē (end
And of thy wild wantōnes, tho thou yong were
To amende it in thi middle age, leſt might the fayled
In thyne olde Elde, that euil can ſuffer
Pouertye or penaunce, or prayer bydde

Si non in prima vigilia, nec in secunda,

Amēd the while thou may, thou hast ben warned oft
With poustes of pestilēces, w̄ pouerty and w̄ angers
And wyth these bitter baleises, god beateth his deare
Quem diligo castigo. (childrene Apoc. iii.
And Dauid in ỹ psalter sayth, of such ỹ loueth Jesus
Virga tua et baculus tuus, ipsa me consolata sunt. Psa. xxiii
Although thou strike w̄ thy staffe, w̄ stycke, or with
It is but mirth as for me, to a nēd my soule (yarde
And ỹ medlist w̄ makigs, & mightst go sai thi psalter
And bid for hem ỹ glue the bread, for ther are bokis i-
To tel me what dowel is, dobet & dobest both (now
And prechers to preuen what it is, of many apeir fri-
I se wel he said ỹ soth, & somewhat me to excuse (ers
I saide Caton cōforted hys sōne, ỹ clarke thoughe he
To solace him somtime, as I do whā I make (were
Interpone tuis, interdum gaudia curis.
And of holy men I heard or I, how they otherwhile Holy mē
Pleyden, the perfitter to be in manye places vsed recre
And if there were anye wyght, that would me tell acion
What were dowell and dobet, and dobest at the laste
Would I neuer do worke, but woende to holy kirke
And there bid my beades, but whan I eate or slepe
Poule in his pistle quod he, preueth what is dowel.
Fides spes charitas maior horum, &c. i. Cor. xiii
Fayeth hope and charitie, and all bē good
And sauē mē sōdry tymes, & none so sone as charitye
For he doth wel w̄outē dout, ỹ doth as leuti recheth
That is if thou be man maryed, thy make thou loue
And lyue forth as lawe wyll, whyle you lyuen both
Right so if thou be religious, ren thou neuer further
To Rome ne Rochmador, but as thy rule teacheth

And

And hold the vnder obediēce, ꝑ high waye is to heauē
And if thou be maiden to mary, & might wel cōtinue
Seke neuer no sayntꝭ further, for thy soules healthe
For what made Lucifer, to lese the hygh heuen:
Or Solomō his sapiēce, or Sampson his strengthe:
Job the Jewe his ioye, deare he it bought:
Aristotle and other mo, Hypocrates and Virgile
Alexander that all wanne, elengelyth ended.
Catell and kinde wyt, was combraunce to hem all
Felice hyr fayrenes, fell hem all to sclaunder
And Rosamounde right so, rufully to beleue
The beauty of hyr body, in badnes she dispended
Of many such I may read, of men and women
That wise wordes wold shew, and work the cōtrary
Sunt homines nequam, bene de virtute loquentes.
And rych reukes ryght so, gaderen and sparen
And tho men ꝑ they most haten, minister it at ꝑ last
And for they suffren and se, so many nedye folkes
And loue not as our lord byd, lesen her soules.
Luke .vi. Date et dabitur vobis.
And ryches right so, but if the rote be true
And grace is a grasse therof, tho greuaūces to abate
And grace ne groweth not, but amonges lowe
Patience and pouertie, the place is there it groweth
And in lelly liuyng men, and in lyfe holye
And through ꝑ gift of ꝑ holy gost, as ꝑ gospel telleth
Iohn.iii. Spiritus vbi vult spirat.
Cleargy and kinde wyt, com eth of sight & teaching
As the boke beareth wytnes, to barnes ꝑ can read.
Quod scimus loquimur, quod vidimus testamur.
Of quod scimus, cometh cleargy, & cunnyng of heauē
And of quod vidimus, cometh kinde wit, of sight of dy-
uerse people

And grace is a gyfte of god, & of great loue springeth
Knew neuer clark how it comth, ne kind wit ẏ waies
Nescit aliquis unde venit, aut quo vadit.
And yet is cleargy to commend, and kinde wit bothe
And namly clergy for christys loue, ẏ of clergy is rote
For Moses witnesseth ẏ god wrote, ẏ puple to wish
In thold law as ẏ leter telleth ẏ was ẏ law of Jues
That what womā wer take in auoutri, rich or pore
With stones mē should strike her, & stone her to death
A woman as we finden, was guilty that death
And Christ of his curtesy, through cleargy hir saued
And through caracts that Christe wrote, the Jewes
Giltier as afore god, & greater in sinne (knew hē self
Than the woman ẏ ther was, & wēt away for shame
The cleargy that there was, confortid the woman
Holy kyrk knoweth this, ẏ christs writing saued hir
So cleargy is confort, to creatures that repenten
And to mansede men, mischiefe at her ende
For bread of gods bodi, myght not be whout cleargy
The which bread is, both boote to the rightful
And death and dampnation, to hem that dye euil.
And christis caracts cōforti, & both culpable shewid
The womā that ẏ Jews brought, ẏ Jesus thought
Nolite iudicare, et non iudicabimini. (to saue.
Right so gods body brethrē, but it be worthely take
Dānith vs at ẏ dai of dome, as ẏ caracts did ẏ Juis
Therfore I cōsel the for christes sake, clergy ẏ thou
For kinde wit is of his kin, & nigh cosins both, (loue
To our Lord leue me, therfore loue hem I read
For both ben as myrours, to amend our defautes
And leaders for lewde men, and for lettred both
Therfore lacke ẏ neuer logyke, law ne hys customes

Joh. iii. True cleargy is merciful.

Luke. vi

Ne counterplede clarkes, I counsell the for euer
For as a man maye not see, that misseth his eyen
No more cā no clark, but if he caught it fyrst bi bokes
Although men made bokes, god was the maister
The holy gost is the autour of bokes
And.s. spirit ỹ saplare, & said what mē shold wryte
Ryght so leadeth letture, lewde men to reason
And as a blind mā in battel, bereth weapō to fight
And hath no happe with his axe, hys enemy to hytte
No more can a kind witty mā, but clarkes him teach
Come for all his kind wit, to chrystēdome & be saued
Which is ỹ cofer of Christes tresure, & clarks kepe ỹ
To vnlock it at her liking, & to ỹ lewde puple (kayes
Gyue mercy for her misdeades, if men wil it aske
Buxomely and beningly, and bidden it of grace
Archa dei in the olde lawe, Leuites it kepten
Had neuer lewd man leue, to liggē hād on that cheste
But he were preest or prestes sōne, patriarke or pro-
For cleargy is keper, vnder Christe of heauen (phet
Was there neuer knight, but cleargy him made
And kinde wyt commeth, of all kyndes syghtes
Of birdes & of beastes, of tastes of truth & of decrits
Lyuers aforne vs, vseden to make
Selden that they sene, her sonnes for to teach
And helden it an high science, her wyttes to know
And through her science forthi, was neuer no soul sa-
Ne brought by her bokes, to blysse ne to loye, (ued
For alher kind knowings, cōme but of diuerse sights
Patriarkes and prophetes, repreuedē hir science
And sayd her words ne her cousell, was but foly
As to ỹ Cleargy of Christ, coūted it but a trifle.
1. Cor. iii. Sapientia huius mundi, stultitia est apud deum.
For the hyghe holy gost, heauen shall to cleaue,

And

And loue shal lepen out after, into thys low earth
And cleannes shall catche it, & clarkes shall it fynde
Pastores loquebantur ad inuicem. Luke. ii.
He speakith nought ther of rich mē, ne of right witty
Ne of lordes ỳ were lewde mē, but of ỳ hyeste lettred
Ibant magi ab oriente.
yf anie fryer were fond ther, I giue you fiue shillings Math. ii.
Ne in no beggers cote, was that barne corne
But in burgeis place, in Bethleem the beste,
Sed nō erat ei locus in diuersorio, et pauper non habet diuersorium. Luke. ii.
To pastours and to poets, appeared the angell
And bade hem go to Bethleem, gods birth to honour
And soogen a sōg of solace, Gloria in excelsis deo,
Clarkes knewe it well, & commen with her presentes
And dyd homage honorabli, to hym ỳ was almighty
Why I haue tolde al thys, I toke ful good hed
Howe thou cōtriuedest Cleategie wt crabbed wordes
How ỳ lewde mē, lyghtlucker, thā lettred were saued
Than clarkes or kinde witted men, of christen puple
And thou saydest soth of some, & se in what mayer.
Take two stronge men, in Temes cast hem Two mē caste into temmes.
And both naked as a nedle, ther non sikerer thā other
The one hath cunnynge, and can swymme and dyue
Thother is lewd of ỳ labour, lerned neuer to swym
Whiche is best ỳ of these two in Temese is most in
He ỳ neuer diued, ne nought cā of swymmyng dred
Or the swymmer that is sake, be so hym selfe lyke?
There hys felow flete forth as the flowd liketh
And is in dread to drench, that neuer did swymme
That swimme can not I sayd it seemeth to my wyts.
Ryght so quod the reuke, Reason the weth
That he that knoweth clergy, can soner arise

Out of synne and he be safe, thoughe he synne oft
Ik hym lyketh and luste, than anye lewde lelly
For ik the clarke be cũning, he knoweth what is sinne
And how cõtriciõ whout cõfession, cõforteth the soule
As thou seest in ỹ psalter, in psalmes one or twaine
How cõtriciõ is cõmended, for it catcheth away sinne
Psal. xx. Beati quorũ remisse sũt iniquitates, et quorũ tecta sunt. &c.
And this cõforteth ech a clarke, & couereth hi frõ wã-
In which floode ỹ fend, foũdeth a mã hardest (hope
There the lewde lieth still, and loketh after lente
And repenteth not before shrifte, & thã cã he litle tell
And as his lores mã learneth hi, beleueth & troweth
And ỹ is after persõ & parish prieste, & peraduẽture he
Uncũning to lerne lewd mẽ, as Luke beareth witnes
Luke. vi. Dum cecus ducit cecum, &c.
Woo was him marked, that wade must wh the lewde
Well maye the barne him blesse, that hym to boke set
That liuing after lecture, saueth him both life & soule
Dominꝰ pars hereditatis mee, is a mery verse
That hath taken from Tiburne, xx strong theues
Ther leud theues be lolled vp, loke how thei be saued
The thef ỹ had gods grace on good friday, as ỹ spake
Was for he knew Christ on ỹ cros, & knowleged his
And grace asked of god, & he is euer ready (synne
That buxomlych byddeth it, & hẽ in will to amend hẽ
And though ỹ thefe had heauen, he had no hie blisse
As saint John & other saynts, ỹ deserued had better
Right as ik a mã giue me meat, & set me amid ỹ flore
I haue meat more thẽ inough, & not so much worship
As they ỹ sit at side tables, or wh souereigns of ỹ hall
But sit as a begger bourdles, bi my selfe on ỹ groũd
So it fareth by ỹ felõ, that on good friday was sauid

He sitteth neither with saint John, Simon ne Jude
Ne wt maidēs, ne wt martirs, cōfessours ne widows
But by him selfe as a solayne, and serued vpon earth
For he that is once a thiefe, is euermore in daunger
And as la we lyketh, to lyue or dye.

De peccato propitiato noli esse sine metu.

And for to seruen a sayne, and such a thefe togythers
It were neither reso ne right, to reward hē both ilike
And as Troian ỹ tru knight, dwelt not so dep in hel
But our lord had hi lightly out, so leue I ỹ thef be in
For he is in ỹ lowest heuē, if our bileue is true (heuē
And wel loseliech he lolleth ther, by law of holi kyrke.

Qui reddit vnicuique iuxta opera sua. Mat. xvi

And why ỹ one thefe on ỹ crog, creant gan him yelde
Rather thē the other thef, though ỹ wouldest appose
All the clarkes vnder Christ, ne could the skil assoyle.

Quare placuit, quia voluit.

And so I saye by the, that sekest after the wayes
And reasoneste reason, a rebukinge as it were
And of the floures in the frith, and of her fayre hewes
Wherof they catch hir coloures, so faire & so bright
And willest of birds & beasts, & hir breding to know
Why some be a low & some a loft, thy lyking it were
And of ỹ stones & of the sters, thou studiest as I leue
How euery beast & byrd, hath sober wyttes
Cleargy ne kynde wytte, ne knew neuer the cause
And kind knoweth the cause him selfe, no creature els
He is the pies patron, and putte it in hir eare
That there the thornes is thickest, to build & bread
And kinde keneth the pecoke, to canken in such a kind
And kenned Adam, to know his priuie membres
And taught him and Eue, to heale hem with leaues

Onli god knoweth ỹ cauſes of thyngs

Lewed men many times, maſters they appoſen
Why Adã ne hilled not firſt, his mouth ẏ eat ẏ apple
Rather thã his likã alowe, lewde axen thus clarkes.
Kynd knoweth why he did ſo, & no clarkes els
And of byrdes and of beaſtes, men by olde tyme
Enſamples tokẽ and termes, as tellen the poets
And that the fayreſt foule, foule ſt engendreth
And febleſt fowle of flight is, ẏ flyeth or ſwymmeth
And ẏ Pecock & the pehẽ, proud rich mẽ they betokẽ
For the Pecocks & mẽ purſue him, he may not fly high
For the trailyng of his tayle, ouertake is he ſone
And hys fleſhe is fowle fleſhe, and his fete both
And vnlouely of leden, and layeth for to heare
Right ſo the rych, if he hys ryches kepe
And deleth it not til his deths day, ẏ taile of al ſorow
Right as ẏ pẽſe in ẏ pecock, paineth him in his flight
So is poſſeſſion paine of pence, and of nobles
To al hem that it holdeth, tyl her taile be plucked
And though the rych repent thã, and bitue ẏ tyme
That euer he gathered ſo great, & gaue therof ſo litle
Thoughe he cry to Chriſt than, ẅ keene wyll I lene.
His leden be in our lords eare, lyke a pies chattering
And whan his carion ſhal come, in caue to be buried
I leue it flowme full fowle, the folde all about
And al ẏ other there it lyeth, enuenimed through hys
By ẏ poſete is vnderſtãd, as I haue lerned in ã uenet.
Executors, falſe frẽdes, that fulfyll not hys wyll
That was writtẽ & thei witnes, to werk al ẏ it wold
And thus ẏ poet preueth, ẏ the pecock for his fethers
Right ſo the rych, by reſõ of hys goods (is tuerẽred
The larke ẏ is a leſſe fowle, is more louely of leadene,
And wyll away of wyng, ſwyfter than the pecocke

Lych mẽ
becompa-
red to the
Pecocke.

And

And of fleshe by fell folde, fatter and sweter
To lowe lyuinge men, is resembled the larke
Aristotle the greate clarke, suche tales he telleth
Thus he likeneth in hys logyke, the lest foule out
And whether he be safe or not, the soth wot no clergy
Ne of Sortes ne of Solomon, ne Scripture can tel
And godis so good I hope, that sith he gaue hē wits
To wissē vs waies therw̄, that willen vs to be saued
And the better for her bokes, to bidden we be holden
That god of his grace, gyue her soules reste
For lettred menne were lewd yet, ne were lore of her
And these clarkes ꝑ I tho, ꝯ on Christ leuen (bokes
Seithē in her sermōs, ꝯ nether Saralins ne Jewes
Ne creature of christes liknes, worth safe vnchristēid
Cōtra quod Imaginatiue tho, & comsed for to loure
And said, Saluabitur vir iustus in die iudicii. i. ꝑs. xliii
Ergo salnabitur quod he, and said no more latine
Troianus was a true knight, & toke neuer christēdōe Troians.
And he is safe sayth the boke, and his soule in heauen
For there is fulling in font, & fulling in blud shedinge
And through fire is fullynge, that is firme beleue
Aduenit ignis diuinus non comburens sed illuminans, &c.
And truth ꝯ trespaced neuer, ne trāsuersed agaīst his
But liuith as ꝯ techeth, & leueth ther be no beter (law
And if ther were, he would amēd, and in such wil dye
Ne would neuer true god, but trueth were alowed
And were it worth or worth not, ꝯ belife of it is gret
And an hope hāgig therin, to haue mede for his truth
For Deus dicitur, quasi dās vitā eternā suis hoc est fidelibꝰ ꝑsa. xxiii
Et alibi, Si ambulauero in medio vmbre mortis.
The glose graūteth apō ꝯ verse, a grete mede to truth
And wit & wisdome ꝑ ꝯ wight, was sōtime treasure

To

To kepe with a commune, no catrell was hold better
And much mirthe & mãhode, & right wt that he vany-
(shed

Psalmus .xiii. de visione:

AND I awaked therewt, witits ne rehand
And as afreke ỹ fre were, forth gã I walke
In maner of a mẽdinaunt, many a yere after
And of this meting mani time, much thoght
I wist how Fortune me failed, at mi most ned (I had
And howe ỹ Elde manaced me, myght we euer metẽ
And how the Fryers folowed, folke that was ryche
And folke that was poze, at litle price they set
And no cozs in hir kyrkeyard, noz kirke was buried.
But quik he bequeth hẽ oght, oz quit part of hir dets
And howe that couetise ouercame, clarkes & prestes
And how ỹ lewde men be ladde, but our lozd hẽ help
Through vncunning creatures, to incurable paines
And how that imaginatiue, in dreames me tolde
Of kind & of his cũning, & how curtise he is to beasts
And how louing he is to beasts, on lande & on water
Leaueth he no lyke, lesse ne moze.
The creatures that crepen, of kinde they be engẽdred
And sithen how imaginatiue sayde, Vix saluabitur,
And when he had sayd so, how sodenly he passed
I laye longe in thys thoughte, and at the last I slepte
And as Christ wold cõscience came, to cõfort me ỹ time
And bad me come to his court, wt clargy shold I dine
And for cõscience of clergy spake, I came wel ỹ rather
And ther I se a master, what man he was I nist
That lowe he lowted, and louelye to scripture
Conscience knew hem well, and welcomed hym fayre
They washen and wypen, and went to the dyner

And

And patiẽce in the palaice, stode in pilgrymes clothes
And prayed meate for charitie, for a poore hermite
Conscience called him in, and curteisie sayde
Welcome wyght go and washe, thou shalt sit lone
Thys maister was made welcome, as for the most worthy
And thã Clergy & Cõscience, & Patience tane after
Patience and I, were put to de matches
And sitten by our selues, at the syde bourde
Cõscience called after meate, & thã came scripture
And serued hem thus sone, of soudry meates many
Of Iustẽ of Ambrose, and of the four Euangelistes.
Edentes et bibentes, que apud illos sunt. Luke. 8.
And this maister & his man, no maner flesche eaten
And they ate meate of more cost, mortreux & potage
Of that men miswonne, they made hem well at ease
And their sauce was ouer sour, and vnsauerly grouñd
In a morter post mortem, of many bytter paynes
But if they singe for tho soules, and wepe salt teares.
Nos qui peccata hominum commeditis, nisi pro eis lachrimas et orationes effunderitis, ea que in delitus comeditis, in tormentis euometis.
Conscience full curteisly tho, commaunded scripture,
Before patiẽce bread to bryng, & me ẽ was his match
He set a soure loke before vs & sayde, Agite penitentiã,
And sithe he brought vs drincke, diaperseueraunce
As longe quod I as I lyue, and libam manendure.
Here is prest seruice & Patiẽce, no price cã fare better
Thẽ brought he forth a mes of meat, of Miserere mei
And he brought vs of Beati quorũ, of Beatus vir qui non. Psal. 31.
et quorum tecta sunt peccata in a dyche (kynge
Of ternes schrifte thi, and Confitebor tibi,
Bring Patience some plesaunce priuely & Conscience

¶ psal. 31. And thã had Patiẽce a pitaũce, ¶ In hac mabit ad te. &c
And Cõscience cõforted vs, and carped vs mery tales
¶ psal. 11. Cor contritum et humiliatum deus non despicies
Patience was proude, of that prore seruice
And made him mery wt his meat, & I mourned euer
For this doctour on the hie deise, dranke wine so fast,
¶ Esai. v. Ve vobis qui potentes estis, ad hibendum vinum.
He eate many sondrye meates, moztrix & puddinges
Wombe clouts & wild drawone, & egs fried wt grese
Than sayde I to my selfe so, Patience it harde
It is not four daies that this freke, before ỹ deane of
Preched of penaũce, ỹ Poul thapostle suffred (poules
In fame et feigore, and flappes of scourges
ii. Cor xi. Ter Cesus sum et a Judeis quinquies quadragenas.
And one word they ouerhipped, at ech time that they
That Poule in his pistle, to al the puple told (preach
Periculum est, in falsis fratribus.
Holy writte bid men beware, I wil not write it here
In English on auenture, it should be rehearsed to ofte
And greue therwt good mẽ, & gramatiãs shold tread.
Unusquisque a fratre se custodiat, quia vt dicitur peri-
¶ Ty. iii culum est in falsis fratribus.
And I will neuer freke, ỹ as a frier yead before mẽ in
Take it for her theme, & tel it whout lesings (englisch
They preach that penaunce, is profitable to the soule
And what mischiefe & male ease, Christ for mã tholed
And this gods glotton quod I, wt his greate cherkes
Hath no pyttye on vs pore, he perfourmeth euil
That he precheth he preueth not, to Patience I tolde
And wished full witterly, with will full eger
That dyches and doubleres before thys ilke doctour
Were molten lead in hys mawe, & wabound amidst
I shall tangle to thys Jurdan, with his iuste wombe
To tel me what penance is, of which he preched rath

Pas

Patience perceiued what I thought, & winked on me
And said ꝑ shalt se thys soone, whā he may no moze
Ye shal haue a penaūce in his paūch, & pukat ech wozd
And thā shal his guttes gottilen, & ye shal gulpē after
Foz now he hath dzenke so depe, he wolt diuine sone
And pzeuē it by her pocalyps, & passion of .s. Anarise
That nether bacō ne bzawne, blacke manger ne moz-
Is neyther fyshe ne flesh, but fode foz a penaūt (treux
And thā shal he testifi of ꝑ trinitie, & take his felow to
What he foūd in a fratle, after a fryers iuing (witnes
And but he fyrst liue by leasinges, leue me neuer after
And than is tyme to take, and to oppose thys doctour
Of do wel & of dobet, & if do best be anypeuaunce.
And I sate styl as Patiēce sayd, & thus sone this doc-
As ruddy as a rose, rubbed hys chekes (tour
Coughed and casped, and Conscience hym hearde
And tolde hym of ꝑ Trinitie, and toward vs he loked
What is do wel sir doctor ꝙ I, is do wel ani penaūce
Do wel quod this doctour, & toke the cup & dzancke
Is do no euyl to thyne euē chzisten, not be thy power
By this daye syz doctour ꝙ I thā, ye be not in do wel
Foz ye haue harmed vs two, in ꝑ ye eatē the pudynge
Wozstreux and other meate, and we no mozsel had
And if ye fare so in your farmery, ferly me thynketh
But chest be ther charitī shold be, & childzē durst plein
I wold permute mi penaūce wꝫ you, foz I am in poīt
Thā Cōsciēce curtelli, a coūtenaūce made (to do wel
And pzeynt apon Patyence, to pzaye me to be styll
And sayde hym selfe syz doctour, and it be your wyll
What is do wel and do bet, ye diuinours knowe
Do well quod thys doctour, is do as clarkes teache
And do bet is ye ꝑ teacheth, & traueleth to teach other

a good diuine.

And do beste doth hym selfe so, as he sayth & precheth,
Qui fecit et docuerit, magnus vocabitur in regno celorū.
Math v. Cleargy hath seuē sonnes, þ is the. vii sciences.
Now ỹ Conscience ỹ Cleargy, carpeit what is do wel
I haue seuen sonnes he sayd, seruen in a casteil
Ther the lord of life wōneth, to learne what is do wel
Tyll I see the seuen, and my selfe accorden
I am vnhardy quod he, to any wyght to preue it
For one Pierce the Ploughmā, hath impūgned vs al
And set al sciences at a Soupe, saue loue onelye
And no text ne taketh, to maintayne hys cause
Psal. xv But Diligе deum, And Domine quis habitabit
And sayeth that do well and do bet, are two infinites
Which infinites with sayeth, kynde oute do best
Which shal saue mās soul, thus saith Pierce plowmā
I cā not here one ỹ Cōscience, & I know wel Pierce
He will not gaine sate holi writ, I dare wel vndertake
Thā passe we ouer til Pierce come, & preue it in dede
Patience hath dē in many places, & peraduēture mou-
That no clark ne can, as Christ beareth witnes (thed
Patientes vincunt.
And your praier ỹ Pacīēce tho, so no mā displese hym
Dilige quod he, Doce, and Diligе inimicos.
Dilige and do well, Doce and do bet, Diligе and do beste
thus taught me once,
A lemman that I loued, loue was hyr name
With wordes & w̄ workes ỹ she, & wil of thy hert
Thou loue lelly thy soule, al thy lyfe tyme
And so ỹ learne the to loue for the lordes loue of heu-
Thyne enimies in al wyse, euē forth w̄ thy selfe
Cast coles on hys heade, and all kynde of speache
Both w̄ works & w̄ wordes, found hys loue to wyn
And lay on hym thus w̄ loue, tyl he laughe on the

And

And but he bowe for this bearing, blind might he be
And for to fare thus wt thy frynde, folye it were
For he that loueth the lellye, lytle of thyne coueteth
Kynde loue coueteth not no catel, but speache
Wyth halfe a lampe line in latine, Ex vi tranſitionis,
I bare therin aboute, faſte bounde Dowell
In a ſygne of the ſaturday, that ſet firſt the kalender
And al the wyt of the wenſday, of ỳ next weke after
The middle of the mone, is the myght of bothe
And ther with I am welcome, there I haue it wt me.
Undo it let thys doctour deme, if dowel be therin
For by him that me made, myght neuer pouertye
Myſeaſe ne miſchiefe, ne man wyth hys tonge
Colde ne care, ne company of theues
Ne nether heate ne hayle, ne none helle Powke
Ne neyther fyre ne floude, ne feare of thyne enemye
Tene the any time, and thou take it wyth the. 1. Cor. xiii
Charitas nihil timet.
It is but a Dido quod thys doctour a diſertes tale
All the wyt of thys world and wight mens ſtrength
Cã not cõfirme a peace betwene ỳ pope, & his enmies
Ne betwene .ii. chriſtẽ kings, cãno wight peace make
Profitable to either people, & put the table frã hym.
And toke cleargy and conſcience, to counſel as it were
That patience tho muſt paſſe, for pilgrimes cã wel lie
And Conſcience carped loude, and curteſlye ſayd
Frendes fare wel, and fayre ſpake to Cleargy
For I wyl go wt this gõme, if god wil giue me graee
And be pilgraime wt Patience til I haue preued more
What ỳ cleargy to cõſcience, are ye couetouſe nowe. Cleargye is lord ỳ Cõſcience ſhould go wt patiẽce.
After vere ſegyls or gyftes, or yernen to read ryddels
I ſhall bryngе you a byble, a boke of the olde lawe

And learne you if you lyke, the leaſt poynt to knowe
That Patience the pylgryme, perfitly knewe neuer
Nay by Chriſt q Cõſience to Cleargy, god ꝑ forȝelde
For al that Patience me profereth, proude am I little
And the wyll of the wye, and the wyll of folke here
Hath meued my mode, to mourne for my ſinnes
The good wyll of a wyght, was neuer bought to the full
For there is no treaſure therto, to a true wyll
Had not Magdalen more, for a boxe of ſalue
Luke. xix Thã zecheus for he ſaid, Dimidium bonorũ meorũ do pau-
And the poxe wydo we, for a payre of mites (peribus
Luke. xxi Than all tho that offred into Gazophilactum:
Thus curteſly conſcience, congied fyrſt the fryer
And ſythen ſoftlye he ſayd, in cleargies eare
We were leuer by our lord, and I lyue ſhoulde
Patience palleth a packe of bokes. Haue Patience perfectli, then halfe thy packs of bokes
Cleargy of Conſcience, no congy would take
But ſayd full ſoberlye, thou ſhalt ſe the tyme.
Whan thou arte werye for walking, wil me to cõſel
That is ſothe ſayd Conſcience, ſo me god helpe
If Patiẽce be our parting felow, a preue wꝫ vs both
There nis wo in this world, that we ne ſhould amẽd
And confirmen kynges to peace, and al kinnes lords
Sarazens & Surrey, & ſo forth al the Jewes
Turne into the true fayth, and into one beleue
That is ſoth ꝙ Cleargye, I ſe what thou meaneſt
I ſhal dwel as I do, my deuour to ſhewen
And coxymen fauntekyns, and other folke learned
Till Patience haue preued the, and perfect the maked
Cõſcience tho wꝫ patience, paſſed pilgrimes as it were
Than had patiẽce as pilgrimes haue, in his poke vi-
Sobrietie and ſimple ſpeach, & ſothfaſt beleue (tail

To

To conforte him and Conscience, if they come in place
There vnkindenes & couetise is, hũgry contryes both
And as they went by the way, of do well they carped
They mette wyth a minstrell, as me tho thought
Patience posed him fyrste, and prayed he should tell
To Cõsciẽce what craft he coulo, & whether he wold
I am a minstrel quod that mã, mi name is Actiua vita
All idle I hate, for of actyue is my name
A waferer well ye wytte, and serue many Lordes
And fewe robes I fonge, or furred gownes
Could I lye to do men laughe, than lachen I shoulde
Other inantill or money, amõges Lordes minstrels
And for I can neither taber ne trũpe, ne tell no gestes
Farten ne fillen at feastes, ne harpen
Jape ne iuggle, ne gentilly pype
Ne neither saylen ne saute, ne synge to the gytterne
I haue no good giftes, of these greate Lordes
For no bred ẏ I bring forth, saue a benisõ on ẏ sũday
Whã ẏ priest prayeth ẏ people, ẏ Pater no. to saye
For Piers the plowmã, and that him profite waiten
And that am I actiue, that idlenes hate
For all true traucilers, and tyllers of the earth
Frõ Wighelmas to Wighemas, I fynde hem wt my
Beggers and bidders, of my bread crauen (wafers
Faytours and friers and folke with brode crownes
I find pane for the Pope, & prouender for his palfrey
And I had neuer of him, haue god my trueth
Nether prouender ne parsonage yet, of ẏ Popes gift
Saue a pardõ wt a piece of leade, & two poles amids
Had I a clarke ẏ could write, I would cast him a bill
That he sent me vnder his seale, a salue for ẏ pestilẽce
And ẏ his blessing & his buls, botches might destroy

A loiterers lyfe.

In

Mar. xvi In nomine meo demonia eticient, et super egros manꝰ imponent, et bene habebunt.

And thā wold I be preſt, to ꝯ puple paaſt to make
And buſome and buſie, about bread and drynke
For him and for all his, found I that his pardon
Myght lechen a man, as I beleue it ſhoulde
For ſith he hath the power, that Peter had hym ſelfe
He hath the pot with the ſalue, truly as me thinketh.

Act. iii. Argentum et aurū non eſt mihi, quod habeo tibi do.
In nomine domini ſurge et ambula.

And if might of miracle him faile, it is for men be not
To haue grace of god, & no gilt of ꝯ Pope (worthy
For may no bleſſig done vs bote, but if we wil amēd
There may no mā make peace, among chriſtē people
Til pride be purely fordo, & through payne defaute
For ere I haue bread, a meale of mete I ſwete
And ere ꝯ cōmē haue corne inough, many cold morning
So ere my wafers ben wrought, much wo I tholy
All London I leue, liketh well my wafers
And loure whan they lacke hem, it is not long paſſed
Ther was a careful cōmō, whē no cart came to town
With bread frō Stratford, tho gan beggers wepe
And workmē were agaſt a litle, this wol be thought
A deare yere. In date of our dryght, in a drye Aprill (longe
A thouſande and three hundred, twyſe twenty & ten
My wafers ther wer geiſē, whā Chicheſter was Wair
I toke good kepe bi Chriſt, and Conſcience both
Of Hankyn the actyue man, and how he was clothed
He had a cote of chriſtendome, as holy kirke beleueth
And it was moled in many places wt many ſōdri plots
Of pride here a plotte, & there a plot of vnbuſome ſpeche
Of ſcorning & of ſcoffinge, & of vnſkilful beatinge.
As vnapparaild & vnpoore, pryde among the puple

Other wise then he hath with hert, or sight shewinge Hypocrisie.
Him-willyng ỹ al men wēd, he were that he is not
For why, he bosteth & braggeth, w̄ many bold othes
And is vnobediēt to be vndernome, of any lyfe liuing
And none so singuler by him selfe, nor so popeholye
In habite as an hermet, an order by hym self
Religion sans rule, and vnreasonable obedience
Lacked lettred men, and lewde men bothe
In lykinge of lely lyfe, and a lyer in Soule
With inwyt and outwyt, imaginen and studie
As beste for hys body be, to haue a bad name
And entermeten hym ouer all, there he hath not to do
Wylnynge that men wend, hys witte were the beste
And if he giue ought to pore goms, tel what he delith
Pore of possession in purse, and in coker bothe
And as a Lyon on to loke, and Lordely of speach
Boldest of begers, a boster that nought hath
In towne and in tauernes, tales to tell
And saye thyng ỹ he neuer se, and forsoth swere it
Of dedes that he neuer dyd, demen and bosten
And of warkes that he wel dyd, wytnes and siggen
Loor if ye leue me not, or that I lye wenen
Aske at hym or at hym, and he the can tell
What I suffred and see, and sometymes had
And what I coulde and knew, & what kin I came of
Al he would ỹ men wyste, of werkes and of wordes
Whyche myght please the people, & prayse him selfe

Si hominibus placerem Christi seruus non essem, Galat. i.
Et alibi. Nemo potest duobus dominis seruire.

By Christ quod Conscience tho, thi beste cote Hankyn
Hath many moles and spottes, it must be washed
Yea, who so toke hede ỹ Hankyn, bihinde & bifore

Pankyns garmentis fcule

What on back & what on bodi halfe, & bi ỳ two ſides
Yẽ ſhould fine many frownces, & manie fowle plots
And he turned hym as tyt, and than toke I hede
It was fowler by fell folde, than it fyrſt ſemed
It was bydropped with wrathe, and wycked wyll
Wyth Enuy and euyll ſpeache, entyſynge to fyght
Lyinge and laughynge, and lefe tonge to chyde
All that he wyſte wycked by anye wyght, tellen it
And blame mẽ behynd her back, & biddẽ hẽ miſchaũce
And that he wyſt by Wyll, tellen it to Watte
And that Watte wyſt, Wyll wyſte it after
And made of frendes foes, through a falſe tonge
Or with might of mouth, or through mans ſtrẽgth
Auenge me fell tymes, other frete my ſelfe
Within as a chepſters ſhere, I ſhorewed mẽ & curſed

Cuius maledictione os plenum eſt, et amaritudine, ſub lingua eius labor et dolor. et alibi. Filii hominũ dẽtes eorũ arma et ſagitte, et lingua eorũ gladius acutus.

Pſal. x.

There is no life that me loueth, laſting any whyle
For tales that I tel, no man truſteth to me
And whã I may not haue ỳ maiſtry, ſuch melãcholy
That I catch ỳ crãpe, ỳ cardiacle ſometyme (I take
Or an ague in ſuche an anger, and ſometyme a feuer
That taketh me all a twelue monethe, til ỳ I deſpiſe
Lecherafte of our lorde, and leue of a witche
And ſay that no clarke ne can, ne Chriſt as I leue
To ỳ ſorcery of Southwarke, or of ſhort dytch dame
And ſeg ỳ no gods word, gaue me neuer bote (Eme
But through a charme had I chaunce, & many chiefe
I wayted wiſloker, and than was it ſoyled (heale
Wyth lyking of lechery, as by loking of his eygh
Forech a maid that he met, he made hir to ſygne

Sei

Semyng to synnewarde, and sometime he gan taste
About the mouth or beneth, begynneth to groppe
Tyll eythers will waxeth kene, & to the werke yeden
As wel in fastigdaies & frydayes, & forbodē nightes
And as well in lent as out of lent, all tymes ylyke
Suche werkes wyth hem were neuer out of season
Tyl they myght nomore, and than mery tales
And how that lechour louyth, laughen and iapen
And of her harlotry and whordome, in her age tellen
Than patience perceyued, of poyntes of thys cote
Pecas culmi throughe couetouse, & vnkind desiryng
More to good than to god, the gomme his loue caste
And imagined howe he it myght haue
Wyth false measures and mete, and wt false weightes
Lened for loue of the wedde, & lothe to do trouthe
And awayte bi which way, he myght begyle
And menged his marchādise, & made a good maistry
The worst win was, a great wit I reete it
And if my neyghbour had any hynde, or any beast els
More profitable than myne, many sleightes I made
Howe I myght haue it, all my wyt I caste
And but if I had by other way, at the lest I stole it
Or priuily his purse choke, vnpiked his locks
Or bynyght or by day, about was iche euer
Throughe gyle to gadren, the good that ich haue
If I yede to the ploughe, I pynched so narrow
That a fote lande or a furrow, fetchē I wolde
Of my next neyghbour, nymen of hys earth
And if I repe ouerrechen, or gaue hē reade that repen
And cese to me with her sycle, that I sc wed neuer
And who so borowed of me, abought the tyme
Wyth presentes priuily, or payed some certayne

Yong lechour old baude.

Thefpots of Lankins cote

So would he or would he not, wynnen I would
And both to kith & to kynne, vnkind of that ich had
The Image of a worldlig. And who so cheped my chaffer, chiden I would
But he profered to pay, a peny or twayne
More than it was worte, and yet would I swere
That it coste me much more, sware many othes
In holy dayes at holy kirke, whan ich hard masse
Hadde I neuer wyll wot god, witterly to besech
Mercy of my misdeades, that I ne mourned sore
For losse of goodleue me, than for my lykam gilles
And if I had deadly synne done, I dred not ȳ so sore
As whē I lēded & leued it lost, or lōger ere it wer paied
So if I kidde any kindnes, mine euēchristē to helpe
Apon a cruell couetise, myne herte gan hange
And if I sente ouer sea, my seruauntes to Bryges
Or into Prucelande my prentice, my profite to waitē
To marchaūden with money, & make her erchaūges
Myght neuer me conforten, in the meane whyle
Neyther masse ne mattens, ne no maner syghtes
Ne neither penaunce performed, ne Pater nost. sayd
That my minde ne was more, on mi good in a doubt
Than in the grace of god, and in hys greate helpe
Math. vi Vbi thesaurus tuus, ibi et cor tuum.
Whych ben the braūches, that bringe a mā to slouth
He ȳ mournith not for his misse, ne maketh no sorow
And penaūce that the priest inioyneth, performeth ill
Doth no amnesdedes, dreade hym of no synne
Lyueth agayne the beleue, and no lawe holdeth
Eche day is holy daye w hym, or an hyghe fery
And if he ought wyl heare, it is an harlots tonge
When men carpen of Christ, or of clennes of soules
He waxeth wroth & wilnot here, but words of mirth

Penaunce and poze men, and the passion of sayntes
He hateth to heare thereof, and al that he telleth
These bē ỹ bzaūches beware, ỹ bringeth a mā to wā-
The lozds & ỹ ladies, and legates of holy kirk (hope
That feden foles sages, flatterers and lyers
And haue liking to lithen hem, to do you to laugh. Luke .vi.
We vobis qui ridetis &c.
And giue hem meat & mede, and poze men to refuse
In your death dinge, I feare me full soze
Lest tho thze maner of mē, to much sozow you bzing.
Consentientes et agentes pari pena punientur.
Patriarkes & pzophetes, and pzechers of gods wozd
Sauen thzoughe her sermons, mans soule frō hell
Right so flatterers & foles, arne the fendes disciples
To entise men thzough hir tales, to sinne & harlotrye
And clarkes that knowen holy wzyte, shold ken lozds
What Dauid said of such men, as the psalter telleth.
Non habitabit in medio domus mee, qui facit superbi-
am, et qui loquitur iniqua. Psal .C.
Should no harlot haue audience, in hall ne in chābze
There wise men were, witnessen gods wozdes
Ne no intspzoud man, among lozdes be alowed
And flatterers and foles, thzough her lewd wozdes
Leden tho that loue hem, to Lucifers feaste
Wyth Turpiloquio, a laye of sozowe, & Lucifers fidle
Thus Hankyn the actiue man, had soyled hys cote
Til cōscience acouped him therof, in a curteis maner
Why he had ne washed it, oz wyped it with a bzusche.
Passus. xiiii. de visione.

I Haue but one hole hattir quod Hākin, I am
the lesse to blame
Thoughe it be soyled & selde cleane, I slepe
therein on nightes,

And also I haue an huſwife, hewen and childzen
Luk. xiiii Uxorem duxi et ideo non possum venire.
That wollen bymollen it many tymes, maugry my chekes,
Hankyns cote wil not be cleane. It hath ben laued in lente, and out of lent both
With the soupe of sickenes, that seketh wõders deps
And with the losse of cattel, lothe for to agyle
God or any good man, by ought that I wyst
And was shriuen of a prieſt, that gaue me for my sins
To penaunce Patience, and pore men to fede
All for couetiſe of mi christẽdome, in cleanes to kepe it
And coulde I neuer by Christ, kepe it cleane an houre
That I ne soyled it with sight, or wi some idle speach
Or through werk or through word, or wil of my hert
That I ne slober it foule, from morow til euen
And I shal ken the quod Conſcience, of contrition to
That shal clawe thy cote, of al kinds of filth (make
Cordis contritio, &c.
Dowel shall washe it and wryng it, throughe a wiſe confeſſoure
Oris confeſſio.
Dobet shall beat it & bõke it, as bright as any scarlet
And engraue it wi good wil, & gods grace to amẽd ỹ
And sithẽ send the to satiſfactiõ, for to sowne it after
Satiſfactio dobeste.
Shal neuer cheſt bymollen it, ne mougth after byte it
Ne fende ne falſe man, defoulen it in thy lyfe
Shal no heraude ne harper, haue a fayrer garment
Than Hãkin the actiue mã, & thou do bi my teaching
Ne no minſtrell be more worth, among pore & ryche
Thã Hankins wife the waferer, with his actiua vita
And I shal purueí ỹ paaſt & patiẽce, though no plow

eyre

And floure to fede folke withal, as best be for ỳ soule
Though neuer grene growed, ne grape apon vyne
All that liued and loked, liuelode would I fynd
And that inough shal none fatle, of thig ỳ hem nedeth
We should not be to busye, about our liuelode.

Ne solliciti sitis. &c. Volucres celi deus pascit. &c. patientes vincunt. Math. vi

Than laughed Hankin a litle, and lightly gan swere
Who so leueth you by our lord, I leue not he be bleste
No ỳ Conscience pattently, and out of his poke hent
Vytayles of greate vertues, for all maner beastes
And said lo here liuelode inough, if our beliefe be true
For lent neuer was like, but lyuelode were shapen
Whereof or wherfore, or wherby to lyue
Fyrste the wylde worme, vnder wete earth
Fishe to liue in the floude, and in the fire the creket
The kurlew vi kind of hem, are clenest flesh of birdes
And beastes by grase & by grene, and by grene rotes
In meanynge that all men, might the same do
Liue through lelly beleue, & loue as god witnesseth.

God geueth not like, but he prouideth fode

Quodcũque petieritis a patre in nomine meo. &c.
Et alibi. Non solo pane viuit homo, sed in omni verbo quod procedit de ore dei. Joh. xiiii

And I loked what liuelod it was, ỳ patẽce so praised
And it was a piece of ỳ Pater nost. Fiat voluntas tua.
Haue Hãkin ỳ Patẽce, & eat this whã thou hũgrest
Or whan thou clumsest for colde, or clyngest for drye
Shall neuer giues the greue, ne great lordes wrath
Prison ne paine, for Patientes vincunt,.
By so that thou be sober, of sight and of tonge
In eating and in handeling, and in all thy fiue wittes
Darst thou neuer care for corne, ne linẽ cloth ne wolẽ
Ne for drinke ne deaths dread, but dye as god liketh

Or

Or through honger or through heate, at his wil be it
For if thou liue after hys lore, the shorter life ỹ better.
Si quis amat Christum, mundum non diligit istum.
For through his breath beasts waxed, & abrode yede
Dixit et facta sunt.
Ergo through hys breath, may men & beastes liuen.
As holy wryte wytnesseth, whan men sein her graces
Aperis tu manum tuam et implés omne animal benedictione.
Forty yeres wout tillage. It is found that forti winter, folk liued wout tilling
And out of ỹ flint sprõge the floud, ỹ folk and beastes
And in Helies tyme, heauen was closed (dronke
That no raine ne ronne, thus reade men in bokes
That many wynter men lyued, & no meate ne tilden
Seuen slept as sayth the boke, seuen hũdred wynter
And lyued wout lyuelode, and at the last they woken
Lacke of measure is cause of scarsitie Ik mẽ liuid as mesure wold, should no more be defaut
Amonge christen creatures, if christes words be true
And vnkindnes Caritã, maketh amõge christẽ puple
And ouer plenty maketh pryd, amonges pore & rych
Therfor mesure is so mich worthy, it cã not be to dere
For the mischike & the mischaũce amõgs mẽ of Sodõ
Wext throughe plenty of pane, and of pure Slouth
Ociositas et habũdantia panis, peccatum turpissimum nutriuit.
For they measured not hẽ selfe, of ỹ they eat & dranke
They dyd deadly synne, that the deuyll lyked.
So vẽgeaunce fele apon hem, for her vile sinnes
They sonken into hel, the cityes eche one
Therfore mesure we vs wel, & make faith our feltrou
And through faith cometh cõtrition, cõsciẽce wot wel
Wych dryueth away deadly, syn & doth it to veniall
And though a mã might not spek, cõtritiõ might saue
And bring his soul to blisse, be so ỹ fayth were witnes

That

That whyle he liued he beleued, in ỹ law of holy kirke
Ergo cõtrition, kayth & cõscience, is kindly dowel
And surgeõs for deadli sin, whẽ shrift of mouth failleth
And shrift of mouth more worthie is, if mã be cõtrite
For shrift of mouth sleeth synne, be it neuer so deadly
Per confessionem to a prieste, peccata occidyntur,
There cõtrition doth dryue downe, into veniall synne
And Dauid saith in ỹ psalter, Et quorũ tecta sũt peccata. ps. xxxii.
And satisfaction seketh oute the rote, and both sleeth and boydeth — Satisfaction kylleth synne
And as it neuer had bẽ, to nought bringeth dedly syn
That ekt it is not sene no sore, but semith a woũd helid
Wher wõnith charity & hãkin, I wist neuer in mi life
Man that with him spake, as wide as I haue passed
That perfite trouth & pore hert is, & Patient of tong
There is charitie ỹ chiefe chãberer, for god him selfe
Wher patiẽt porti & hãki, be mor plesãt to our dright
Thã riches rightfully wõne, & resonably dispended
Yea Quis est ille quod Patiẽce, quicke laudabimus cum
Though men read of riches, right to the worlds end
I wist neuer reuke ỹ rich was, ỹ whã he rekẽ should
Whẽ he drough to his dethes day, ỹ he ne drad hi sore
And ỹ at the rekening in arerage fell, rather thẽ out of
Ther ỹ pore dare pleate, & prieue by pure reasõ dette
To haue alowaũce of his lord, bi ỹ law he it claimeth
Ioy that neuer ioy had, of ryghtfull iudge he asketh
And seeth so birds and beastes, ỹ no blis ne knoweth
And wild wormes in woods, bi winters hem greuith
And maketh hem welnigh meke, & mild for defaut
And after ỹ sẽdest hẽ somer, that is her soueraine ioy
And blisse to hem that ben, both wylde and tame
Than may beggers as beastes, after bote wayten

Neuer creature was with out ioye here and hence ts.

That al her life haue liued, in langour and in defame
But god sent hem sometyme, some maner ioye
Or here or els where, kynde would it neuer
For to ouermuch wo was he wrought, ꝑ neuer was
Angels ꝑ in hel now bē, had ioy somtime (ioy shapē
And Dives in deintis liued, and in Douce vie
Right so reason sheweth, that the men that were rich
And her makes also, liued her liues in myrth
And god is of a wōderous wil, bi ꝑ kid wit sheweth
To giue mani mā mercimonie, ere he it hath deseruid
Right so fareth god by some rich, ruth me it thinketh
For they haue her hire here, and heauen as it were
And great liking to liue, wout labour of the body
And whē he dieth is disalowed, as Dauid said in the

Psal. 76. Dormierunt, et nihil inuenerunt. (psalter

And in an other stede also, Velut somnium surgentium
In ciuitate tua, et ad nichillum redizes. (domine

Alas that ryches shal reue, and robbe mans soule
From the loue of oure lord, at his last ende.
Hewen that haue her hyre afore, are euermore nedy
And seld dieth he out of det, ꝑ dineth or he deserue it
And tyll he haue done his deuour, & his dayes torney
For whā a workmā hath wrought, thā mē say ꝑ soth
What he were worthi for his worke, & what he hath
And not to fig before, for dred of disanullig (deserued
So I say by you ryche, it semeth not that ye should
Haue heauen in your here beinge, and heuen here after
Right as aseruāt taketh his salari before, & sith wold
As he that none had, & hath hire at ꝑ last (claim more
It may not be ye riche men, or Mathew on god liech

Mat. xix. De delitiis ad delitias, difficile est transire.

And if ye ryche haue ruth, and reward wel the pore

And

And lyke as law teacheth, done leauty to hem al
Chriſt of hys curteſy, ſhal conforte you at the laſte
And reward you al double riches, ỹ ruful hert haue
And as an hyne that had hys hyre, ere he begane
Whā he hath dōe his deuour weimē do him ouirbout
Giue him a cote aboue his couenaūt, right ſo Chriſte
Both to rych & not rych, ỹ rufully lyueth (geueth heuē
And al ỹ done her deuour wel, han double hire for hir
Here forgiue nes for her ſins, & heuē blis after (trauel
And it is but ſeld ſene, as by ſayntes bokes
That god rewarded double reſt, to any rich man
For much myrth is among rych, as in meat & clothes
And much myrth in May, is amongeſt wyld beaſtes
And ſo forth the while ſomer laſteth, her ſolace dureth
And beggers a boute midſomer, bareadles thei ſoupe
And yet is winter for hē worſe, for wethod thei gāg
A furſt fore, and a fyngred, and fowle rebuked
And rated of ryche men, that ruth is to heare
Now Lorde ſende hem ſomer, and ſome maner ioye
Heuen after her hence goyng, ỹ here haue ſuch defaute
For all mighteſt ỹ haue made, none meaner thā other
And lyke wytty and wyſe, if the well had lyked
And ſaue ruth of theſe rich mē, ỹ reward not thi priſo
Of the good that ỹ hem giueſt, ingrati bē mani (ners
And god of thy goodnes, giue hem grace to amend
For mai no derth hē dear, drough ne wete hē greue
Ne neither heate ne haile, haue they her helth
Of that they wyl and would, wanteth hem not here
And pore puple thi priſoners lord, in ỹ pit of miſchefe
Conforte the creatures, that much care ſuffren
Through dearth through drough, all her dayes here
Woo in winter tymes, for wantynge of clothes

The rych that be mercyful ſhal haue heauen.

And in somer tyme selde, soupen to the ful
Conforte thy careful, Christe in thy ryches
For how ꝑ cõ forteſt all creatures clarkes bereth wit-
Conuertimini ad me, et salui eritis. (nes
Esai. xlv. Thus in general of gentryes Jesu Christ sayde
To robbers and to reuers, to rych and to pore
Thou taughteſt hem in the trinitie, to take baptisme
And be cleane through ꝑ christening, of all kins sinnes
And if vs fell through foly, to fal in synne after.
Confession and knowledginge, and crauing thi mercy
Shold amẽd vs as many sithes, as man wold desyre
And if the Pope would plede here againe, and punish
vs in conscience
A christen mans patente. He should take the acquitaunce as quycke, and to the
queed shew it, Pateat. &c. per passionẽ domini
And put of so the ponke, and preuen vs vnder borow
And the parchmin of the Patente, of pouerti be muſt
And of pure patience, and perfect beleue
Of pompe and of pryde, the parcemyn declareth
And principalitie of al people, but thei be pore of hert
Els is al idle, and all that euer we wryten
Pater noster and penaũce, & pilgrimages to Rome
But our spenses and spending, syrynge of true wyl
Els is all our labour loste, lo howe men writeth
In fenestres at the Fryers, if false be the fundament
Therfore christen shold be in cõ nẽ rich, none couetise
For seuẽ sinnes ꝑ ther be, assaulẽ vs euer (for him self
The fend foloweth hem al, and foundeth hem to help
And ẅ riches that rybaunde, he rathest men begileth
For there that ryches raygneth, reuerence foloweth
And that is pleasaunt to pryde, in pore and in rych
And the rych is reuerenced, by reason of his ryches

And

And the poze is put behynd, & peraduenture cā moze
Of wyt and of wisedyme, that farre away is better
Than ryches oz rialtye, and rather hard in heuen
Foz ỳ rich hath much to rekē, & right ofte him ỳ wal-
The hye way to heuenward, rythes him letteth (keth
Ita possibile diuiti. &c.
There the poze preiseth before ỳ rich, wb a pake at his
Opera enim illorum sequntur illos, (rygge Apo. xiiii.
Bataūtly as begers done, & boldly he craueth
Foz hys pouerty and his patience, a pertual blysse.
Bea⁹ pauperes, quoniam ipsorum est regnum celorum. Luke. vi
And pride in riches raigneth, rather than in pouertye
Erst in the master oz in ỳ man, some mantiō he haueth
And in pouerty there patience is, pride hath no might
Ne none of the seuen synnes, syt nemay there longe
Ne haue power in pouertie, if patience it folowe
Foz the poze is aye preste, to please the ryche
And buxome at hys byddyng, foz hys broke loues
And buxomnes and bost are euermoze at warre
And either hateth other in all maner wozkes
If wzath wzestle wb the poze, he hath the wozse ende
And if they both pleyne, the poze is but feble
And if he chyde oz chatter, hym cheueth the wozse
And if couetise catch ỳ poze, they mai not come togi-
And by ỳ nek name li, ther nōe mai hēt other (thers
Foz men knowen well that couetouse is of kene wyll
And hath hands and armes, of a louge length
Pouerti is but a petit thing, apperith not to his nauel
And louelike was yet neuer bitwene, ỳ long & ỳ shozt
Thaugh auarice wole angry ỳ poze, he hath but litle.
Foz pozeti hath but pokis, to put in his goods (migh
Ther auarice hath almaries, and iron bounde cofers

And whether be lighter to breake, a lasse bost maketh
A beggers bagge, than an yron bound cofer
Lechery loueth him not, for he geueth but litle siluer
Ne doth hym not dine delectatiue, ne drynke wyne oft
A straw for the Stewes, it stode not I trowe
Had thei nothig but of pozemẽ, her houses stod vntild
And though slouth sue pouerti, & serue not god to pay
Myschiefe is his master, and maketh him to thynche
That god is hys greatest helpe, and no gome els
And he hys seruaunt as he sayth, and of his sute both
And whether he be oz be not, he bereth ỹ sygne of po-
And in ỹ secte our sauioure, saued al mankind (uerty
Therfoze all pouertie that patient is, may claime and
After her endyng here, heuenlyche blysse. (aske
Much hardier mai he aske, ỹ here might haue his will
In londe and in lozdeshyp, and in lyking of body
And foz gods loue leueth all, and liueth as a begger
And as a mayd foz mans loue, hir mother forsaketh
Hyz father and all hyz frendes, & foloweth hyz make
Much moze is the loue of hym, that such one taketh
Than a maiden is, that is maried through brocage
As by assent of sundzy parties, and siluer to bote
Moze foz couetous of good, than kinde loue of both
So it fareth by eche parson, that possession forsaketh
And put hym to be patiente, & pouerty weddeth
Such is sybbe to god him selfe, and so to hys sayntes.
Haue god mi trouth q Pankin, ye praise fast pouerty
What is pouerty w Patience, q he properly to mene:

Lecherye and glotony raigne not much in pouertye.

Wylfull pouertye.

ꝑ aupertas quod Patience, est odibile bonum
Remotio curarum, possessio sine calumpnia, Donum dei, Sanitatis mater, Absque solitudine semita, Sapientie tẽperatrix, negotium sine damno, incerta foztuna, absque solicitudine felicitas.

I can not cõstrue al this ꝙ Hãkin, ye must ken this in
In engish ꝙ patiẽce, it is wel hard to expoũd (englich
And somedeale I shall say it, by so thou vnderstande
Pouertye is the first poynt, that pryde most hateth
Than it is good by goodskyll, al that agasteth pryde
Right ⁊ cõtrition, is a cõfortable thing, Cõsciẽce wot
And sorow of him selfe, ⁊ solace to the soule (it well
So pouertye properly, penaunce and ioye
Is the bodyes pure, spirituall leche.
Ergo. Ps superras est odibile bonum.
And cõtritiõ cõforteth, ⁊ Cura anima animarũ, ꝙ secõde
Selde sytteth pouertie, the soth to declare
Or as iustice to iudge men, enioyned is no poze
Ne to be mayre aboue mẽ, ne minister vnder kinges
Selde is any poze put, to punishe anye people.
Remotis curatum,
Ergo pouertie ⁊ poze mẽ, perfourmen the commaũ-
Nolite iudicare quemquam, the thyrde (dementes
Selde is any poze man ryche, of vnrightfull heritage
Wineth he not wt falfe weight, ne wt vnseled mesures
Ne boroweth of his neighboꝛs, but ꝙ he mai wel pai
Ps ossessio sine calumpnia,
The fourth is a fortune, that florisheth the soule
Wyth sobrietie from all synne, and also yet more
It skayteth the flesshe, from koles full manye
I collate all confoꝛte, Chꝛistes owne gyfte.
Donum dei,
The fift is mother of healthy, a frend in all fondynges
And for the lande euer a lech, a lemman of al clennes.
Sanitatis mater,
The sixt is a path of peace, ye thꝛough ꝙ paas of Al-
Pouerty myght passe, wout peryll of robbing (ton
for

The praise of pouertie.

For there that pouertye passeth, peace foloweth after
And euery lesse that he bereth, ỹ hardier he is of hert
Therfore saith Seneca, ỹ paupertas ẽ absque solicitudine
And an hardy man of hert, amõg an heape of theues.
Cantabat paupertas, coram latrone viatore.
The seuẽth is wel of wisdom, & few words sheweth
Therfore lords alow him litle, or listen to his reason
For he tempereth his tong to truthward, & no tresure
Sapientie temperatrix. (coueteth
The eight is a lelly labourer, and loth to take more
Than he well deserueth, in somer or in wynter
And if he chaffreth, he chargeth no lose, may he chartie winne
Negotium sine damno.

ỹ patience fedeth po uertye. The ninth is swete to the soule, no fuger is sweter
For Patience is pane, for pouertie him selfe
And sobrety swete drincke, and good leche in sikenes
Thus learned me a lettred mã, for our lordes loue of
S. Austen a blessed life, without bulines lad (heuen
For body and for soule, absque solicitudine felicitas
Now god that al good geueth, graunt his soule rest
That this first wrote to wisse mẽ, what pouerte was
Alas ỹ hãkin ỹ actiue mã tho, ỹ after mi christẽdom
I ne had be dead and doluell, for dowels sake
So harde it is quod Hankyn to lyue, & to do no sinne
Synne sueth vs euer quod he and sory gã wepe
And wept water with hys eyen, and wayled the time
That euer he dyd dede, that dere god displeased
Swowned and sobbed, and syghed full oft
That euer he had lond, lordshyp lesse or more
Or maistry ouer any man, mo than of hym selfe
I were not worthy wette god ỹ hãkyn, to were any
Ne nether shyrt ne show, saue for shame onli (clothes

To

To couer my caroen quod he, and cried mercy fast
And wepte and wayled, and therwyth I waked.

ꝑ actus. xv. de dowel, et incipit dobet.

AND after my waking, it was wonders long
Ere I could kidly know, what was dowel
And so my witte were & wained, til I a sole
And some lacked mi self, alowed it few (wer
And letten me for a lozell, and loth to reuerencen
Lordes or Ladyes, or any life elz
As persons in pelure, wyth pendantes of syluer
To sargeauntes ne to suche, sayde I not once
God loke you lordes, ne louted fayre
That folke helden me a sole, & in that folye I raigned
Tyl reason had ruth on me, & rocked me a slepe
Tyll I se as it forcerye were, a sotle thynge wythal
One wythoutē tong or teth, told me whither I shold
And wherof he came and of what kynde, I conjured
hym at the laste
If he were Chzistes creature, anon me to tellen.
I am chzistes creature q he, & chzistē in many a place
In chzistes court I know wel, & of his kin a party
Is neither Peter ꝑ porter, ne Poule w hys faucheon
That will defende me the dore, ding I neuer so late
At midnight, at middaye, my voyce is so knowe
That erly a creature of his court, welcometh me faire.
What ar ye called q I in ꝑ court, amōg chzists puple
The whils I quickē ꝑ cours q he, callid am I Anima
And whan I wil and would, Animꝰ iche hight
And for that I can and knowe, called am I Animus
And whē I make mone to god, Memoria is mi name
And when I deme domes, & do as trueth teacheth

Diuerse offices of the soule.

Than is Ratio my ryght name, reason in Englische
And whē I fele ꝑ folke tellith, mi first name is sēsus
And that is wit and wisdome, the well of all craftes
And when I chalenge or chalēge not, chepe or refuse
Than am I cōscience called, gods clerke & his notary
And when I loue lelly, our lord and al other:
Than is Lelioue my name, and in latin Amor.
And when I flee from & flesh, and forsake the cation
Than am I spirite specheles, spiritus than iche hate.
Austin and Isodorus, eyther of them bothe,
Named me thus to name, now thou might chese
How ꝙ couetist to cal me, now ꝑ knowst al mi names

Anima pro diuersis actionib9, diuersa nomina sortitur, dum viuificat corpus, anima est, dum vult animus est, dū scit mēs est, dum recolit memoria est, dum iudicat ratio est, dum sentit sensus est, dum amat amor est, dum negat, vel consentit, cōscientia est, dum spirat spiritus est.

Bishops haue many names

Ye bene as a byshop quod I, all bourding that tyme
For bishops iblessed, they beare many names
Presul and Pontifex, and metropolitanus,
And other names an hepe, Episcopus and Pastor.
That is soth sayd he, now I se thy will,
Thou woldest know & ken, ꝑ cause of al their names
And of mine if thou mightest, me thinke by thi speach,
Yea sir I sayde, by so no man were greued
All the sciences vnder sunne, and all the suttel crafte,
I wold I knew and coud, kindly in mine herte.
Than arte ꝑ imperfit ꝙ he, and one of prids knightes
For such a lust and liking, Lucyfer fel from heauen

Esai. xiiii

ꝙ ona pedem in aquilone, et similis ero altissimo.

It were agaynst kind quod he, and kinnes reason
That any creature shuld kenne all, except Christ one

Agayne

Agayne suche Solomō speaketh, & dispiseth her wits
And saith Sicut qui mel comedet multum, nō est ei bonum. Pro. xxv.
Sic qui scrutator est maiestatis oppримitur a gloria
That is to mean to englisch mē, ỹ nowē speake & heare
The mā ỹ much honie eateth, his maw is englemed
And the more that a man, of good matter heareth
But he do therfore, it doeth him double scathe
Beatus est sayeth saint Barnarde, qui scripturam legit.
Et verba vertit in opera, fully to hys power
Couetise to kenne, and to knowe science
Putte out of Paradise, Adam and Eue.
Scientie appetitus hominē immortalitatis gloria spoliauit.
And right as honi is tuel to defy, & englimeth ỹ maw
Right so he ỹ thrōugh reason, wold ỹ rote knowe
Of God & of his great mights, his graces it letteth
For in the liking lyeth a pryd, and likames couetyse
Against Christs cōsel, and al clerkes teaching
That is. Non plus sapere quam oportet. Rom. xii.
Friers & fel other masters, ỹ to ỹ lewd men preachē
Wouen matters inmesurable, to tel of the Trynytie
That ofttimes ỹ lewd people, of their beliefe douten
Better to leaue were many docters, such teching preachers
And tel mē of x. cōmaūdemēts, & touchē ỹ seuē synnis duryc.
And of ỹ brāches ỹ budde of thē, & bringē mē to Hell
And how that folkein folies, inispend theyr fiue wits
As wel friers as other folke, folilish spenen (tes
In housinge in hatering, & in to high clergie shewing
More for pompe thē for pure charitie, ỹ peple wotē ỹ
That I lye not so, for lords they pleasen (soth
And reuerencen the rich, the rather for their siluer.
Confundantur omnes qui adorant sculptilia. Et alibi vt quid Psal. 117.
diligitis vanitatem et queritis mendacium?

Go to the glose of the verse, ye greate Clarkes
If I lye on you to mi lewed wit, leade me to brēning
For as it semeth ye forsake, no maus almes
Of vsurers of whores, of auarous chapmen
And loutē to these lordes, that maye lene you nobles,
Agaīn your rule and religion, I take record at Jesus
That said to his disciples Mestis personarū acceptores
Mat. xx. Of thys mater I might make a longe byble
And of curats of christē peple, as clerks bear witnes
I shal tellen it for truths sake, takehed who so lykith,
As holines & honesti out of holy church spredith,
Through lelly leuing men, that Gods lawe teachen
Ryght so out of holy church, al euels spredith
Preachers must do as they preach. Ther imperfit presthode is, prechers and techers
I se it by ensample, in sommer time on trees
There some bowes beneleued, and some bere none
There is a mischefe in ȳ moore, of suchmaner bowes
Right so of parsōs & prists, & prechers of holi church
That are roote of the right fayth, to rule the people.
And there the roote is rotten, reason wote the soth
Shal neuer floure ne frute, ne fayre leafe be grene
Therfore wold ye leterd mē, leaue ȳ licheri of clothig
And be kind as befel for clerkes, & curteis of Christs
True of your tong, and of your taile both (goods,
And hate to her harlotrie, and not to vnderfonge
Tithes but of true thing, tilyed or chafferid,
Loth were lewede men, but thei your lore folowed.
And amēden hem ȳ misdone, more for your ensāples,
Thā to preache and proue it not, hipocrisie it semeth
For hypocrisie in laten, is lykened to a dunghyl
That were besnewed with snow, and snakes within.
Or to a wal ȳ were whitlimed wout, & foule within.

Right.

Right so many prieſtes, preachers and prelates,
Are enblanched wᵗ Beiperolis & with clothes alſo
And your workꝭ & your wordꝭ therūder are ful vn-
John Chriſoſtome of clerkꝭ ſpekith & priſtes (lonely Chryſoſto
Sicut de templo omne bonum progreditur: ſic de templo omne mus
malum procedet. Si ſacerdotiū incorruptum fuerit: tota flo-
ret eccleſia. Si autem corruptum fuerit: omnium fides marci
da eſt, ſi ſacerdotium fuerit in peccatis: totus populꝰ conuer-
tetur ad peccatum. Sicut cum videris Arborem palidam et
marcidam intelliges quod vicium habet, in radice: Ita cum
videris populum indiſciplinatum et irreligioſum, ſine dubio
ſacerdotium eius non eſt ſanum.

If lewde men wiſt, what this laten meaneth
And who was mine auctour, much wōder me thinde
but if many prieſts beare for hir baſtardꝭ & her brochis
A payre of bedes in their hāds, & a booke vnder their
Sir John & ſir Jeffery, hath a girdle of ſiluer (arme
A baſelard or a ballocke knife, with bottons ouergilt
And a portus ꝑ ſhuld be his plow, Placebo to ſynge
Had he neuer ſeruice to ſaue ſiluer therto, ſeith it with
Alas ye lewd men much leeſe ye on prieſts (idle will
And a thyng that wickedly is won, & wᵗ falſe ſleights Evil got-
Wold neuer wit of witty God, but wickid mē it had ten cuyl
The which ar prieſts imperfit, & prechers after ſiluer ſpent
That with gile is gotten, vngraciouſly is ſpended
Executorꝭ & ſodemes, ſamoners & their lemmans,
So harlots and hoorꝭ are holpen with ſuch goodꝭ,
And Godꝭ folkꝭ for defaute therof, for farē & ſpille
Curatours of holy kyrke as clerkes ꝑ ben auarous
Lightlye that they leauen, loſels it habbeth
Or dieth inteſtat, and the biſhop entreth
And makith mirth theirmidde, and his men bothe
And ſiggē he was an nigard, ꝑ no good might ſpare
To frend me to fremid, the finde haue his ſoule

For a wretched house he hyled, all his life time
And ỹ he sparid and bisperid, spende we in mirth
By learned and by lewde, that loth is to spend
Thus gone their goods, be the ghostlaten
And for go od men God wot, great dole men make
And bemeaneth good meat geuers, & in mind haueth
In prayers, and in penaũce, and in perfit charitie.
What is charitie & I tho. A childish thing he sayd.

Math. 18. Nisi efficiamini sicut parvuli nõ intrabitis regnũ celorũ

Without fauteltie or folie, fre liberall will,
Wher shuld men finde such a frind, with so fre a herte
I haue lyued in londe & I, my name is long Wyll
And founde I neuer full charitie before ne behynde
Wen be merciable to mẽdinauntes, and to poze
And wollen lene there they leue, lelly to be payed
Charitie ỹ Pond prayseth best, most plesig to our God

Rom. xiii Is nõ inflatur, non est ambitiosa, non querit que sua sunt.

I se neuer such a man, so god me helpe
That he ne would aske after hys, & otherwhyle couet
Thynge that neded hym not, & nyme it if he myght,
Clarkes kenne me that Christ, is in all places
And I se hi neuer sothly, but as myselfe in a myrror.

1. Cor. xiii Per enigmate, tunc facie ad faciem.

And so I trowe truly e, by that men tell of charitie
It is not champions fyght, ne chaffer as I trowe
Charitie & he chaffreth not, ne chalẽgeth ne craueth
As proude of a peny, as of a poũde of golde
And is as glade, of a gowne of graye russet
As of a tunicle of tars, or of tried scarlet
He is glad wt all glade, and good to all wicked
And leueth and loueth all that our lorde made
Curseth no creature, ne he can beare no wrath

Ne

Ne no thinge hath to lye, ne laughe men to skorne
All that men saine he lete it soth, & in solace taketh
And all maner mischiefe, in mildnes he suffreth
Coueteth he no earthly good, but heauenlich blisse
Hath he any rentes or ryches, ne reccheth he neuer
For a frend ỹ findeth him, faileth hym neuer at nede
Fiat voluntas tua, fyndeth hym euermore
And if he soupe, he eateth but a soupe of Spera in deo,
He cã portrey wel ỹ Pater noster, & paint it w pytye
And otherwhile he is wonne, to wend on pilgrimage Goynge on pilgrimage
Ther pore mẽ & prisoners liggen, her pardon to haue
Though he bear hẽ no bread, he beareth swetter kode
Loueth hẽ as our Lord bade, & loketh how they fare
And whẽ he is wery of ỹ worke, thã wolt he sõtyme
Labour in lauendrye, well the length of a myle
And yerne into youth, and yepely speake
Pryde w al thappertenaũces, & pake hem togithers
And boken hem at his bieste, and beate hem cleane
And liggen on longe, with Laboraui in gemitu meo,
And w warme water at hys eyen, washen hem after
And than he syngeth, whan he doeth so
And sometyme sayeth wepynge
Cor contritum et humiliatum deus non despicies Psal. li.
Bi Christ I wold I knew him ỹ I, no creature leuer
Wythout the helpe of Pierce plowman quod he, his
person seest thou neuer.
Where clarkes know him ỹ I, ỹ kepen holy kyrke
Clarks haue no knowig ỹ he, but bi workes & wordes
And Pierce the plowman, perceiueth more depely
What is the will & wherfore, ỹ many wyght suffreth.
Et vidit deus cogitationes eorum. Luke. xi
For there are ful proude herted men, patient of tonge

And

And burome as of beringe, to burgeſis & to lordes
And to poore people, haue pepper in the noſe
And as a Lyon he loketh, there men lacke his worꝛkꝭ
For ther are beggers & bidders, bedemen as it were
Loken as lambꝛen, and ſemen liue holye,
And it is moꝛe to haue her meat, w̄ ſuch an eaſi maner
Thē for penañce or perfitnes, ꝑ pouert ꝑ ſuch taketh
Therfoꝛe by colour ne by clergy, know ſhalt ꝙ neuer
Nether through worꝛkꝭ or woꝛdꝭ, but through will
And ꝙ knoweth no clarke, ne creature on earth (one
But Pierce the plowman, Petrus id eſt Chriſtus
For he is not w̄ loſels, ne w̄ landlippers hermets
Ne w̄ ancres there a boꝛe hangeth, al ſuch they faitē
Fye on faytoꝛs, and Inuautores ſuos,

Of charitie. For charitie is gods chāpion & as a good child hend
And the merieſt of mouth, at meate where he ſetteth
The loue ꝙ lieth in his hert, maketh him light of ſpech
And is compaignable and cōfoꝛtatiue, as Chriſt byd

Mat. vi Nolite fieri ſicut hypocrite triſtes. (him ſelfe

For I haue ſene him in ſylke, & ſometime in ruſſet
Both in graye and in gryſe, and in a gylt harneys
And as gladly he it gaue, to gommes that it neded
Edmunde and Edward, eyther were kynges
And ſaintes ſette, for charitye hem folowed
I haue ſene charitie alſo ſynging and reding
Ryding and runnyng in ragged weedes
And bydden as beggers, behelde I hym neuer
And in ryche robes, ratheſt he walketh
Called and Crimiſed, and his crowne ſhaue
And in a Fryers froke, he was found once
And it is ferne ago, in ſaynt Frances time
In that ſect ſyth, to ſelde hath he beknowe

Riche

Riche men he recommendeth, & of their robes taketh
That withouten wiles, ledeth her lyues
Beatus est diues qui. &c.
In kings court he cometh ofte, ther the counsel is true
And if couetis be of councell, he wil not come therin
In court amõges iapers, he commeth not but selde
For brauling & backbiting, and bearing false wytnes
In ỹ cõsistori before ỹ comissari, he cometh not ful ofte
For their law dureth ouerlong, but if they lachẽ siluer
And matrimony for money, maken and vnmaken
And that conscience and Christ, hath knit faste
They vndone it vnworthely, the doctors of law
And I ne lacke no lyue, but lorde amend vs all
And geue vs grace good God, charitie to folowe
For who so might mete wt him such maners hi aileth
Neither he blameth ne banneth, bosteth ne prayseth
Lacketh he ne loseth, ne loketh vp sterne
Craueth ne couetich, ne crieth after more
In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam.
The most liuelode he liuith by, is loue in gods passiõ
Nether he biddeth ne beggeth, ne borowweth to yelde.
Wisdoth he no man, ne with his mouth greueth
Amongest christen men, this mildnes shuld last
In al maner angers, haue this in herte
That though he sufferid al this, God sufferid for vs
In exãple we shuld do so, & takẽ no vẽgeaũce (more
Of our foes ỹ done vs falsenes, ỹ is out fathers wil
For wel may euerymã wit, if god had wold him self
Shuld neuer Judas ne Jew, haue Jesu dõe on rode
Ne haue martrid Peter ne Paule, ne in prison holdẽ
And he suffred in example, that we shulde suffre also
And sayd to such ỹ suffre wold, that Patientes vincunt

What cõpany charitie hasteth.

Psal. liii.

verbi gracia. quod he, and very examples many
The Legēd of saynctes, beleue it if ye lust. In Legenda sanctorum, the life of holy saintes
What penaunce & pouertye, and passion they suffered
In hunger in heate, in all maner angers
Antonye and Egedye, and other holy fathers
Wendynge in wildernes, among wylde beastes
Monkes and mendinauntes, men by hem selfe
In spekes and spelunkes, seldom speaken togiders
And nether Antony nor Egidi, ne hermite that time
Of Lyons ne of Leopardes, no lyuelode to take
But of fowles that flieth, thys finden men in bokes
Excepte that Egedi, after an hynde cried
And through the milke of that mylde beaste, the man was susteyned
And day bi day had neuer nought, his honger to slake
But seld & sondry tymes, as sayth the boke & techeth
Antonye ech a daye, aboute none tyme
Had a bird that brought him breade, that he by liued
And though the gome had a gest, God found hē both
Poule primus heremita, had prouoked hym selfe
That no man might him se, for mosse & for leaues
Fowles hym fedde, fell wynters wyth all
Tyll he founded Fryers, of Austens ordre
Poule after hys preachynge, paniers he made
And wonne with his handes, that his wom be neded
Peter fished for hys fode, and hys felow Andrew
Some they sold & some they soth, & so thei liued both
And also Mary madalen, by moores liued & dewes
And most through deuotion, & mind of god almighty
I shoulde not these seuen dayes, seggen hem al
That liued thus for our lordes loue, many lōg yeres
And ther ne was Lyon ne Leopard, ȳ on lands went

Neither

Neyther bere ne boze, ne other beastes wylde
That ne fell to their fete, & fawned with their tales
And if they could haue carped, by Chryst as I trowe
They wold haue fed that folke, before wyld fowles
And God sēt thē foode by foules, & by no fierse bestes
In meaning that meke thinge, mild thinge shulde fede
As who say religious, ryghtfull men should fynde
And lawfull men to lyfe holy men, lyuelode bryng
And than would Lordes and ladies, be loth to agilt
And to take of her tenauntes, more than truth would
Found they that Friers would, forsake her almes
And bidden hem beare it, there it was borowed
For we bene gods foles, and abiden alwaye
Tyll bydes bringe vs, that we shoulde liue by
For had ye potage & pane inough, & peniale to drinke
And a mes there a mid, of one maner kynde
Ye had right inough ye religious, so your rule me told

A lesō for them that take benifices at riched mē hādes

Munquid (dicit Job) rugit onager cum herbā habuerit. Aut mugiet bos, cū ante plenū præsepe steterit: Brutorū animaliū natura te cōdēpnat, quia cū eis pabulum commune sufficit, et adipe prodit iniquitas tua. Job. vi.

If lewd mē knew this latē, thei wold loke whō they
And aduise hem before, a fiue dayes or syxe (geue
Ere they amortised to monks, or chanons her rentes
Alas Lordes and Ladyes, lewde counsel haue ye
To giue from your heyres, that your elders you left
And giue it to bid for you, to such as ben rych
And ben founden and fedde eke, to bid for other
Who performeth this prophecye, of the people that

Dispersit dedit pauperibus. (now liueth

Ps cal. mī

If any people performe ỳ text, it are these pore friers
For that they begge about, in buildinge they spend it

And on hem selfe some, and such as bē her labourers
And of hē that haue not they take, & geueth hē ỹ hath
And clarkes & knyghts, and cōmuners that ben rych
Fell of you fareth, as if I a forest hadde
That were ful of fayre trees, and I found a cast
Howe I myght mo therin, amonge hem sette
Ryght so ye ryche, ye robbe that ben rych
And helpeth hē ỹ helpeth you, & geueth ther no nede
As who so filleth a tunne, of a fresche riuer (is
And went forth wt that water, to woke with temise
Ryght so ye ryche, ye robbe and fede
Hem that haue as ye haue, hem ye make at ease
And religious that rych ben, shold rather fest begers
Thā Burgeis that riche ben, as the boke telleth.
Quia sacrilegium est res pauperum non pauperibus dare
Item peccatoribus dare est demonibus immolare
Item Monache, si indiges et accipis potius das quā accipis,
Si autem non indiges et accipis, rapis. Porro non
Indiget Monachus, si habeat quod nature sufficit.
Therfore I coūsel al christē, to cōforme hē to charitie
For charitie wout chalenginge, vnchargeth the soule
And many prisoners bi his prayer, he puleth frō paine
And there is a defaut in the folke, ỹ the fayth kepeth
Wherfore folke is the febler, and not firme of bileue
As in Lusshburth is a luther alay, yet lokith like ster-
The marke of ỹ money is good, & ỹ metel feble (ling
So fareth it bi some folk now, they haue a faire spech
Crowne and christendome, the kinges marke of heuē
And the metal ỹ is mans soule, wt sinne is foule alaied
Both lettred and lewde, ben arayed now with synne
That no life loueth other, ne our lorde as it semeth
For bi war & wicked worke, & weders vnseasonable

Cast water into temes

Wether wyscheppers, and wytty clarkes also
Haue no beleue to ỳ list, ne to ỳ lore of Philosophers
Astronomers al day, in her arte faylen
That whilome warned before, what should fal after
Shipmen & shepheardes, ỳ wyth ship & shepe wēten
Wyshen by the welken what shoulde betyde
As of weders and wyndes, they warned men oft
Tyllers that tylled the earth, tolde hyr masters
By the seed that they sewe, what they sell myght
And what to leau & what to liue bi, ỳ lād was so true
Now faileth ỳ folke of ỳ floode, & of the land bothe
Shepeheardes and shypmen, and so do these tyllers
Nether thei canneth ne knoweth, one course before an
Astronomers also are at her wyttes ende (other
Of ỳ was calculed of thelemēt, the cōtrary thei finde
Grammer the ground of al, begileth now the childrē
For it is non of these new clarks, who so nimeth hede
Not one among a hūdred, that an auter can cōstrue
Ne read a letter in ani lāgage, but in latē or in englisch
Go now to any degre, and but if gyle be maister
And flatterer his felow, vnder hym to fourmen
Much wonder me thynketh, amonge vs al
Doctours of degrees, and of diuinitie maisters
That should kenne and know, all kynnes cleargy
And answere to argumentes, and also to a Quod libet,
I dare not say it for shame, if such were apposed
They shold fayle of her philosophy, & in phisike both
Therfore I am afraied, of folke of holy kyrke
Lest thei ouerhipē as other done, in officis & in houris
And if thei ouirhip as I hope not, our bileue sufficith
As clarkes in Corpus christi, feaste, singen and readen
That Sola fides sufficit, to saue with lewde people

Alis oute of frame

And so may Saracines be saued, scribes and Jewes
Alas than but oure lozes men, lyued as they lerne vs
And foz her liuyng ỳ lewde mẽ be, ỳ lother god agyle
Foz Saracines haue somwhat, semyng to our beleue
Foz they loue and beleue, one god almyghtye
And we lerned and lewed, in one god beleue.
The beginnyng of Mahomets law
And one Mahomet a man, in misbeleue brought
Saracines of Surrey, and se in what maner.
At the first he was chzistẽ, & foz he might not be pope
Into Surrey he sought, & throughe hys sotile wyes
Daunted a doue, and daye and nyght her fed
The cozne that she cropped, he cast in his eare
And if he among the puple pzeched, oz in places come
Than woulde the Culuer come, to the clarkes eare
Wenig as after meat, thus Mahomet her enchaũted
Thã did folk fal on knees, foz he swoze in his pzechig
That the Culuer that came so, came frõ god of heuẽ
As messenger to Mahomet, men foz to teach
And thus through wyles of his wyt, & a white doue
Mahomet in misbeleue, men and women brought
That liued tho ther and liuẽ yet, leuing on his lawes
And sith our sauiour suffred, ỳ Saracenes so begiled
Through a chzisten clarke, accursed in hys soule
Foz dzead of death, I dare not tell truth
How englyshe clarkes a Culuer fede, ỳ couetise hate
And ben manered of Mahomet, ỳ no man vseth truth
Ancres and hermets, monkes and friers
Peren to Apostles, through her perfit liuynge
Wold neuer the faithful father, ỳ his ministers shold
Of tyzantes that teneth true men, take any almes
But done as Anthony did, Dominike & Fraunceis
Benet and Barnarde, the which hem first taught

To

To lyue by lytle & in low houses, by lelly mens almes
Grasse should growe and be grene, through her good
And folkes shold kynd ỹ dẽ in diuerse sikenes (liuing
The better for her biddynges, in body and in soule
Their prayers & their penaũces, to peace shold bring
All that ben at debate, and bedmen were true.
Petite et accipietis. &c.
Salte saueth cattel, sayeth these wyues. Luke. xi.
Vos estis sal terre.
The heades of holy churche, and they holy were Mayth. v
Christe calleth hem salt, for christen soules,
Et si sal euanuerit in quo salietur?
For fresche flesche other fyshe, whan it salt fayleth
It is vnsauery forsoth, sodde or baked
So is mans soule sothly, that seeth no good exemple
Of hem of holy kyrke, ỹ the heigh way should teache
And be gyde and go before, as a good rauenour
And hardẽ hem ỹ behind ben, & giue hẽ good euidẽce
A leuen holy men, all the worlde turned
Into lelly beleue, the lyghtloker me thynketh The Apostles turned al the worlde to the fayth.
Shoulde all maner men, we haue so many maisters
Priestes and preachers, and a Pope aboue
That gods salte shoulde be, to saue mans soule
All was heathennes sometyme, Englande & wales
Tyll Gregory gard clarkes, to go here & preach
Austen at Canturbury, christened the kynge
And bi miracles as mẽ mai rede, al ỹ march he turnid
To Christe and to christendome, & crosse to honoure
And fulled folke faste, and the fayth taught
More through myracles, thã through much prechig
As wel through worke, as through his holy words
And said he in what fullinge, and faith was to meane

Clothe

Cloth that cometh frō the weuyng, is not comely to
Til it be fulled vnder fote, or in fulling stocks (wear
Washen well with water, and with tasels cratched
Touked and teynted, and vnder taylors hand
Til the child be instructed in Christ it is but as a wilde beaste
And so it fareth by a barne, that borne is of a wombe
Til it be chrisned in chrisis name, cōfirmed of bishop
It is hethē as to heuē ward, & helples to the soule
Hethen is to meane, after heath and vntilled earth
As in wilde wildernes, waxeth wilde beastes
Rude and vnreasonable, running without cropers
Ye menen wel how Mathew sayth, how a mā made a
He fed hē wt no venison, ne fesaūtes baked (feaste
But wt fowls ỹ frō him nold, but folowed his whistle
Math. xx Ecce altilia mea, et omnia parata sunt. (lynge
And with calues flesche he fedde, ỹ folke that he loued
The calfe betokeneth clēnes, in hē ỹ kepeth lawes
For as ỹ cow thrugh kind milke, ỹ calfe nourisheth
So loue & leauty, lelly men susteyneth (til an oxe
And maydens and mylde men, mercy desieren.
Ryght as the cowe calfe, coueteth swete milke
So done rightfull men, mercye and trueth
And who so ỹ excuseth hem, that ar persōs & prestes
That heneds of holy kyrke bē, that haue her wil here
Without trauel ỹ tith deale, that true men biswinkē
Thei wold wroth for I write this, & to witnes take
Both Mathew & Marke, and Memento domine dauid
What pope or prelat now, performeth ỹ christ hight
Ite in vniuersum mundū, et predicate euangelium.
Mar xvi. Alas that men so longe, on Marke meth should beleue
So many prelates to preache, as the Pope maketh
Of Nazareth of Niniue, of Nepthalim & Damasco
That they ne went as Christ wyscheth, sithē they wyl
(haue name

To be pastour and preache, the passion of Jesus
And as hym selfe sayd, so to liue and dye. John.x.
Bonus pastor animam suam ponit. &c.
And saide it in saluation, to Saracines and other
For christen and vnchristen, Christ sayd to preachers Math.xv
Ite vos in vineam meam.
And sith that these Saracins, scribes and Jewes
Haue a lyppe of our beleue, the lyghtlier me thynketh
They shoulde turne who so traueiled, to teach hem of Mat.vii.
Querite et inuenietis. &c. (the trinitye
It is ruth to read, how ryght wyse men lyued
Howe they defouled her flesche, forsoke hyr own will
Farre fro kyth and from kinne, ill clothed yeden
Badly bedded, no boke but Conscience
Ne no riches but the rode, to reioyce hem ther in
Absit vos gloriari nisi in cruce domini nostri &c. Galat.vi
And tho was plenty and peace, amõg poze & ryche
And now is ruth to reade, howe the redde noble
Is reuerenced er the rode, & receiued for the worthier How co-
Than christes crosse, ỹ ouercame death & deadly sinne uetise of
And nowe is warre and woo, and who so why asketh the clear-
For couetise after crosse, the crowne standes in golde gy wyll
Both ryche and religious, that rode they honour destroy ỹ
That in grotes is grauen, and in golde nobles church.
For couetous of that crosse, men of holy kyrke
Shall turne as tẽplers did, the time approcheth nere
Wyt ye not ye wyse men, how tho men honoured
Moze treasure than trouth, I dare not tell the sothe
Reason and ryghtfull dome, the religious demed
Ryght so you clarks, for your couetise ere long
Shal they deme Dos ecclesie, and your prid depose.
De posuit potentes de sede. &c. Luke.i.

An admonicion to ỹ cleargy

If knygthode and kyndewyt, & commune by cõsciẽce
To gyther loue lelly, leueth it well ye byschoppes
The lordshyps of landes, for euer shall ye lese
And lyue as Leuitici, as our Lorde you teacheth,

Deut. 18. Nume. 18

Per primitias et decimas. &c

Whan Constantyne of curtesy, holy kyrke dowed
With landes, and leades, lordshyps and rentes
An angell men harden on hyghe at Rome crye
Dos ecclesie, thys daye hath dronke venyme
And they that haue Peters power, are poysoned al
A medicine muste therto, that may amend prelates
That Should praye for peace, possession hem letteth

A medicyne for ỹ cleargie.

Take her landes ye lordes, & let hem lyue by decimis
If possession be poyson, and imperfit hem make
Good were it to discharge hem, for holy kyrke sake
And purge hem of poyson, ere more peryll fal.
If priesthod were perfect, the people should amend
That cõtrarein Christes law, & christendome despise
For al Paynymes prayeth, and perfectly beleueth
In the holy great god, and his grace they aske
And make her mone to Makomet, her message to the
Thus in fayth liue that folke, & in a false meane (we
And ỹ is ruth of ryghtfull men, ỹ in realme wõneth
And a peril of the Pope, and prelates that he maketh
That bear bishops names, of Bethlem, & of Babilõ
That hip about in Englãde, to hallow mens auters
And crepen amõg curetours, cõfessen agayne the law

Nolite mittere falcem, in messem alienam.

Bishops dutye.

Many a mã for christes loue, was martyred in Rome
Er any christendome was knowne ther, or any crosse
Euery bishop ỹ bereth cros, bi ỹ he is holdẽ (honored
Through his prouice to passe, & to his puple to shew

Tellen

Tellen hem and teachen hem, on the trinitie to beleue
And fede hem wt goostly fode, & giue there it nedeth.
In domo mea non est panis, neque vestimentum. Esai.iii.
Et ideo nolite, constituere me regem.
Malachias sayeth for suche, that sicke be and feble.
Inferte omnes decimas in horreum meum, vt sit cibus Mal.iii.
in domo mea.
And we christian creatures, that on the crosse beleuen
Are fyxme in the fayeth, god forbode eis
And haue clarkes to kepe vs therin, & hē ȳ come after
And Jewes liuen in lelly loue, our lord wrote it hi self
In stone for it stedfast was, and stand shal euer
Diligite deum et proximum, is perfite Jewes lawe
And toke it to Moyses to teach mē, til Messias came
And on that law they leue it, and leten it the best
And yet knewe they Christ, that christendome taught
For a perfite Prophete, that much people saued
Of selkougth signs, they sawe it ofte
Both of miracles & meruels, & how he mē feasted
Wyth two fiches & fiue loues, fyue thousand people
And by ȳ māgery men might se, ȳ Messias he semed
And whan he lift vs Lazar, that layed was in graue
And vnder stone & stanke, wt style voyce him called. Iohn. xi.
Lazare veni foras.
Dyd hym ryse and roome, ryght before the Jewes
And they said and swore, wt sorcerye he wrought
And studied to destroy him, and stroyed hem selues
And throughe hys patience, her power to naughte
he brought.
Vincunt patientes.
Daniel of her doynge, diuined and sayde.
Cum sanctus sanctorum venit, cessabit vnctio vestra.
And wenen tho wretches, ȳ he were pseudoprophete
And that his lore be leasynges, and lacken it al

And hopen that he be to come, that shall hem releue
Moses eft or Messie, her maisters yet diuineth
And Phariseis and Sarasins, Scribes & Grekes
Are folke of one fayth, the father god they honouren
And sithen that the Sarasines, and also the Iewes
Konne the fyrste clause of our beleue, Credo in deum
Prelates of christē prouices, shold preue if thei might
To learne hem litle & litle, Et in Iesum christum filium,
Tyl they could speake and spel, Et in spiritum sanctum,
And reade it and record it wt remissionem peccatorum.
Carnis resurrectionem et vitam eteruam amen.

Passus. xvi. et primus de dobet.

NOwe fayre fal you qꝑ I tho, for youre fayre shewynge:
For Hankins loue the actyue manne, euer I shall you loue.
And yet I am in a were, what charitie is to meane
It is a full tried tree quod he, trulye to tell
Mercy is the moore therof, the middle stocke is ruth
A discriptiō of charitie. The leaues ben lelly wordes, the lawe of holy kirke
The blossomes ben bitrome speach, & bening loking
Patience hight the pure tre, and pure simple of hert
And so through god & good mē, groweth ẏ frute charitie
I wold trauel qꝑ I this tre to se, .xx. C. myle
And to haue my fil of ẏ frute, forsake all other salue
Lord qꝑ I if any wight wit, whither out it groweth
It groweth in a garden qꝑ he, ẏ god made him selfe.
Amids mans bodye, the moore is of that stocke
Herte hyght the herbor, that it in groweth
And Liberum arbitrium, hath the land to farme
Vnder Piers' the plowman, to picke it & to wede it
Pierce the Plowman qꝑ I tho, & al for pure ioye
That I hard nempe hys name, anon I swoned after

And

And lay longe in a loue dreame, & at last me thought
That Pierre the Plowman, all the place me shewed
And bade me to totte on ỹ tree, on trop & on rote
With .iii. piles was it vnderpight, I perceiued it sone
Pierce qᵗ I, I praye the, why stond these piles herre?
For wyndes, wylt ỹ wyt qᵗ he, to wyten in trō fallinge
Cum ceciderit iustus, nō collidetur, quia dominus supponit manum suam. Psal. 37.
In blowing time byte ỹ flours, but if thes piles help
The world is a wicked wind, to hem that wil trouth
Couetise comith of ỹ wind, & crepith amōg the leaues
And forfretith nigh ỹ fruit, through mani faire sights
Thā wō ỹ first pile, I pale him down, ỹ is Potētia Dei
The flesh is a fel wynde & in flouryng tyme (Patris
Through liking and lustes, so loud gynneth to blow
That it nourisheth nye sightes, & sometime words
And wicked workes thereof, wormes of synne
And forbyteth the blosomes, euen to the bare leaues
Than set I to the seconde pyle, Sapientia dei patris.
That is the passiō and the power, of our prince Jesu
Through prayers & throughe penaūce, & gods passiō
I saue it til I se it ripē, & some deie fruted (in mynde
And than fondeth the fend, my frute to destroye
With all the wyles that he can & waggeth the rote
And casteth vp the crompe vnkynde neygh bours
Backbyters breake the chest, brawlers & chiders
And leyth a ladder therto, of lesynges are ỹ roundes
And fetch away my flours, sōtime afore both mine
And Liberum arbitrium, letteth hem sometyme, (eies
That is leuetenaunt to lokē it wel, bi leaue of my self
Uidiatis qui peccat in spiritum sanctum nūquā remittetur. Mat. xii.
Hoc est idem qui peccat per liberum arbitriū non repurgatur
And whā the fynd & the flesh, forth wō the world

Pieres defence

Manacen behinde me, my frute for to fetch
Than liberum arbitriū, latcheth the first plante
And palleth adoune the pouke, purely through grace
And helpe of the holyghost, & thus haue I ỳ mastrie.
Now fayre fall you Piers ꝙ I, so fayre ye descriuen
The power of these postes and their propre mighte
And I haue thought a threwe, of thes thre poles
In what wood thei wopē, & where that they growed
For all are they a lyke long, none lesse than other
And to mi mid as me thinketh, on a more thei growed
And of one greatnes, and grene of greyne thei semen
That is soth ꝙ Pyers, so it may befall
I shall tell the as tite, what this tree hight
The ground ther it groweth, goodnes it hight

The tre & the frutes therof

And I haue told ỳ what hight ỳ tre, ỳ trinitie it mea-
And egerly he loked on me, & therfore I spared (neth
To aske him any more therfore, & bad him full fayre
To descrye the frute, that so fayre hangeth.
Here now beneth quod he tho, if I nede had
Matrimony I may name, a moist frute with all
Than cōtinence is nere the crop, as cayleway bastard
Than beareth the crop kind frute, and cleneſt of al
Maidenhod angelles pere, and ratheſt wil be ripe
And swete without swelling, soure worth it neuer
I prayed Pyers to pul downe, an appul and he wold
And suffre me to assay, what sauour it had
And Pyers cast to the crop, & than comsed it to crye
And wagged widowhead, and it wepe after
And whan it meued matrimony, it made a ful noyse
I had ruth whan Piers ragged, it grad of ruthfullye
For euer as they dropped downe, ỳ deuel was ready
And gathered them altogether, both great & small

Adam

Adam and Abraham, and Esai the prophete
Sampson Samuell, and saynt John the Baptist
Bare hem forth boldely, no body him let
And made of holy men his horde, In limbo inferni
There is darknes & dread, and the deuil maister
And Pierce of pure tene, of that apple caught
He hit ofte at hym, hit if he myght
Filius, by the fathers will, & frenes of Spiritus sancti,
To go rob that ragmã, & reue the frute from him
And speake Spiritus sancto, in Gabriels mouth
To a maid ỹ hight Marie, a meke thynge withal
That one Jesu a iustice sõne, muste iõken in her wõbe
Tyll plenitudo temporis, fullye commen were
That Pierces frute flored, and fill to rype
And shold Jesus iust therfore, by iudgmẽt of armes
Whether should fonge the frute, the fend or him selfe
The maide mildly tho, the messenger greted
And sayde hendely to hym, lo me his hãdmaiden
For to worke hys wyll, wythout any synne.
Ecce ancilla domini, fiat mihi. &c.
And in the wombe of ỹ wenche, was he forty wekes Luke.i.
Till he were a faunt through hir flesh, & of fyghtinge
To haue fought with ỹ fend, er ful time came (could
And Pyers the plowmã, perceiued plener time
And learned him lechecraft, his life for to saue
That woũdid ỹ his enmy, he might warish him selfe
And did him assay his surgeri, on hem that seke were
Till he was perfit practiser, if any peril fell
And sought out the sike, and sinful both
And salued sike and sinful, both blind and croked
And cõmen women conuerted and to good turned.
Non est sanis opus medico sed. &c. Mark.ii.

Both

Both messels and mute, and in the mensón bloudye
Oft he heled such, he ne held it for no masterie
Saue tho he heled Lazar, that had ley in graue
Iohn. xi. Quatriduanus, Quelt quicke did hem wake.
And as he made the mastirie. Mœstus cepit esse,
And wept water with his eien, there seighen it manie
Some that the sight sighen, sayd that tyme
That he was leche of lyfe, and lorde of heigh heauen
Iewes iangle there agayne, and iudged lawes
And sayd he wrought through wicherafft, & wt the de
Ioh. viii. Demonium habes. (uils might
Than are ye cherls quod I, and your children both
And Satan your sauiour, your selfe nowe ye wytnes
For I haue saued your selfe saith Christ, & your sons
your bodyes your beastes, & blynd mẽ holpen (after
And fedde you with two fisches, & with frue loues
And left baskets ful of brokẽ meat, bear awaie ỹ wold
And myssayd the Iewes manly, & manaced hẽ to bete
And knocked on hem wt a corde, & cast dowe her stals
That in church chafferden, or chaungeden any money
And sayd it in sight of hem all, so that al hearden
I shal ouerturne thys temple, and downe throwe
And in three dayes after, edifie it new
And make it as muche or more, in al maner poyntes
As euer it was and as wide, & therfore I hote you
Of prayers and of perfitnes, this place that ye cal
Domus mea domus orationis vocabitur.
Mat. xxi Enuye and euyll wyl, was in the Iewes
They castẽ & contriuedẽ, to kil him whan they might
Eche day after other, her tyme they awayted
Tyll it befell on a fryday, a lyttye before paske
The thursday before, there he made his maundy

Sit

Sitting at the supper, he sayd these wordes
I am solde through one of you, he shal the time rue
That euer he his sauiour sold, for siluer or els.
Judas iangled there agayn, and Jesus hym tolde
It was hym selfe sothly, and sayd Tu dicis
Thã wẽt fourth that wicked man, & wt ỹ Jewes met
And told them a token, how to know Jesus
And which toke to this daye, to much is vsed
That is kissing and fayre cõtenaũce, & vnkynd wil
And so was wyth Judas tho, that Jesus betrayed
Aue rabby quod that ribaud, & ryght to hym he yede
And kist hym to be caught therby, killed of ỹ Jewes
Than Jesus to Judas, and to the Iewes sayde
Falsenes I find, in thy fayre speche
And gyle in the glade chere, and gal in the laughing
Thou shalt be mirrour to many, men to deceyue
And thy worcke & wickednes, shal worth vpõ thi selfe

The maner of Judas betrayinge is vsed.

Necesse est vt veniãt scandala, ve tamen homini illi per quẽ scãdalum venit. Math. 18.

Though I by treason, be take at your owne wyl
Suffre mine apostles, in pease and in paise gange
On a thursday in the sterns, thus was he take
Through Judas and Jews, Jesus was his name
That on the fryday folowing, for mankind sake
Iusted in Jerusalem, a ioy to vs all
On crosse vpon Caluerie, Christ toke the battell
Against death & the deuel, destroyed both her mights
Died and death forsyd, and day of night made
And I awaked therwith, & wiped myne eyen
And after pyers the plowman, pryed and stared
Estware and westward, I waited after fast
And yede furth as an Idiote, in contry to espy

After Pierce the Ploweman, many a place I soughte
And than met I wyth a man, on Wydlenten sondaye
As hore as an Hauthorne, and Abraham he hyght
I frayned him firste, from whence he came
And from whēce he were, & whither that he thought.
I am faith quod that freke, it faileth not to lie
And of Abrahams house, an heraude of armes
I seke after a segge, that I se once
A full bolde bachiler, I knowe him by hys blasen
What bereth that burne ey I tho, so blisse me betide
A discription of the trinitie. Thre leodes on a lyth, none lenger than other
Of one Michel and one might, in mesure and in lēgth
That one doth al doth, and ech doth bi his owne
The first hath might & maiestie, maker of al things
Pater is hys propre name, a person by him selfe
The seconde of that sire is, sothfastenes filius
Warden of that wit hath, was euer wout ginning
The thirde hight the holy goste, a person by hym selfe
The light of all that life hath, on lond and on water
Conforto[u]r of creatures, of him commeth al blysse
So thre belongeth for a lord, that lordshyp claymeth
Myght and a mene, to know his might
Of him and of his seruaūt, & what they suffer both
So god that ginning had neuer, but tho hym good
Sent forth his sonne, as for seruaūt ỳ tyme (thought
To occupy him here, till issue were spronge
That is children of charity, and holy kirke the mother
Patriarkes and prophetes, & apostles were ỳ childrē
And Christ and christendome, and christen holy kyrke
In mening that man must, in one god beleue
And there him liked & loued, in .iii. persōs him shewed
Wedlocke and widowhead, with virginitie nempned

In

In tokenninge of the trinitie, was out of man taken
Adam our olde father, Eue was of him selfe
And thilke that they had, it was of hem both
And either is others ioye, in thre sondrye parsons
And in heauen and in earth, one singuler name
And thus is mākynd or mānhold, of matrimony sprōg
And betokeneth the trinitie, and true beleue.
Mighty is matrymonye, and multyplieth the earth
And betokeneth truly, tell if I durste
Hym that firste formed al, the father of heauen
The sonne if I durst saye, resēbleth wel the wydow.
Deus meus deus meus, vt quid dereliquisti me.
That is creator was creature, to know what was Psal. xxii
As wydow wout wedlocke, was neuer yet se (both
No more might god be man, but if he mother had
So widowe without wedlocke, may not wel stonde
Ne matrimony wout moylerie, is not much to praise
Et ale dictus homo qui non reliquit semen in Israel.
Thus in thre persons, is parfitly manhode
That is man and his make, and moller children
And is not but gēder of generatiō, bifore Jesu Christ
So is the father forth vp the sōne, & frewil of hē both
Spiritus procedens a patre et filio.
Whiche is the holy goste of all, and al is but one god
Thus in a somer I him se, as I sate in my porche
I rose vp and reuerenced him, & right faire him grete
Thre men to my sight, I made well at ease
Washe her fete & wyped hem, & afterward they eaten
Calues flesche & cakebread, & knewe what I thought
Ful true tokens betwene vs bē, to tell whā me liketh
Fyrst he fonded me, whether I loued better
Him or Isaac myne heire, whiche he high me to kill

He wyst my wyll by hym, he woll me it alowe
I am full syker in soule therof, and my sonne boeth
Abrahum is circumcised. I circumcised my sonne, sithen for hys sake
My selfe and my meyny, and all that male were
Bled bloud for ỹ lordes loue, & hope to blysse ỹ tyme
Mine affiaūce and my fayth, is ferme in this beleue
For him selfe behyght to me, & to myne issue both
Londe and lordeshyppe, and like wythout ende
To me and to myne issue, more yet he me graunted
Mercy of our mysdedes, many tymes as we aske.
Quam olim Abrahe promisisti, et semini eius.
And syth he sent me to sey, I sholde do sacrifice
And done him worshyp w̄ breade, & with wine boeth
And called me fote of hys faith, his folke for to saue
And defēd hem frō the fende, folke that on me leued
Thus haue I ben his Heraude, here and in hell
And cōforted many a careful, ỹ after his cōming wai-
And thus I seke him he said, for I heare say late (ten
Of a barn ỹ baptysed hym, I. Baptist was hys name
That to patriarkes & to prophetes, & to other people
Said that he se here, ỹ should saue vs al. (in darknes
John. i. Ecce agnus dei. &c
I had wōder of his wordes, and of his wyde clothes
For in his bosome he bare a thing, ỹ he blessed euer
And I loked in hys lappe, a Lazare lay therin
Among patriarkes and prophetes, pleying togyders
What awaitest thou ỹ he, & what wouldest ỹ haue
I would wit ỹ I tho, what is in your lappe
Lo quod he and let me se, lord mercy I said
This is a presēt of mich price, what price shal it haue
It is a precyous presēt ỹ he, & ỹ pouk hath it atachid
And me therwid ỹ ỹ man, there may no wed me quite

Re

Ne no barne be our borow, ne bring vs frō his dāger
Out of ỹ powkes pinfold, no mainprice mai vs fetch
Tyl he come that I tarpe of, Christ is hys name
That shal deliuer vs some day, out of ỹ deuyls powr
And better wed for vs ligge, thā we be all worthy
That is life for life, or lygge thus euer
Lollinge in my lappe, til such a lorde vs fetche.
Alas I said that sinne, so long shall lette
The myght of gods mercy, that might vs wel amēd
I wept for his words, with that I saw an other
Rapelych renne forth, the ryght way he went
I fraued hym firste, from whence he came
And what he hight, & whether he wold, & wightly he (tolde

Passus. xvii. de visione

I Am Spes q he, and spye after a knyght
That toke me a mādemēt, vpō ỹ mōt Synai
To rule al realmes vb, I bear ỹ wryte here
It is ensealed I said, maye mē se the letters.
Nay he sayd I seke hun, that hath the seale to kepe
And ỹ is crosse & christendome, & Christ theron to hāg
And when it is ensealed so, I wot wel the soth
Than Lucifers Lordeshyp, shall last no lenger
Let vs se the letters q I, we myght the lawe know we
Than pulled he forth, a pyece of a hard roche
Wherin were written these words, on this wyse iglo
Diligе deum, et proximum. &c. (sed
This the text truly, I toke full good yeme
The glose was glorions, written vb a gylt penne.
In hiis duobus mandatis, tota lex pendet et prophete.
Be here al the Lordes lawes, q I, yea leue me he sayd
And who so worcheth after this write, I wyl vnder-

Shal neuer deuil you dere, ne death in soule greue
For thoughe I saye it my selfe, I haue saued wo thys
Of men & women, many score thousandes (charme
He saith sothe said this heraude, I haue it found oft
Lo here in my lappe, that leued on that charme
Iosue and Iudith, and Iudas Machabeus
Yea and .vi. thousand beside forth, ỹ ben not sene here
Your words ate wõderful & I tho, whych of you is
And leleſt to leue on, for life and for soule (true ſte
Abraham sayth, that he se wholy the trinitie
Thre persons in perceis, ech departable from other
Abraham saw thre distincte persons in trinity
And al thre but one god, thus Abraham me taught
And hath saued that beleued so, & sory for her sinnes.
I can not sugge the summe, and some are in mi lappe.
What neded it than, a newe law to beginne:
Sith the first sufficeth, to saluasion and blysse
And now cõmeth Spes, & speaketh ỹ hath espied the
And telleth not of ỹ triniti, ỹ toke him his letters (law
To beleue and loue, in our Lorde almyghty
And sith right as my selfe, so loue al the people
The gome ỹ goth wo a staffe, he semeth in greater heal
Than he that goth with two staues, to syght of vs al
And ryght so by the rode, reason me sheweth
It is lighter to lewde men, one lesson to knowe
Than for to teach hẽ two, & to hard to learne the leste
It is ful harde for any man, on Abraham bileue
And wel away worse yet, for to loue a shrewe
It is lighter to leue, in thre lonely persons
Than for to loue and leue, as wel lorels as lelly.
Go thy gate quod I to Spes, for so me god helpe
Tho that learne thy lawe wel, litle whyle vsen it
And as we wẽten in ỹ way, thus wordyng togithers

Than

Than se we a Samaritan, syttyng on a mule
Rydinge well rapely, the right way we yeden
Cumming from a contrye, men call Jericho
To a Justis at Jerusalem, he chaseth away fast
Both the heraude and hope, and he met at once
Where a man was wounded, and wyth theues take
He myght neither steppe ne stand, ne stirre fote ne hād
Ne helpe him self sothly, for Semiuike he semed
And as naked as a nedle, & no helpe about him
Fayth had first syght of him, and he fle a syde
And would not nyghen him, by nine landes length
Hope came hipping after, that had so bosted
Howe he wt Moses maūdement, had many mē holpē
And whā he hadde sight of ỳ segge, aside he gan hym
Dredfully by this day, as duck dothfrō faucō (draw
And so sone this Samaritā, had syght of this leode
He lyght downe of hiarde, and ladde hym in hys hand
And to the wye he went, his woundes to beholde
And perceiued by hys pulse, he was in perel to dye
And but he had recouer the rather, that rise shoulde he
With wine and wt oyle his woūdes he washed (neuer
Enbaumid him & boūd his hed, & in his lap him laide
And lad him so forth on lyard, to Ier Christ, a graung
Wel fyue miles or seuen, beside the newe market
Herberd him at an hostry, and to the hostler called
And sayd haue kepe thys mā, til I come frō the iustis
And lo here siluer he sayd for salue for his woundes
And he toke him two pence, for liuelode as it were
And said who so spēd more, I make it good herafter
For I may not let of that leode, & lyerd he bestrydeth
And raped hym to Jerusalem, the ryght way to ryde
Fayeth folowed after faste, and fonded to meten hym

The man wounded of theues

And Spes spaklich hym sped, spede if he mighē
To ouertakē him & talke to hym, erhe to towne come
And whā I se this I soiorned not, but shopeme to rē
And sewed that samarytane, that was so ful of pytye
And graunted him to be his grome, gramercy he sayd
And thy frende & thy felowe, thou findest me at nede
And I thanked him tho, and syth I hym tolde
How that fayth fle away, & Spes his felow both
For sight of ỹ sorowsul mā, ỹ robbed was wt theues
Haue hem excused & he, her helpe may little auayle
May no medicyne on molde, the man to heale brynge
Neither faith ne fyne hope, so festred be his woundes
Wythout the bloud of a barne, bore of a mayden
And he be bathed in that bloude, baptised as it were
Than plastered wyth penaunce, & passyō of that baby
He shold stand & slep, & stalworth worth he neuer
Tyl he haue eaten all the barne, & hys bloude dronken
For went neuer wye in this world, through ỹ wilder-
That he ne was robbed or ryfled, rode he or yed (nes
Saue fayth and hys felowe Spes, and my selfe
And thy selfe nowe, and such as suen our workes
For an outlaw in the woode, and vnder banke loutith
And may ech man see, and good marke take
Who is behynde & who before, & who so bē on horse
For he halt him hardier on horse, thā him ỹ is on fote
For he seeth me ỹ am samaritā, sue faieth & his felow
On my caple that hyght Caro, of mankynd I toke it
He was vnhardy that harlot, & hyd him in inferno
And er this day thre dayes, I dare vndertaken
That he worthe fetered that felon, faste wyth chaines
And neuer eft greue goine, that goeth this ilke gate
And thā shal faith be foster here, & in thys frith walke

Pierce profereth Christ to become his seruāt

And kennen outcomen me, that knowē not the cōtry
Wherych is the wai ꝑ I wēt, & wher forth to Ierusalē
And Hope ꝑ hostylers man, shal be ther ꝑ mā lyeth in
And al ꝑ feble & faint be, ꝑ faith mai not teche (healig
Hope shall leade hem forth w̄ loue, as his lore teache
And hostell hem & heale, through holy kirkes beleue
Tyll I haue salue for al sycke, & thā shal I returne
And come agayne by thys contrye, & cōforte all sycke
That craueth it or coueteth it, and crieth therafter
For ꝑ barne was borne in Bethlē, ꝑ w̄ his blode shal
Al ꝑ liuē in faith, & folowen his felowes teching (saue
A swete sir sayd I tho, whether shal I beleue
As Fayth and hys felowe, enfourmed me both
In thre persons depertable, that perpetual wer euer
And all thre but one god, thus Abraham me taught
And hope afterward, he bade me to loue
One god with all my good, and al gomes after
Loue hem lyke my selfe, and our lord aboue al.
After Abraham quod he, that heraud of armes
Set fast thy faythe, and fyrme beleue
And as hope hyghe the, I hote the that thou loue
Thyne euen christen euermore, euē forth w̄ thy selfe
And if conscience carpe ther againe, or kind wyt other
Or heritikes w̄ argumentes, thine hande ꝑ him shew
For god is after an hand, here nowe and knowe it
The father was first as a fyst, w̄ one fynger foldyng
Tyll hym loued and lust, to vnlosen hys fynger
And put it forth as w̄ a paum, to what place it should
The paume is pureli ꝑ hād, & proferith forth ꝑ figers
To minister & to make, ꝑ might of hand knowen
And betokeneth truly, tell who so lyketh
The holy goste of heauen, he is as the pawme

Of Christes resurrection

The trinite in one hande

The fyngers that fre be, to fold and to serue
Betokeneth sothly the sonne, ỹ sent was to the earth
That touched and tasted, at teaching of the pawme
Saynt Mary a maide, and man kinde laught.
Qui conceptus est de spiritu sancto
The father is than as a fiste, with finger to touch
Mulia omnia traham ad me ipsum.
Iohn. xii All that the pawme perceiueth, profitable to fele
Than are they all but one, as it an hande were
And thre sondry syghtes, in one shewyng
The pawme, for he putteth forth fingers & fist both
Ryght so reddily, reason it sheweth
Howe he that is holy goste, syre and sonne preueth
And as the hande holdes harde, & all things fast
Through four fingers & a thombe, forth wt ỹ pawme
Right so the father & the sonne, & .s. Spirite ỹ thyrd
Wythin hem thre, the wyde worlde holden
Both the welken and the wynd, water and earth
Heauen and hel, and all that therin is
Thus it is, nedeth no man trow none other
That thre thynges, belongeth in our lorde of heauen
And are Serples bi hẽ selfe, a sõder were they neuer
Nomore than my hãd may, moue wout my fyngers
And as my fiste is full hand, folden togythers
So is the father a full god, former and maker.
Tu fabricator omnium. &c.
The tri- And al the myght myd him is, in making of al things
nitie lyke The fyngers framẽ a full hãd, to purtrey & to paintẽ
an hande Caruynge and compassinge, is craft of the fingers
Ryght so is the sonne, the science of the father
And full god as is the father, no febler nor no better
The paume ỹ is pureli ỹ hãd, hath power by him self
Other wise than ỹ wrethẽ fist, or workmãshyp of fin-

gers

For the pawme hath power, to put out all ỹ ioyntes
And to vnfold the folden fist, at the fingers wyl
So is the holy goste god, neither greater ne lesse
Than is the syre and the sonne, & in the same myght
And all thre but one god, as is mi hãd & mi fingers
Unfolden or folden, my fist and my pawme
All is but one hande, howe so euer I turne it
And who so is hurte on the hande, euen in the middes
He may receyue ryght nought, reason it sheweth
For the fingers that folde should, and the fist make
For payne of the pawme, power hem fayleth
To cratche or to clawe, to clyppe or to holde
Were the middle of my hand, mayned or perished
I should receiue ryght nought, of that I reche might
And though my thombe & my fingers, boeth were to-swolen
And ỹ middle of my hand, wout malease
In many kinnes maners, I might my selfe helpe
Both moue and amẽd, though al my fingers oke
By thys skyll me thinketh, I se an euidence
That who so sinneth in the. l. Spirite, assoyled worth
Nether here ne else wher, as I here tel. (he neuer

Qui peccat in spiritum sanctum &c. Math. xii

For he ỹ pricketh god as in ỹ pawme, Qui peccat in spi.
For god ỹ father is as a fist, the sonne is as a fynger
The holy gost of heauẽ, is as it were the pawme
And who so sineth in. l. Spirite, it semeth ỹ he greueth
God that he grypeth wỏ, & woulde hys grace quench
And to a torche or a tapoure, the trinitie is lykened
As ware and a weeke, were twined togither
And than a syre flaming, forth out of both
And as ware and weeke, and hote syre togyther
Forstren forth a flame, and a fayre laye.

The holy goſt shewed by similituds.

So done the ſire and the ſonne, & alſo Spiritus ſanctus
Foſtren forth amonges folke, loue and beleue
And all kinne chriſten, clenſeth of ſynnes
And as thou ſeeſt ſometime, ſodenly a torche
The blaſſe therof blowen oute, yet burneth the weke
Without ley or lyght, that the match bzeuneth
So is the holy goſte god, and grace wout merci
To all vnkind creatures that couet to deſtroy
Lelly loue or lyke, that oure lorde ſhapte
And as glowing gleden, gladeth not theſe worzkemen
That waken and worzken, in winter nyghtes
As doth a kex or a cãdle, ỹ caught hath fire & blaſeth
No more doth ſire ne ſonne, ne ſaint ſpirit togythers
Graunte no grace, ne forgeuenes of ſynnes
Tyll the holy goſt gynne, to glowe and to blaſe
So that the holi goſt, gloweth but as a glede
Tyl that lelly loue, lygge on hym and blowe
And than ſtameth he as fyre, on father, & on Filius
And melteth her myght into mercye, as mẽ may ſe in
Iſycles & eueſes, through heate of the ſunne (winter
Melte inn a minute whyle, to miſt and to water
So grace of the holy goſt, the great myght of the tri-
Melteth mercye to merciable, & to no other (nitye
And as waxe without more, and a warme glede
Will bzennen and blaſen, al togythers
And ſolacen hem that may ſee, that ſyte in darekeneſ
So the father forgeueth folke, ỹ be of milde hertes
That rufully repenten, and reſtitution make
In as much as they may, amend and paye
And if it ſuffice not for a ſeth, ỹ in ſuch wildyeth
Mercy for hys mekeneſ wole make good ỹ remnaũt
And as the weke and fire, wyl make a warme ſtame

For

For to myzth mē wyth, that in the merke sytten
So will Chriſte of his curteſye, & mē cry hem mercy
Both forgeue and forget, and yet byd for hs
To the father of heauen, forgiuenes to haue
And he we fire at the ſtynt, four hundzed winter
But thou haue to we to take it wh, tinder or brockes
All thy laboure is loſte, and thy longe trauayle
For maye no fyre ſtame make, kayle it his kinde
So is the holy goſt god, and grace wythout mercye
To all vnkinde creatures, Chriſt him ſelfe witneſſeth.
Amen dico vobis neſcio vos. Mat. xxv
Be vnkind to thine euēchriſtē, & al that ꝑ canſt bydde
Deale and do penaunce, daye and nyght euer
And purchaſe al the pardon, of Pampilon and Rome
And indulgence ino we, & be ingratus to thy kynd
The holy goſt hereth the not, ne help may ꝑ by reaſō.
For vnkindnes quencheth him, that he can not ſhine
Ne brennene blaſe cleare, for blowynge of vnkindnes
Poule the apoſtle prouveth, whether I lye.
Si linguis hominum loquar. &c. i. Cor. xiii
Forthy beware ye wyſe men, that wh the world dele.
That rych ben & reaſō knoweth, rule wel your ſelues
Be not vnkynde I counſell you, to your euenchriſten
For many of you rych men, by my ſoule men telleth
Ye brēne but ye blaſe not, that is a blynd beacon.
Non omnis qui dicit domine domine, intrabit &c. Mat. vii.
Dliues died dampned, for hys vnkindnes
Of hys meate and of hys money, to men that it neded
Eche a rych I rede, regarde at hym take
And giue your good to that god, ꝑ grace of riſeth
For they that be vnkind to hs, hope I none other
But they dwell there Diues is, daye without ende

Thus is vnkindnes ỳ cõtrary, ỳ quencheth as it were
The grace of the holy gost, gods owne kynde
For that kind doth vnkynde for doth, as done these cur
Unkind chriſtẽ mẽ, for couetiſe & enuye (sed theues
Sleeth a man for his mouables, w̃ mouth or w̃ hãds
For ỳ the holy goſte hath to kepe, tho harlots deſtroy-
The which is life & loue, ỳ leye of mans body (eth
A good manne is like a torche or a tapoure
For euery maner good mã, may be likened to a torch
Or els to a tapour, to reuerence the trinitie
And who ỳ murdereth a good mã, me thinketh by my
He forðoth the leueſt lighte, ỳ our lord loueth (inwyt
And yet in many moe maners, mẽ offẽd the holy goſt
And this is the worſt wyſe, that any wyght myght
Sinne againſt .f. Spirite, aſſenten to deſtroyen
For couetiſe any kynnes thyng, ỳ Chriſt dere bought
Howe myght he aſke mercy, or any mercy hym helpe
That wicked and wilfuly, would mercy amentyce
Innocence is next god, & night and day cryeth
Uengeaunce vengeaunce, forgyuen be it neuer
That shẽt vs & shed our bloud, forshapt vs as it wer

Vindica domine sanguinem nostrum.

Apoc. vi

Thus vengeaunce vengeaunce, very charitie aſketh
And ſith holy kyrke and charitie, chargeth this ſo ſore
Leue I neuer ỳ our lorde wil loue, ỳ charitye lacketh
Ne haue pitie for any prater, there that he pleynyth
I poſe I had ſinned ſo, and ſhoulde no we dye
And am ſory that I dyd ſo, the ſaynt ſpirite agylt
Confeſſe me and crye his grace, god that all made
And mildly his mercy aſke, might I not be ſaued
Yes ſayd the Samaritan, ſo well thou might repent
That rightwiſnes bi repentance, to ruth might turne
And it is but ſeldome ſene, the ſothnes bereth witnes

Anye

Any creature that is culpable, before a kinges iustice
Be raũsomed before his repẽtaunce, ther al reasõ him
For ther ỹ party pursueth, the plee is so hudge(dãneth
That the kinge may do no mercy, til both men accord
And eyther haue equitie, as holy write telleth
Nunquam dimittitur peccatum. &c.
Thus it fareth by such folke, ỹ falsely al her liues
Euil lyue and letten not, tyll life hem forsake
Good hope that helpe shoulde, to wanhope turneth
Not of the nounpower of god, that he ne is mightful
To amende all that amis is, and his mercy greater
Than all our wicked workes, as holy wryte telleth.
Misericordia eius, super omnia opera eius. Psal. 145.
And er right ousnes to ruth turn, some restitutiõ biho-
His sorow is satisfactiõ for him, ỹ mai not pai (uith
Thre thinges there be, that done a man by strength
For to frye his owne house, as holy write sheweth
That one is a wicked wyfe, that wyl not be chastised
Her fere flyeth frome hir, for feare of her tonge
And if hys house be vnhiled, and raine on his heade
He seketh al aboute, tyll he slepe drye
And whan smoke and smoulder, smight in his sighte
It dothe him worse than his wyfe, or wete to slepe
For smolke and smolder, smyteth in hys eyen
Tyll he be bleard or blynde, and horse in the throte
Cougheth and curseth, that Christe gyue hem sorow
That should bring in better wood, or blowit til it brẽ
These thre that I tel of, ben thus to vnderstande
The wife is our wicked flesh, that wil not be chasted
For kinde cleueth on him euer, to contrary the soule
And though it fall it fint skiles, ỹ freilty is made
And that is lightly forgiuen, and forgetten both

Thre thinges driue a mã oute of hys house

To

To man that mercy asketh, and amend thynketh.
The rayne that raigneth, there we reste shoulde
By sykenes and sorowes, that we suffren oft
As Poule the apostle, to the people taught
Virtus in infirmitate perficitur.
ii. Cor. xii And though that men make, muche dole in her anger
And bē impatiēt in her penaūce, pure reasō knoweth
That they haue cause to cōtrary, by kind of her sikness
And lyghtly our Lord, at her lyues end
Hath mercy on such men, that so euil may suffer
And the smoke & the smolder, that smyte in our eien
That is couetise & vnkindnes ỳ quēcheth gods mercy
For vnkindnes is the contrary, of al kinnes reason
For there nis sicke ne sorye, ne none so much wretch
That he ne mai loue ẽ him like, & leue of his herte
Good wyll and good word, boeth wyshen and willen
All maner of mercy, and of forgiuenes
And loue hem like him selfe, and his like amend
I may no lenger let quod he, and lyard he pricked
And went away as wynd, & therwith I waked.

Passus. xviii. de visione.

WOlward & wetshode, went I forth after
As a rechles reuke, that of no wo retcheth
And yede forth like a lorell, al my lyfe tyme
Til I waxt wery of ỳ world, & wilde efte to
And lened me to a lenten, & longe tyme I slepte (slepe
And of christes passiō & penaūce, ỳ people of taught
Rest me ther and rut faste, till In ramis palmarum.
Of gerles and of Gloria laus, greatly me dremed
And howe Osanna, by Organy, olde folke songen
One sēblable to ỳ Samaritane, & sōdeale to Pierce ỳ
(plowman

Barefote on an alle backe, boteles came pryckynge
Wythout spoze oz speare, spackly he loked
As is the kynd of a knyght, that cõmeth to be dubbed
To get him gilt spozes, and galoches couped
Than was fayth in a kenester, and cried O fili Dauid,
As doth an heraud of armes, whã auẽtrous cõmeth
Old Jewes of Jerusalẽ, foz ioy they sõgẽ (to iustis
Benedictus qui uenit in nomine domini.
Than I frained at fayth, what all that fare bymente Mat.xxi.
Who should iuste in Jerusalem, Jesus he sayde
And fetch ẏ the kẽd claimeth, Pyerce frute ẏ plowmã
Is Piers in this place quod I, & he preint on me
Thys Jesus of his gentry, wil iust in Pierce armes
In his helme & in his herbergeon, Humana natura.
That Christ be not knowne here, foz consũmatus deus
In Pyerce paltock the plowmã, thys pryder shal ride
Foz no dinte shal him dere, as in Deitate patris,
Who shall iuste wt Jesus ẏ I, Jewes oz scribes.
Nay quod he the fould fende, & false dome & death.
Death sayth he shall fozdo, and adowne brynge
All that lyueth oz loketh, in londe oz in water
Lyfe sayth that he liueth, and layeth his lyfe to wed
That foz all that death can do, within thze dayes
To walke & fetch frõ the fend, Pierce fruit ẏ plowmã
And laye it there him liketh, and Lucifer bind
And foz to beat and downe bzing, bale death foz euer.
O mors, ero mors tua. Ozee. xiii
Thã came Pylate wt mich puple, Sedens pro tribunali.
To se how douty deth shold do, & deme her brothers
The Jewes & iustices, againe Jesu they were (right
And all the court on him cried, crucifige sharpe
Tho put him fozth a pylour befoze pylate and said

This Jesus apon Jewes temple, taped & dispised
To lordo it on one daye, and in thre dayes after
Edifie it eft newe, here he standes that saide it
And yet make it as muche, in al maner of poyntes
Both as longe and as large, by loft and by grounde
Crucifige quod a catch pole, I warrant him a witche
John. xix Tolle tolle quod an other, and toke of kene thornes
And began of kene thornes, a garlande to make
And set it fore on his heade, and sayde in enuy
Aue Rabbi sayde that rybaude, and threw redes at him
Nailed him with thre nailes, naked on the rode
And poyson on a pole, they put vp to his lyppes
And bydde him drinke his dethes euil, his daies were
And if that thou sotle be, helpe nowe they selfe (done
If ỹ be Christ & kinges sonne, come downe of ỹ rode
Thã should we leue ỹ life ỹ loueth, & wolnot let ỹ dye
Consũmatũ est, qꝺ Christe, and comseth for to swonne
Pitiously and pale, as a prisoner doth that dieth
The Lord of life & of light tho, laied his eies togither
The day for dread wythdrew, & darck became ỹ sõne
The wall wagged and clefte, & all the world quaued
Dead men for that dine, came out of depe graues
And told why that tempest, so longe time endured
For a bitter battel, the dead body said
Lyfe & deth in thys darknes, here one fordoth ỹ other
Shal no wight wit witterly, who shal haue maistrye
Ere sõday about sũne rising, & sanke wt that tyl earth
Some saide that he was gods sonne, ỹ so fayre dyed.
Mark. xv Vere filius dei erat iste.
And some said he was a wytch, good is that we assaie
Whether he be dead or not dead, down er he be taken
Two theues also tholed, death that tyme

Besides Christe apon a crosse, so was the cõmen lawe
A catchpole came forth, and cragged both the legges
And the armes after, of eyther of tho theues
And was no boye so bolde, godes body to touch
For he was knight & kings sõne, kind forgaue ỹ tyme
That no harlot were so hardy, to lay hand apon hym
And ther came forth a knyght, wt a kene spere ground
Hight Lõgis as ỹ letter telith, & lõg had lost his sight
Before Pilate and other people, in the place he houed
Maugre his many teth, he was made that time
To take his spere in his hande, and iusten wt Jesus
For al they wer vnhardi, that houed on horse or stode
To touch or to taste him, or taken downe of rode
But thys blynde bachyler, bare hym through the hert
The blud sprãg doun by ỹ spere, & vnsparryd hys eine
Then fel the knight apon his knees, & cried him mercy
Agayne my wyll it was lorde, to wound you so sore
He sighed and said sore it me forthinketh
For ỹ dede that I haue done, I do me in your grace
Haue on me ruth ryghtfull Jesu, & rygh wt ỹ he wept
Than gan Faith felly, the false Jewes despise
Called hem caytifes, accursed for euer
For this fowle villany, vengeaunce to you all
To do the blind bete him boũd, it was a boies cõsel
Cursed Caytifes, knighode was it neuer
To misdo a dead bodye, by day nor by nyght
The gre yet hath he gotten, for al hys greate wound
For your champion chyualer chyefe knyght of you all
Yelde hym recreant, runnyng right at Jesus wyll
For by this darcknes ido, hys death worth auenged
And ye lurdens haue loste, for life shall haue ỹ mastry
And your frãchis that fre was, fallẽ is in thraldome

He citith a ỹe out of the legend auti

And ye Cherles & your chyldrē, chyuen shal you neuer
Ne haue lordshyp in lande, ne no lande tyll.
But all bareyne be, and vsury vsen
Which is lyke that our lord, in al lawes accurseth
Now your good daies ar done, as Daniel prophecied
Whā Christ come, her kigdome & croune shuld cease
Cum venerit sanctus sanctorum, tunc cessabit unctio vestra.
What for feare of the farly, and of the false Jewes
I drowe me in that darkenes, to Descendit ad inferna,
And there I saw sothly, Secundum scripturas,
Out of the west cost, a wenche as me thought
Came walking in the way, to hetward she loked
Mercy hyght that mayde, a meke thyng withall
A full benigne byde, and buxeome of speche
Hyr syster as it semed, came worthely walking
Euen out of thest, and west ward she loked
A full comely creature, Truth she hyght
For the vertue ꝑ her folowed, afered was she neuer
Whan these maydens mette, mercy and truth
Eyther asked other, of thys great meruell
Of the din & of the darkenes, & howe the day renned
And which a lyght and aleme, laye before hel
I haue farly of thys fare, in fayth sayd trueth
And am wending to wit, what thes wonder meneth
Haue no merueyle ꝙ mercy, myrth it betokeneth
A mayd that hyght mary, and mother without felyng
Of any kynnes creature, conceyued through speach
And grace of the holie gost, were great with chylde
Without wembe into thys world, she brought hym
And that my tale be true, I take God to wytnes
Syth thys barne was borne be. xxx. wynter past
Which died & death tholed, this day about midday

The lord accurseth vsurers.

Dani. ix.

And

And that is cause of this clipse, ỹ closed now the sũne
In meaning that man shal, from merknes be drawẽ
The which this light & this leem, shal Lucifer ablend
For Patriarks & Prophets, haue preched it often
That man shall man saue, throughe a maydens helpe
And that was tyne through tree, tree shall it wynne
And that death downe brought, death shal releue
That thou telleſt quod truth, is but a tale of waltrot
For Adam and Eue, Abrahaam and other
Patriarkes and prophets, that in paine liggen
Leue thou neuer that yon lyght, thẽ may aloft bringe
Ne haue them out of hell, holde thy tonge mercye
It is but a tryfle that ỹ telleſt, I truth wote the soth
For that is once in hel, out cometh he neuer
Job the prophete patriarke, repugneth thy sawes.
Quia in inferno nulla est redemptis. Job. bik.
Than mercy ful mekely, mouthed theſe wordes
Throughe experience ỹ che, I hope they shal be saued
For venime fordoth venime, & that I proue by reasõ
For of all venimes, foulest is the Scorpion
May no medicine help the place, there he styngeth
Till he be dead and do thereto, the euil he destroyeth Poyson expelleth poyson.
The firſte venime moyst, through venime of him selfe
So shall thys deathe fordo, I dare my life ligge
All that death did firſte, throughe ỹ deuils entisinge
And right as through gile, man was begiled
So shall grace that began, make a good sleight
Ars vt artem falleret.
Nowe suffer we said truth, I se as me thinketh
Out of the nyppe of the north, not full farre hẽce
Ryght wyſenes come runnynge, reſte we the while
For he wotteth more than we, he was er we both

That is soth sayd mercy, and I se here by south
Where peace cometh playing, in pacience clothed
Loue hath couetid hir long, leue I none other
But he sent her some letter, what this light bemeneth
That ouerhoueth hell thus, she vs shall tell
Whã peace in pacięce clothed, thus aproched nigh hẽ
Rightfulnes her reuerẽced, for hir rich clothig (twain
And prayed peace to tell her, to what place she would
And in hir gay garment, whom she grete thought
The talk betwene Justice & peace. My wyll is to wende q she, and to welcome them al
That many a day might not se, for merknes of sinne
Adam and Eue, and other mo in hel
Moses and many mo, mercy shall haue
And I shall daunce therto, do thou so syster
For Jesus iusteth well, I oye beginneth dawe
℔ sal. xxx. Ad vesperũ demorabitur fletus, et ad matutinũ leticia.
Loue that is milemmon, such letters me sent
That mercy my sister and I, mankind shuld saue
And ỹ God hath forgeuẽ & graũted me peace & mercy
To be mans meinpernour for euermore after
Lo here the patent quod peace, In pace in idipsum.
And that this dede shall dure, Dormiam et requiescam,
What rauest ỹ q right wisenes, or ỹ arte ryght dronk
Leuest thou that yon light, vnlocke myght hel
And saue mans soule, sister wene it never.
At the beginning, god gaue the dome him selfe
That Adam and Eue, and all that hem sewed
Shuld dye downe right, and dwel in pyne after
If that they touched a tre, and the frute eaten
Adam after ward, agaynst hys defence
Frete of that frute, and forsothe as it were
The loue of our lord, and his lore both

And

And folowed ỹ the fende taught, & hys felowes wyl
Agaynst reaſō & right wiſnes, record thus with truth
That their payne be perpetuall, & no prayer thē help
Therfore let them cheue as they chose, & chide we not
For it is boteles bale, the byt ỹ they eaten. (ſisters
And I ſhal proue ỹ peace, theyr payne muſt haue end
And we into weale, muſt wende at laſt
For had thei wyſt of no wo, weale had thei not know
For no wight wotes what weale is, ỹ neuer wo ſu- Contra-
Ne what is whote hūgre, ỹ neuer had defaut (ffred ries be
I kno night nere, no man as I leue knowne
Should wyte witerly, what day is to meane by the cō-
Should neuer ryght ryehman, ỹ liueth in reſt and eaſe traries,
Wyte what wo is, ne were the death of kinde
So God that began al, of his Good will
Became man of a mayd, mankinde to ſaue
And ſuffer to be ſold, to ſe the ſorow of dying
The which bikrytteth all cāre, and comſing is of reſt
For tyl modicum met wō hym, I may it well avowe
Wote no wight as I wene what is inough to meane
Therfore God of his goodnes ỹ firſt gome Adam
Set hym in ſolace and in ſouereyne myrth
And ſyth he ſuffred him ſinne, ſorow we to kele
To wit what weale was, kyndly to knowe it
And after God auētred hym ſelfe, & toke Adams kynd
To wytt what he had ſuffred, in thre ſundry places
Both in heauen and in earth, and to hel he thinketh
To wyt what all wo is that wote of all ioye
So it ſhal fare by this folke, their foly & their ſynne
Shal lerne hem what langor is, & lyke wythout end
Wote no wyght what warre is, ther ỹ peace reyneth
Ne what is witerly weale, till wela weye hym teache

Than

Bokes be holde.

Than was there a wyght, with two brode eyne
Boke hyght that braupier, a bolde man of speach
By gods body, quod thys boke, I wil bear witnes
That tho this barne was borne, there blased a starre
That al the wisemē of thys world, in one wit accordē
That suche a barne was borne, in Bethlems citye
That mans soule shoulde saue, and synne destroy
And al ỹ elemētes saith the boke, hereof bereth witnes
That he was god ỹ al wrought, ỹ welkē first shewed
Tho that were in heauen, tooken Stella cometa,
And tinderden hir as a torche, to reuerence his brith
The light folowed the lorde, into the lowe earth
The water witnessed ỹ he was god, for he wēt on it
Peter the apostle perceiued his gate
And as he wēt on the water, wel him knew & said
Iube me venire ad te super aquas.
Mat. xiiii And lo how the sunne gan lacke, her light in her selfe
When she see him suffer, that sunne and sea made
The earth for heuines, that he would suffer
Quaked as quycke thing, and al to quassed the roch
Lo hell myght not holde, but opened tho God tholed
And let out Simons sonnes, to se him hang on roode
And now shal Lucifer leue it, though him loth thinke
For Gygas the gyant, with a gynne engined
To brake and to beate downe, ỹ bene agayne Iesus
And I boke wolde brente, but Iesus rise to lyue
In al myghtes of man, and his mother glade
And conforten all hys kynne, & out of care bringe
And all the Iewes sorye, vnioyne and vnloken
And but if thei reuerēce his rode, and his resurrection
And bileue on a newe law, be lost life and soule.
Suffer we sayd Truth, I heare and I se both

Howe

Howe a spirite spcked to hel, & byd vnspar ꝑ gates
Attollite portas. &c. Ps. xxiiii
I voyce lowde in that lyght to Lucifer sayd
Princes in this place vnpinneth and vnlocketh
For here commeth ꝙ crowne, that king is of glory
Than sighed Sathan, and sayde to hem all
Such a light againste our leaue, Lazar out fette
Care and combraunce is commen to vs all
If this kinge come in, mankind wil he fetch
And lead it there him liketh, and lightly me bind
Patriarkes and prophetes, haue parled here of long
That suche a Lorde & a lighe, shoulde lead hē al hēce
Listeneth quod Lucifer, for I this lorde knowe
Both this Lorde & this light, is long ago I knew it
May no death him deare, ne no deuiles quentise
And wher he wil is his wai, & warne him of ꝑ perels
If he reue me of my right, he robbeth me bi mastrye
For by right and by reason, the reukes that ben here
Body and soule be mine, both good and euil
For him selfe saide, that syre is of heauen
If Adam eate the appel, all shoulde dye
And dwel with vs deuels, this threatenyng he made
And he that sothnes is, said these wordes
And sithen he seased, seuen hundred wynter
I leue that lawe nil not, leaue him the least.
That is sothe quod Satan, but I me sore dreade
For thou gate hem with gile, and his graden brake
And in semblaunce of a serpent, sate apō the appletre
And eggedest hem to eate, Eue by hir name
And toldest hir a tale, of treson were thy wordes,
And so thou haddest hem out, and hider at the last
It is not graithly gayten, there gyle is the rote

Lucifer reasoneth the matter.

For God will not be begiled ꝙ Gobelyn, ne be laped,
We haue no tru title to hē for bi treſō wer thei dāmid
Certes I dread ꝙ this deuell, leſt truth wil hē fetch
Out of our poſtye, and leden hem hence
Theſe .xxx. winter as I wene, he hath gone & preched
I haue aſayled hym with ſynne, and ſometime aſked
Wher he wer god or gods ſōn, he gaue me ſhort an-
And thus he hath troſid furth this xxxii. winter (ſwer
And when I ſe it was ſo, ſleaping I went
To warne Pilatus wife, what done mā was Jeſus
Pilates wife. For Jewes hated him and haue done him to death,
I wolde haue lengthed his lyfe for I leued if he dyed
That his ſoulde ſhuld ſuffre no ſynne in his ſyght,
For ỳ body while it on bones yede, about was euer
To ſaue man from ſinne, if him ſelfe woulde
And now I ſe wher a ſoul cometh hitherward ſaſlig
With glory and wt great light, god it is I wote wel
I red we flee quod he, faſte all hence
For vs were better not be, then abyde his ſyght
For thy leſinges lucifer, loſt is al our praye
Firſt through the we fell, from heauen ſo hye
For we beleued on thi leaſings ſtorne we haue Adam
And all oure lordſhips I leue, on land and on water.
Luke. xii. Nunc princeps huius mundi, eiicietur foras.
Eft the light bad vnloke, and Lucifer anſwered
What lordart thou quod Lucifer, Quis eſt iſte:
Rex glorie The light ſoone ſayd,
And lord of might and of mayne & al maner vertues,
Dominus virtutum,
Dukes of this dimme place, anon vndo theſe gates
That Chriſt may come in, the kings ſonne of heauen
And with that breath hel brake, with belials barres
For anie wye or warde, wyde open the gates

Patriarkes

Patriarkes and prophetes, Populus in tenebris
Songen saynt Johns songe, Ecce agnus dei
Lucifer loke ne might, so lyght hym ablent
And tho that our lorde loued, into hys light he laught
And sayd to Satan, lo here my soule to amendes
For all sinfull soules, to saue tho that ben worthy
Mine they be and of me, I mai the better hem claime
Although reason recorde, and myght of my selfe
That if they ate the apple, all shoulde dye
I behyght them not here, hell for euer
For the dede that they did, thy disceyte it made
Wyth gyle thou hem gote, agaynst all reason
For in my palace Paradice, in parson of an addre
Falsely thou fettest there, thynge that I loued
Thus lyke a lysard, wyth a Ladyes bisage
Thefely thou me robbest, the olde lawe graunteth
That gilers be begyled, and that is good reason
Dentem pro dente, et oculum pro oculo. Deut. xix
Ergo soule shal soule quite, and sinne to synne wende Soule for soule
And all that man hath misdo, I may well amend
Membre for membre, in the old lawe was amendes
And life for life also, and by that lawe I clayme it
Adam and all hys issue, at my wyll hereafter
And that death in hem fordid, my death shall releue
And both quicke & quite, ỹ queint was thorow sinne
And that grace gile destroyeth, good faith it alketh
So leue I not Lucifer, againe the lawe I fetch hem
But by ryght & by reason, raunsome here my liges Mat.5
Non veni soluere legem, sed adimplere.
Thou fettest myne in my place, agaunst all reason
Falsely and felonlye, good fayth me it taught
To recouer hem by raunsome, and by no reason els.

So ỳ through gile thou gate, through grace it is wō
Thou Lucifer in lykenes, of a luther odder.
Gatiste by gile, tho that God loued
And in likenes of a Leode, that lorde am of heauen
Graciously thy gile haue quite, go gyle againe gyle
And as Adam and all, through a tre dyed
Adam & al through a tre, should turne againe to life
And gyle is giled, and in hys gyle fallen

Et cecidit in foueam quam fecit.

Psal. vii

Nowe begynneth thy gile agayne the to turne
And my grace to grow aye, greater and wyder
The bitternes ỳ thou hast brewed, broke it thy selfe
Thou art doctor of death, drynke that thou madeste
For I that am Lorde of lyfe, loue is my dryncke
And for that drynke to daye, I dyed apon earth
Ifought so me thristeth, yet for mans soule sake
May no drincke me moyst, ne my thyrst slake
Tyll the vendage fall, in the vale of Josaphat
That I drinke right ripe must resurrectio mortuorum
And thē shal I come as a king crowned with angels
And haue out of hell, all mennes soules
Fendes and fende kynnes, before me shall stande
And bene at my biddinge, where so euer me liketh
And to be merciable to man, that my kind it asketh
For we ben brethern of bloud, but not of baptisme al
And all that bē mi hole brethren, in bloud & baptisme
Shal not be damned to death, that is without ende.

Tibi soli peccaui. &c.

Psalm. li

It is not vsed in earth, to hangen a felon
Ofter than once, thoughe he were a traitour
And if the king of that kingedome, come in that time
There the felon thole shoulde, death other else
The law wold haue geue him life, if he loked on hym

And

And I that am kinge of kinges, shall on such a tyme
There come to the death, dãpneth all wycked (come
And if I awe will I loke on them, it lieth in my grace
Whether they dye or dye not, for that they dyd yll
Be it any thynge, about the boldenes of their synnes
I do merci through righteousnes, & al mi words true
And though holy write wil, ỹ I be wroke of hẽ that
Nullum malum impunitum. &c. (did euyll
They shold be clẽsed clearly, & washẽ of her sinnes
In my prison purgatory, tyll Peace it hote
And my mercy shal be shewed, to many of my brethrẽ
For bloud may suffer bloud, both hungry and colde
And bloud may not se bloud blede, but him rewe
Audiui arcana verba, que non licet homini loqui. 2. Cor. xii
And my ryghtuousnes and right, shall rule all hel
And mercy all mankind, before me in heauen
For I were an vnkinde kinge, but I my kinde helpe
And namely at such a nede, ther nedes help behoueth
Non intres in iudicium cum seruo tuo. Ps. cxlii.
Thus by lawe quod this Lord, leade I will frõ hẽce
Tho that me loued, and leued in my commynge
And for thy lesing Lucifer, that thou liest to Eue
Thou shalt abye it better, & boũd him with Chaines
Astaroth and al the route, hid hem in hernes
They durst not loken on our lord, the boldest of hẽ all
But letteẽ him leadforth what hi liked, & let what him
Manye hundred of angels, harpen and sange (lyste
Culpat caro, purgat caro, regnat deus dei caro.
Than pyped Peace, of poesie a note.
Clarior est solito post marina nebula phebꝰ, post inimicitias.
After sharpe shoures ỹ peace, most sheene is ỹ sunne
Is no weader warmer, than after watery cloudes

Ne no loue leuer, no better frendes
Thã after warre & wo, whã loue & peace be maisters
Was neuer war in this world, ne wickednes so kene
That ne loue and him luste, to laughyng ne brought
And Peace throughe patience, all peryl stopped.
Truie quod Trueth, thou tellest vs soth by Jesus
Clype we in couenaunt, and ech of vs kisse other
And let no people quod Peace, perceiue that we chid
For impossible is nothynge, to hym that is almighty
Thou saist soth quod rightuousnes, & reuerẽtly hi kissed
Peace and peace here, per omnia secula seculorum.

Psa. 85. Misericordia et veritas obuiauerunt sibi.
Justicia et pax osculate sunt.

Truth trumped tho, and song, Te deum laudamus
And than luted Loue, in a loude note.

Psa. 132. Ecce quam bonum, et quam iocundum. &c.

Tyll the daye dawed, these damsels daunced
That mẽ rãg to ỹ resurrectiõ, & right wt ỹ I waked
And called Kit my wife, and Colet my daughter
Aryse and reuerence, Gods resurrection
And crepe to ỹ crosse on knees, & kisse it for a Jewell
For Gods blessed bodye, it bate for oure bote
And it afereth the fende, for suche is the might
Maye no gryslye goste glyde, there it shadoweth

## Passus. xix. de visione.

Thus I walked & wrote what I had dremed
And dight me dearly, and dyd me to kyrke
To here holy ỹ masse, & to be housled after
In mids of the masse, men went to offering
I fell efte sones a slepe, and sodaynely me mette
That Pierce the plowman, was painted all bloudye

And

And came in with a crosse before the cõmune people
And right lyke in all lymmes to our lorde Jesus
Than called I conscience, to kenne me the soth
Is this Jesu ỳ iuster ꝙ I, that Jewes did to death
Or is it Piers the Plowmã, who paited him so red-
Quod Cõscience & kneled tho, these are Piers armes Piers cote armour
His colour & hys cote armor, & he ỳ cometh so blody
Is Christe w̃ his crosse, cõquerour of christendome
Why cal ye him Christ ꝙ I, syth Jewes call him Je-
Patriarkes and prophetes prophecied before (sus
That all kynnes creatures, shoulde knele and bowe
Anon as men named, this hight name of Jesus
Ergo is no name, to the name of Jesus
Ne none so neadful to name, by nygh nor by daye
For all the darke deuels, are a drade to here it
And synfull are solaced and saued by that name
And ye call hym Christ, for what cause tyl me.
Is Christe more of myght, and more worthy name
Than Jesu or Jesus, that al our ioye came of-
Thou knowest wel quod cõscience, & ỹ can reason
That knyght kynge conquerour, may be one parson
To be called a knight is fair, for mẽ shal knele to him
To be called kyng is fairer, for he mai kinghts make
And to be cõquerour called, ỹ cometh of special grace
And of herdines of hert, and of hendines boeth
To make Lordes or ladyes, of land that he winneth
And fre men foule thrales, that folow not hys lawes
The Jewes that were gẽtilmen, Jesu they despised
Both his lore & his lawe, now are they low cherles
As wide as the worlde is, wonneth none therin
But vnder tribute and tallage, as tikes and cherles
And tho that became christẽ, bi coũsel of the baptime

Are

Christe crowned kynge.

Are frankelens fremen, through fullynge ỹ they toke
And gentilmen wyth Jesu, for Jesus was ifulled
And apó Caluery on crosse, crowned king of Jewes
It becommeth to a king, to kepe and to defende
As conquerour of conqueste, his lawes & his large
And so did Jesus ỹ Jewes, he iustified & taught hẽ
The lawe of life, that laste shal euer
And defende from foule euiles, feners and fluxes
And from fendes that in them were, & false beleue
Tho was he Jesus of Jewes, called gẽtle prophete
And king of her kingdome, & crowne bare of thorns
And tho conquered he on crosse, as cõquerour noble
Wight no death him forbo, ne adowne bring
That he naroos and raygned and rauished hell
And tho was he conquerour called of quick & ofdead
For he gaue Adam and Eue, and othermoe blysled
That longe had layne before, as Lucifers cherles
And sythẽ he gaue largelye, all hys lelly lieges
Places in Paradice, at her partinge hence
He may wel be called cõqueror, & ỹ is Christ to mean
And the cause ỹ he cometh thus, w̃ crosse of passion
Is to wishen vs therw̃, that whẽ that we be tẽpted
Therw̃ to fight & fend vs, frõ fallyng into synne
And se by hys sorowe, that who so loueth ioye
To penaunce and to pouerty, he must put him selfe
And much wo in thys worlde, willen and suffren
And for to carpe more of Christ, & how he came to ỹ
Faithly to speake, his first name was Jesus (name
Tho he was borne in Bethlem, as the boke telleth
And came to take mankinde, kynges and angels
Reuerenced him faire, with riches of this earth
Angels out of heauen came, knelinge and songe

Glo-

Gloria in excelsis deo.

Kynges commen after, knellinge and offred,
Myrre and much golde wythout mede askinge
Or ani kins catel, but knowledging him loueraigne
Both of sonde sunne and sea, & sithen they wenten
Into their kingdome kyth, by counsel of angels
And ther was ỳ word fulfilled, ỳ which ỳ of spake

The gyftes that ỳ iii kyngs offered.

Omnia celestia terrestria flectãtur, in hoc nomine Jesu. Philli. ii.

For all the angels of heauen at his byrth kneled
And all the wyt of ỳ worlde was in tho thre kinges
Reason & rightuousnes, and ruthe they offered
Wherfore and why, wyse men that tyme
Maisters and lettred men, Magi hem called.
That one king came wt reason, couered vnder sence
The second kynge sothly, sithens he offered
Ryghtuousnes vnder redde golde, reasons felowe
Golde is likened to leauty, that last shall euer
And reason to ryche golde, to ryght and to truth.
The thyrde kynge tho came knelynge to Jesu
And presented hym with pety, apperynge to mirre
For myrre is mercy to meane, & mild speach of tong
Thre in like honest things, wer offred thus at once
Throughe thre kinne kinges, knelinge to Jesus
And for al these precious prestēts, our lord price Jesus
Was net her king ne cõqueror, til he gã to wexe(
In the maner of a man, and that by much sleght
As becõmeth a conquerour to kome mani slightes
And many wylles and wytte, that woll be a leder
And so did Jesus in those daies, who so had time to
Somtime he suffred, & somtyme he hid him (tellit
And sometime he fought fast, and fle other while
And somtime he gaue good, & graunted heale both

Lyfe and lyme, as he lyste he wrought
As kynde is of a coquerour, so coinsed Jesu
Tyll he hadde all them, that he for bledde
In his iuuente, this Jesus at the Jewen feaste
Christ worketh miracles. Water into wyne turned, as holy wryte telleth
And there began God of hys grace to do wel,
For wyne is likened to lawe, and life of holines
And law lacked tho, for mē loued not her enmies.
And Christ coūceleth thus, & commaūdeth also
Both to lerned & to lewde, to loue our enemies
So at the feaste firste, as I before sayde
Began god of his grace, & of his goodnes to do wel
And tho was he cleped & called not only Christ but
A faunt fine ful of witte, Filius Marie. (Jesu
Before his mother Mary, made he that wonder
That she firste and formoste, ferme should beleue
That he through grace was get, & no gome els
He wrought that by no wyt, but by word onely
After the kynd ỹ he came of, there cōsed he to do well
And whē he was werē more, in his mothers absēce
He made lame to leape, and gaue light to blyndt
And fedde with two fyshes, and with fyue loues
Fore afingered folke, mo than fyue thousande
Thus he cōforted the carefull, and caught a greate
The which was dobet, wher that he went (naine
For dese through his doigs to hear, & dōb to speak
And al he heled & helpt, ỹ hi of grace asked (he made
And tho was he called in cōtry, of the cōmon people
For the dedes that he did. Filii Dauid Jesus.
For Dauid was doutiest of dedes in hys tyme
1. Reg. 18 The birds tho sōgs Saul interfecit mille, & Dauid x. ml.
Therfore ỹ cōtry ther Jesu came, called hi filii Dauid

Jud

And named him of Nazareth, & no man so worthy
To be Cayser or kinge, of the kingedome of Juda
Ne ouer Jewes iustice, as Jesu was hem thought
Wher of Cayphas had enuy, and other of ỳ Jewes
And for to do him to death, day & night they caston
Killed hym on crosse wyse, at Caluery on a fryday
And sithen buried his bodi, & beden that mẽ should
Kepe it from night commers w̃ knightes iarmed
For no frẽdes hold hi fetch, for prophets hem tolde
That, that blessed body, of burieis shoulde arise
And gone into Galile, and gladden his apostles
And his mother Mary, thus men before deined
The knyghtes that kept it, beknew it hem selues
That angels and archangels, ere the day spronge
Cõmen kneling to ỳ corps & sõgen Christus resurgens
Euery man before hem all, & furth w̃ hem he yede
The Jewes praidẽ peace, and besought ỳ knightes
Tel ỳ cõmen ỳther came, a cõpani of his apostles
And bewiched hem as thei wokẽ, & awai stollẽ him
And Mary Magdalen met him by the way,
Goynge to warde Galile in godhead and mãhead
A lyue and lokinge, and she a lowde cried,
In ech a company there she came Christus resurgens,
Thus came it out ỳ Christ ouer came, recouerd &

Sic oportet Christum pati et intrare. (liued Luk. 24

For that women witteth, may not well be counsel
Peter perceyued thys, and pursued after
Both James and John, Jesu for to seke
Thade and ten moe, with Thomas of Inde
And as these wyse wyes weren togythers
In an house all be shette and the dores barred
Christe came in and al closed both dore & gates

Whi Christ app: a-ted firste to a woman.

To Peter and to his Apostles, saide Pax vobis.
And toke Thomas bi ẏ hãd, & taught him to grope
And fele with his fingers, hys fleshye herte
Thomas Didimus Joh. xx. Thomas touched it, and with hys tonge saide
Dominus meus, et deus meus.
Thou art my Lorde, I beleue, god Lord Jesu
Thou diedst and death tholist, and deme shal vs all
And nowe art liuinge and lokyng, and laste shal euer
Christe carped than, and curteslye sayde
Thomas for thou trowest it, and truly beleuest it
Blessed might thou be, and be shalt for euer
And blessed might they all be, in body and in soule
That neuer shall se me, in sight as thou dost now
Joh. xx. And lelly beleue all thys, I loue hem & blesse hem
Beati qui non viderunt. &c.
And whan thys dede was done, Dobest he taught
And gaue Pierce power, and pardon he graunted
To all maner of men, mercye and forgiuenes
Hym myght to assoyle men, of all maner of sinnes
In couenaunt ẏ they come, and knowledge to paye
To Pierces pardon the plowman, Redde quod debes
Pierces pardõ is, pat ẏ thou aweste. Thus hath Pierce power, be his pardon payed
To bynde and vnbinde, both here and els where
And assoylen menne of all synnes, saue dette onely
Anone after, an hyghe into heauen
He went and wonneth there, and will come at laste
And reward him right well, that Reddit quod debet.
And payeth perfitely, as pure Trueth would
And what person payeth it not, punishe he thinketh
And demen hem at domisdaye, both quicke & deade
The good to the Godheade, and to great ioye
The wycked to wonne, in wo without ende

Thus

Thus Conscience of Christ, and of the crosse carped
And coũceled me to knele, & thẽ came as me thought
One Spiritus paracletus, to Pierce & to hys felowes The holy
In lykenes of a lyghtenyng, he light apon hem all Goste.
And made hem kon and know, al kinne languages
I wondered what that was, and wagged Cõsciẽce
And was a ferde of the light, for in fyres likenes
Spiritus paracletus, ouer spredе hem al
Quod Cõscience & kneled, this is Christes messẽger
And cõmeth frõ the great god, & grace is hys name
Knele nowe q Conscience, and if thou can singe
Welcome him & worshyp him, wt Veni creator spirt.
Than sange I that song, and so many hundred (tus
And cried with conscience, helpe vs god of grace
Than began grace, to go with Pierce plowman
And coũceled hym & Conscience the cõmune to somẽ
For I will deale to daye, and dyuide grace
To all kinne creatures, that han their fiue wittes
Treasure to liue by, to their liues ende
And weapon to fyght with, that shall neuer fayle
For Antichriste and hys, all the worlde shall greue
And accumbre the Conscience, but if Christ helpe
And false prophetes, fell flatterers and glosers
Shal come & be curatours, ouer kinges & Erles
And pryde shall be Pope, and prynce of holy kyrke
Couetise and vnkindenes, Cardinals hem to leade
Therfore q Grace, er I go I wil gyue you tresure
And wepõ to fight wt, whã Antichrist you assaileth
And giue ech man a grace, to guide with him selfe
That idlenes encombre him not, enuye ne pryde.
Diuisiones graciarum sunt.
To some he gaue wit, with wordes to shewe

Wytte

The gyftes of the holy goost.

Wyt to win their lyuelod with, as ỹ worlde asketh
As preachers and prestes and prentises of lawe
They lelly to lyue by labour of tong
And bi wit to wisse̅ other as grace the̅ wolde teache
And some he kenned craft, and conning of light
Wyth selling and bigging, their lyuelod to wynne
And lerned some to labour, a lelly lyfe and a true
And some he taught to tylye, dyche and to heyge
To wyn w̄ their lyuelod by lore of hys teachynge.
Some to diuine and deuide, nombres to kenne
And some to se and to say what shuld befall
Both of well and of woe, tell it or it fell,

Astronomers.

As astronomers bi astronomi, & philosophers wise
And some to ride & recouer, ỹ vnryghtfull was wō
He wished he̅ win it again thrugh wightnes of hād
And fetch it from false men with foule iuels lawes
And some he lerned to liue, in longinge to be hence
In pouertie and in penaunce, to pray for al chrysten
And all he lerned to be lelly, & ech a craft loue other
And forbad them al debate ỹ none were among the̅
Though some be cleuer then some, ye se wel ỹ grace
That men of ỹ fairest craft, to ỹ foulist I could haue
Thynk al ỹ grace, ỹ grace cometh of mi gyfte, (put
Loke that none lacke other, but loue al as brethern
And who ỹ mooste masteries cā, ỹ mildest of bering
And crown cōscience kig, & make craft your stewarde
And after craftes counsell clothe you and fede,

Pieres offices

For I make piers ỹ plowmā mi procuratour & my
And register to receiue reddе quod debes, (true
My promisor & my plowman pyers shalbe on erth,
And for to tell truth a treme shal he haue,
Grace gaue Pyers a teme fo wyth great oxen,

That

That one was Luke, a large beast & a low chered
And Mark & Mathew ỳ third, mighty beasts both
And ioyned to hem one John, most gentle of al
The price net of Pierces plow, and passing al other
And grace gaue pierce of his goodnes, four stottes
All that hys oxen erted, they to harrowe it after
One hyght Austen, and Ambrose an other
Gregory the greate clarke, and Jerome the good
These four ỳ faith to teach, foloweth Perces teme
And harowed in an hande while, all holy scripture
With two harowes that they had, an old & a newe.
Id est vetus testamentum et nouum.
And Grace gaue graines, the cardinall vertues
And sewe it in mans soule, & sithē told her names
Spiritus prudencie, the firste sede hyght
And who so eateth that, ymagen he shoulde
Ere he did anye dede, deuise well the ende
And learned men a ladle buzge, wyth a long stele,
That caste for to kepe a croke, to saue the fat aboue
The seconde sede hyght, Spiritus temperantie
He that eate of that, sede had suche a kynd
Shuld neuer meat ne much drink, make him to swel
Ne houlde no scourer ne skolde, oute of skyll hym
Ne wyning ne wealth, of worldly riches (bringe
Wast worde of ydlenes, ne wicked speach moue
Should no curious cloth, come on hys rygge
Ne no meate in his mouth, ỳ master John spiced.
The third sede ỳ piers sewe was, Spiritꝰ fortitudinis
And who so eate of that sede, hardye was euer
To suffer all that God sente, sickenes or angers
Wyght no leasinges ne lier, ne losse of worldly cattel
Make him for any mournig, ỳ he nas mery in soule

ỳ three ỳ lowemans oxen.

The sede ỳ pierce soweth.

And

And bolde and abidinge bismeres to suffer
And playeth all with patience, and Parce michidomine
And couereth him vnder counsel, of Caton the wise
Esto fortis animo, cum sis damnatus inique.
The fourth sede ỹ Pierce sewe, was Spiritus iusticie
And he that eateth of that sede, shal be euer true
With god and not agaste, but of gile one
For Gile goth so priuelie, ỹ good layt h otherwhile
May not be espied fro Spiritus iusticie,
Spiritus iusticie, spareth not to spill,
Them that bē gyltye, and for to correct
Justyce leaneth no sinne vnpunished.
The kynge if he fall in gylte or in trespace
For coūteth he no kigs wrath, whē he court sitteth
To demen as a domes man, adrad was he neuer
Neither of Duke ne of death, that he ne dydlawe
For presentesne for prayers, or ani princes letters
He did equitie to all, euen forth his power
These four sedes piers sewe, & sith he did hē harow
With tholde lawe and new, that loue myght were
Amonge the four vertues and vices to destroy
For cōmunely in contries, cammokes & wedes
Fouleth ỹ frute in the feld, ther they grow togiders
And so done vices, vertues worthy
Quod Piers harroweth al, ỹ konneth kind witte.
By counsel of these doctours
And tilleth after her teachinge ỹ cardinall vertues,
Againe these graines & grace, gynneth for to ripe
Ordeine the an house & Piers, to harber in ỹ corne
By god Grace quod Piers, ye moote giue time
And ordayne that house, or ye hence wende
And Grace gaue him ỹ crosse wh ỹ crown of thorns
That Christe apon caluery for mankinde on pined

And

And of his baptisme and bloud, that he bled on rode
He made a maner mortare, and mercy it hight
And therwyth grace gan, to make a good fundamēt
And walled it & watled it, wt his paines & his passion
And of al holy wryte, he made a rouse after
And called that house vnyte, holy churche in englysh
And whan this dede was done, grace deuised
A carte hight christen dome, to cary Pierces sheues
And gaue him caples to his carte, cōtrition & cōfessiō
And made pryesthode hayward, whyle hym selfe wēt
As wide as the world is, wt Pierce to tilly truth.
Now gets Pierce to the plowe, & pryde it spied
And gadered him a greate host, to greue hym he thin-
Cōscience & all christen, and cardinalle vertues (keth
Blow hē downe & breake hem, & bite at two ỹ mores
And sent forth Surquidous, his sargeant of armes
And his spye spill loue, one speake euil behynd
These two comen to cōscyence, and to chrysten people
And tolde hem tidinges that time they sholde the sedes
That Pierce there had sowne, the cardinal vertues
And Pierce barne were broken, & they ỹ be in buttie
Should come out, & conscyence and your two capies
Confession and contrition, and your cart the beleue
Shal be colored so queintlye, & couered vnder our so-
That cōscience shal not know, by contrition (phistry
Ne by confession, who is christen ne heathen
Ne no maner marchant, that wt mony dealeth
Whether he wyn wt right or wt wronge, or wt vsurye
With such colour and queintise, commeth pryd armed
Wyth the lorde that liueth, after the luste of his bodye
To wasten on welfare, and on wicked kepynge
All the worlde in a whyle, through our wit & Pryde

The foundation of ỹ church

Pryde enuieth the church.

Quod cõscience to al christẽ tho, my counsel is to wẽd
The wai to wtan a pryor. Hastely into vnitie, and holde we vs there
And pray we ỹ a peace wer, in Dyerces barne ỹ plow
For witterly I wot wel, ỹ we be not of strẽgth (mã
To gone agayne pryde, but grace were with vs
And than came kinde wytte, conscience to teache
And cried and commaunded, to al christen people
For to deluen and digge, depe aboute vnitie
That holy kyrke stode in vnitie, as it a pyle were
Conscience commaunded tho, all christen to doluẽ
And maken a much mote, that might be a strength
To helpe holy kyrke, and hem that it kepeth
Than al kynne christen, saue commen women
Whether be that neuer repent. Repented and refused sinne, saue they onely
And false men flatterers, vsurers and theues
Lyers and questmongers, that were forwoxne oft
Wyttingly and wilfully, with the false holden
And for syluer were forsworn, sothly they wist it
There nas no christen creature, that kind wit had
Saue chrewes onely, suche as I speake of
That he ne holpe a quantitie, holines to ware
Some by bedes biding, & some by pilgrimage.
And other priui paines, & some through pens deling
And than welled water, for wicked woxkes
Egrely renynge, out of mens eyen
Clennes of the commune, and clarkes cleane liuinge
Made vnitie holy kirke, in holynes to stande
I care not quod Conscience, though pryde come now
The lord of lust shal be letted, al this lent I hope
Come quod Conscience, ye christen and dyne
That haue laboured lelly, all thys lent tyme
Here is bread blessed, and gods body therunder

Grace

Grace thrōughe gods worde, gaue Pierce power
And might to make it, and men to eate it after
In helpe of their heale, once in a monthe
Or as oft as they had nede, tho that had payde
To Pierces pardon the plowman, Redde quod debes
How we quod all the common, ỹ counceleſt vs to yelde
All that we owe we any wight, er we go to houſell
That is my counſel quod cōſcience, & cardinal vertues
That eche man forgiue other, & that will the Pa. no. Math. vi
Et dimitte nobis debita noſtra &c.
And ſo to be aſſoiled and ſithen houſeled,
yea bawe quod a bruer, I wyll not be ruled
By Jeſus for your iangelynge, wō Spiritus iuſticie
Ne after Conſcience by Chriſte, whyle I can ſell
Both dragges & draffe, and drawe it at one hole
Thycke ale and thineale, for that is my kinde
And not hacke after holines, hold thy tong Cōſcience
Of Spiritus iuſticie, thou ſpeakeſt much on idle.
Caytife quod Conſcience, curſed wretch
Unbleſſed art thou bruer, but if the god helpe
But if thou lyue by lore, of Spiritus iuſticie
The chefe ſede ỹ Pierce ſewe, ſaued worth neuer
But Cōſcience the commune feede, & cardinal vertues
Leue wel they be loſte, both life and ſoule
Than is many a man loſte, quod a lewde bycory
I am a curatour of holy kyrke, and came neuer in my
Yen to me ỹ coulde tell, of cardinal vertues (tyme
Or that coūted Cōſcience, at a cocks fether or an hens
I ne knewe neuer Cardynall, ỹ he ne came fro the pope
And we clarks whā they come, for thyr cōmens paiē
For theyr pelures & palfreis meat, & pilors ỹ hem for
The cōmune Clamat quotidie eche a mā to other (lowe

What lucre maye do.

ỹ b'rnde curate.

The pryde of cardinals.

The contrey is the cursedder, that Cardynals cōmē in
And ther they lyg & lenge, most lechery there reigneth
Therfore yt thys vicory, by very god I wold
That no Cardinal ne come, amōge the commē people
But in their holynes, helden them styl
At Anyon among the Jewes Cum sancto sanctus eris.
Or in Rome as they rule wyl, the relikes to kepe
And thou Conscience in kinges court, and shuldest neuer come thense
And grace that thou gredest so of, gidar of al clerks
And Pyers wyth hys newe plow, & eke wyth his old
Emperoure of all ỳ worlde, ỳ al men were chrysten

Pierce followeth ỳ example of God. Math. v.

Imperfit is the Pope, ỳ al the worlde shulde helpe
And sendeth hem that sleeth, such as he should haue
And well worth pyers ỳ plowmā, ỳ persueth God in
Qui pluit super iustos et iniustos attonce (doynge
And sent the sunne to saue, a cursed mans tilthe
As bright as to the best man, or the best woman
Right so Piers the Plowman, peyneth him to tyl
As well for a wastor, and wenches of the stewes
As for hym selfe & his seruaūts, saue he is fyrst serued
And traueileth and tilleth for a traytor also sore
As for the true tidiemen, al tymes ylyke
And worshipid be he ỳ wrought al, both good & yll
And suffreth ỳ sinfull be, till some tyme ỳ they repent

Of the Pope

And God amēd the Pope, that pilleth holi kyrke
And claymeth before the kyng, to be kept of chrysten
And coūteth not though christē, be killed and robbed
And finde folke to fight, and chrysten folke to spyl
Agayn thold law & newe law, as Paule thereof wit-

Hebru. x.

Non occides mihi vindictam, etc, (nesseth
It semeth by so, him selfe had hys wyl

That

That he ne retcheth ryght nought, of all the remnaunte
And Christ of his curtesy the Cardinals frame
And turne their wit to wysdome, & weale of her soule
For the comune & thys Curatoure, counten ful lytle
The coũsel of Conscience, or cardinall vertues
But if they se as by sight, somwhat to winning
Of gyle ne of gabing, giue thou neuer tale
For Spiritus prudentie, among the people is gyle
And al the foule vices, as vertues they semen
Eche man suttelleth a light, sinne for to hide
And coloureth it wo cunning, and a cleane liuing.
Than laught there a lord, and by the light sayde
I hold it right and reason, of my reeue to take
Al that mine auditour, or els my stewarde
Coũcelleth me by their account, & by clerkes writing
Wyth Spiritus intellectus they seke the reeues rollers
And with Spiritus fortitudinis, fetchen it I woule
And than came ther a kyng, and by hys crowne sayde
I am a kyng with crowne, ỹ commune to rule
And holy kyrke and clergy, from cursed men to defend
And if me lacketh to lyue, by the law will I take it
There I may moost hastely it haue, for I am head of
For ye be but membres, and I aboue al (lawe
And syth I am your allerhede, I am your allerhele
And holy church chyeke helpe & cheiest am of ỹ cõmõ.
And what I take of you two, I take it of ỹ teachig
Of Spiritus iusticie, for I iudge you all.
So may I boldly be houseled, for I borowe neuer.
Ne craue of my commune, but as my kinde asketh
In condicion quod conscience, that thou can defende
And rule thy realme by reason, as right wyl & truth
Take thou might in reason, as the lawe asketh

Of landlordes.

Of kings

Omnia tua sunt ad defendendum sed non ad depredandum.
The vicar had far home, and faire he toke his leue
And I awaked therwith, and wroth as me met.

Passus .xx. et primus de dobest.

THã I wẽt by ỳ way, whã I was thus awa-
Heauy chered I yede, and eleng in hert (ked
I ne wist where to eat, ne at what place
And it nighed nye ỳ none, and wo nede I met
That akrounted me foule, and faitour me called
Canst thou not excuse the, as did the kyng and other
That thou toke to thy bileue, to clothes & to sustinãce
As by teachinge and by telling, of spiritus temperancie
And thou nome namore, then nede the taught
And nede hath no law, ne neuer shall fal in dette
For three thinges he taketh, his lyfe for to saue
That is meat whẽ mẽ hi warn, & he no mony weldeth
What libertine nede geueth. Ne wight ỳ wil be his borow, & hath no wed to ligge
And he caught in that case, & came therto by sleyghts
He sinneth not sothely, that so wynneth hys fode
And though he cã so to a cloth, & cã no better chenisãce
Nede anone right, winneth him vnder maynepryse
And if hym lyst for to lape, the lawe of kynd wold
That he dronke at ech diche, er he for thurst dyed
So nede at great nede, may nimen as for hys awn
Without coũcell of conscience, or Cardinal vertues
So that he sewe and saue, spiritus temperancie
For is no vertue by fer, to spiritus temperancie
Temperaunce is the chiefe vertue. Neyther spiritus iusticie, ne spiritus fortitudinis
For spiritus fortitudinis, forfeteth ful oft
He shall do more then measure, many a tyme and ofte
And beate men ouer bytter, and some of them to lytel
And greue men greater, than good fayth it wolde

And

And Spiritus iusticie shal iudge, will he nyll he
After the kinges counsell, and the commen lyke
And spiritus prudencie, in many points shal fayle
Of that he weneth wold faile, if his witte ne were
Wening is no wisdome, ne wise ymaginacyon
Homo proponit, deus disponit & gouerneth al good ber-
And nede is next him, for anon he meketh him (tues
And as low as a lambe, for lackyng of ỳ hym nedeth.
Wise men forsoke weale, for they wold be nedye
And wenedcn in wildernes, and wold not be rich
And God al his great ioye, gostly he left
And came and toke mankind, and became nedy
So nedy he was as sayth the boke, in many sondry
That he sayd in his sorow, on the selfe rode (places
Both fore and foule may ste, and to hole crepe
And the fyshe hath fyn, to flete with to reit
There nede hath innomed me, ỳ I muste nedes abide
And suffre sorowes ful soure, that shall to ioy turne
Therfore be nought abashed, to bide and to be nedy
Syth he ỳ wrought all the world, was wilfully nedy
Ne neuer none so nedy, ne pore died
Whan nede had vndone me, thus anon I fell a slepe
And met full maruelously, in a mans forme
Antichrist came than, and al the croppe of trueth
Turned vpsidoune, and ouer tilt the rote
And false sprang and spred, and sped mens nedes
In ech a contrey ther he came, he cut away trueth
And gart gile growe there, as he a God were
Frires folowed that fende, for he gaue hem copes
And religious reuerenced him, and rang theyr belles
And all the couent furth came, to welcome that tyrant
And all his aswell as him, saue onely fooles

Who receyued Antichriste tyrane.

Which

Whiche foles were wel leuer, to dye than to lyue
Lenger then Leten, to be so rebuked
And a false fende Antechriste, ouer all folke raygned
And ỳ were myld mẽ & holy mẽ, ỳ no myschyefe dzede
Defieden all falsenes, and folke that it vsed
And what kyng ỳ hẽ cõforted, knowyng hẽ any while
They cursed & her coũsel, were it clarkes or lewde
Antichrist had thus sone, hundzedes at his banner
And pzid it bare boldly, about where he yede
Wyth a Lozd that liueth, after the likinge of his body
That came agayne Cõscience, ỳ keper was & gydour
Ouer kinde chzisten, and cardinall vertues
I counsell quod Conscience, come with me foles
Into vnitie, holy church, and holde we vs there
And cry we to kind, that he come and defende vs
Foles frõ these fẽdes lyms, foz Piers loue ỳ plowmã
And cry we to all the commune, ỳ they come to vnytie
And there abide and biker, against Belials chyldzen.
Kynd Cõscience tho heard, & came out of the planetts
And sent fozth his fozriours, feuers and fluxes
Coghes and cardiacles, crampes and toth aches
Reumes and radgondes, and raynous scalles
Byles and botches, and burnynge agues
Freneses and foule euill, fozagers of kinde
Hadden pzicked and pzaied, polles of the people
That largely a legion, losten their liue sone
There was harow and helpe, here commeth kinde
With death that is dzeadeful, to vndone vs all
The lozde that lyueth after lust, tho aloude cried
After confozt a knight, to come & beare his banner
A larme a larme quod ỳ Lozd, ech lyfe kepe hys own
And than met these men, theyz minstrels myght pype

How Antechriste doth seduce many good men.

A greate signe of infidelity

And

And theyr heraudes of armes, had descriued Lordes
Age the hoore, he was in the bawward
And bare ỳ bãner before death, by ryght he it claimed
Kynde came after, wyth many kene sores
As pockes and pestilences, and much people shent
So kind through corruptions, killed full many
Death came driuynge after, and all to dust pashed
Kynges and Kaysers, knightes and Popes
Learned and lewde, he ne let no man stande
That he hitte euen, he neuer stode after
Many a louely Ladie, and lemmans of knights
Swonned and swelted, for sorow of deathes dyntes
Conscience of his curtesye, to kinde he besought
To cease and suffre, and se where they woulde
Leue pryde priuelie, and be perfite christen.
And kynde ceased tho, to se the people amende
Fortune gan flatteren then, tho fewe that were alyue
And hight hem long life, and lechery she sent
Amonges all maner men, wedded and vnwedded
And gathered a great host, all agayne Conscience
This Lechery layd on, with a laughynge chere
And with a priuye speach, and paynted wordes
And armed him in idlenes, and in high bearyng
He bare a bowe in his hand, & many bloudy arrowes
Were fethered w faire beheh, & many a false truth
Wyth hys vntidye tales, he tened full often
Conscience and hys company, of holy kirke ỳ techers
Than came Couetise, and caste howe he might
Ouercome Conscience, and cardinal vertues
And armed him in auarice, and hongrichly lyued
His wepen was all wiles, to wynnen and to hiden
Wyth glosynges & w gabbinges, he gyled the people

The maner of gods visitation.

The maner of men when plages cease

Couetise and Simony make prelates.

Simony him sent, to assayle conscience
And preached to the people, and prelates they maden
To hold with antichrist, their temperalties to saue
And came to kinges counsel, as a kene baron
And kneled to conscience, in court afore them al
And garde good fayth fle, and falce to abyde
And boldly bare adowne, with many a bright noble
Much of the wit and wisedome, of Westminster hall
He iustled tyll a Justice, and iusted in his eate
And ouertilt al his truth, wil take this vpō amēdmēt
And to the arches in hast, he yede anone after
And turned ciuile into symony, & syth he toke thofficial
For a mantell of miniuer, he made lelly matrimonye
Departener death came, and deuourse shaped
Alas q conscience tho, would Christ of his grace
That couetise were a christē, that is so kine a fyghter
And bold and abiding, while his bagge lasteth
And then laught life, and let dagge his clothes
And armed him in haste, in harlottes wordes
And held holines a Jape, and hendues a waster.
And lete leautie a cherle, and lyer a freman
Conscience and councell, he counted it folye
Thus relyed lyfe, for a lytele fortune
And priked furth with prid, praysed he no bertue
He careth not how kind slow, & shal come at last
And kyll all earthely creatures, saue conscyence onely
Life lept aside, and laught him a lemman
Health and Iolyfe, and heauynes of herte
Shall do the no dreade, neyther death ne Elde
And to forget sorow, and giue nought of sinne
Thys liked lyfe, and his lemman fortune
And gat in their glory, a gadling at the last

Lyfe and Fortune beget Slouth.

One

One that much woo wrought, slouth was hys name
Slouth were wonder yerne, and sone was of age
And wedded one wanhope, a wench of the stewes
Hyr syre was a syser, that neuer swore trueth
One Tomme twotong, atteint of eech aquest
This Slouth was ware of warre, and a slynge made
And threw dread of dispayre, adoze̅ myles about
For care conscience tho, cried apon age
And bad him fond to fight, and afere wanhope.
And age hent good hope, and hastely he shyfte him
And wained a waye wanhop, & wyth lyfe he fighteth
And lyfe fleeth for feare, to phisike after helpe
And besought hun of his succour, & of his salue had
And gaue hym gold good wonne, ỹ gladded hys hert
And they gaue him agayne, a glasen howne
Lyfe leued that lechecraft, let shlud Elde
And driueaway death, with drias and dragges
And Elde auentred him on lyfe, and at laist he hyt
A phisician wyth a furred hode, that he fel in the palsy
And ther died that docter, er thre dayes after
Now I see said life, that surgery ne phisike
May not a myte auayle, to medle agayne Elde
And in hope of his heale, good hert he hente
And rode so to reuel, a rych place and a mery
The company of courte, men cleped it some tyme
And Elde anone after, and ouer my head he yede
And made me bald before and bare on mi crowne
So hard he yede ouer my head, ỹ it will be sene euer
Syr euel taught Elde ỹ I, vnheende go wyth the
Sith when was the way, ouer mens heades?
Haddest ỹ bene hende ỹ I, ỹ wolde haue asked leue
Yea leaue lurdeyn he, and layde on me with age

Slouthe marieth dispayre

Age kil-leth Fecch phi'cian & Surgia

And hit me vnder the eare, vnneth may ich heare
He bucketed me a bout the mouth, and bet out my teth
And gyued me in goutes, I may not go at large
And of the wo that I was in, my wyfe had ruth
And wished full witterly, that I were in heauen
For the lyme that she loued me for, & leef was to feele
On nights namely, when we naked were
I ne might in no maner, make it at hyr wil
So Elde and she sothely, had forbeaten it
And as I satte in this sorow, I se kinde passed
And death drewe nere me, for dread gan I quake
And cryed to kinde, out of care me bringe
Lo Elde the hore, hath me besette
Awreke me if your wil be, for I wold be hence
If thou wold be wroken, wend into vnitie
And hold the there euer, tyl I send for the
And loke thou konne some craft, ere thou come thēce.

Nature wolde we shulde learne to loue.

Counsell me kynd q I, what craft is best to learne
Learne to loue q kinde, and leaue of all other
How we shall I come to cattel so, to cloth me & to fode
And thou loue lelly q he, lack shal thou neuer
Neat ne worldly wede, whyle thy lyfe lasteth.
And there by counsell of kinde, I comsed to runne
Through contricyon & confessiō, till I came to vnyty
And ther was conscience constable, christen to saue

The seuē capitall sinnes besieged cōscience.

And beseged sothelie, with seuen great Gyantes
That with antichrist, holden hard agayn conscience
Sloth was his syrug, an hard assawte made
Proude prestes come with hym, mo then a thowsand
In paltoks and piked shoes, and pissers long knines
Comen agayne conscience, with couetyse they helden
By Mary q a manse prest, of the march of Ireland

I count no more conscience, by so I catch siluer
Than I do to drinke, a draught of good ale
And so sayde sixty, of the same countrey
And shotten agayne with shote, many a sheke of othes
And brode hoked arowes, Gods hert and hys nailes
And had almost vnity, and holynes adowne
Conscience cryed helpe clergy, or els I fal.
Through imperfyte priests, & prelates of holy church
Fryes heard him cry, and came him to helpe
And for they could not wel her craft, cõscience hem for
Nede neighed tho nere, and cõscience he told (soke
That they came for couetise, to haue cure of soule
And for thei are pore perauẽter, for patrimony hẽ fail
They flatter to fare wel, folke that bene ryche, (lith
And syth they chosen chele, and cheitif pouertie
Let thẽ chewe as they chosẽ, & charge thẽ w̃ no cure
For Lomer he lyeth, that lyuelode muste begge
Than he that laboureth for liuelod, & leneth it begers
And sith fryers forsoke, the filicitie of the earth
Let them be as beggers, or liue by Angels foode
Conscience of this counsell tho, comsed to laugh
And curtesly comforted him, and called m al fryers
And sayd syrs sothely, welcome be you al
To vnitie and holy church, one thing I you praye
Hold you in vnitie, and haue no enuy
To lerned men ne to leude, but lyue after your rule
And I wil be your borow, ye shall haue bred & cloth
And other necessaryes ynowe, ye shal nothing fayle
With that ye leaue lodgike, and learne to loue
For loue lost the lordshyp, both land and schole
Fryer Fraunces and dominyke, for loue to be holy
And if ye conet cure, kynd wyll you teache.

Woulde god there were no such prelates in englande.

Curates oughte to haue a cõpetent lyuyng certayne.

That

That in measure God made, al maner thinges
And set hem at a certen, and a seker nombre
And nempned names newe, and nõmbred the sterres
ꝑsal.147. Qui numerat multitudinem stellarum & omnibus &c.
Kynges and knyghtes that kepen and defenden
Haue officers vnder hem, and eche of hem certẽ
And if they wage mẽ to war, they wite hem in nõbre
Or they wyl no treasure hem pay, trauaile they neuer
For all other in battel, bene holden bryboris (so sore
Pylors and pikeharneis, in eche a place accursed
Monkes and monialis, and al men of relygion
Their order & their rule wold, to haue a certẽ nombre
Of lerned and of lewde, the lawe will and asketh
A certen for a certen, saue onely of Fryers.
The Fryers are wout nũbre
Therfore ỹ cõscience by Chryst, kinde wytte me telleth
It is wickid to wage you, ye were out of nombre
Heauen hath euen nombre, & hell is without nombre
Therefore I wolde witterly, ỹ ye were in ỹ regystres
And your nõbre vnder notaries signe, & neither mo ne
Enuy haid this, and bad fryers go to schole (lesse
And lerne logike and lawe, and eke contemplacion
And preache men of Plato, and prius it by Seneca
That all thinges vnder heauẽ, ought to be in cõmune
And yet he lyeth as I leue, ỹ to the lewde so precheth
For God made men a lawe, and Moses it taught
Exod.xx Non concupisces rem proximi tui
And euel is this hold, in partches of England
For parsons & paryshe prestes, ỹ hold ỹ peple shriue
Bene Curratours called, to know and to heale
All ỹ bene their parishens, penance to enioyne
And shuld be ashamd in theyr shryft, ỹ hẽ wẽ maketh
And flee to ỹ Fryers, as false folke to Westmynster

That

That boroweth & beareth thyer, & thē biddyth frēds
Yerne of forgifenes, or lenger yeres lone
And while he is in westminster, he wil be before
And make him mery, with other mens goods
And so it fareth with much folke, ỹ to fryers shriueth
As sisours & executours, they will gyue the fryers
A parcel to pray for them, & make them selfe merye
With ỹ residue & ỹ rēnaūt, ỹ other men bes wonken
And suffre the dead in det, to the daye of dome
Enuy therfore, hated conscience
And friers to philosophy, he found hem to schole
The while couetyse and vnkyndnes, conscience assayled
In vnitie holy church, Conscience held him
And made peace porter, to pinne the gates
To all tale tellers, and tutelers ydle
Hypocrisy and he, an hard assaute they made
Hipocrisy at the gate, harde gan to fight
And wounded wel wickedlye, many wyse teachers
That w cōscience accorded, and Cardynall vertues
Conscience called a lech, that could wel shryue
Go salue tho ỹ sick ben, and through sinne wounded
Shrift shope sharpe salue, and made hem do penaūce
For their misdedes, that they wrought hadde
And that piers were payd, Reddе quod debes
Some lyked not this leche, and letters they sent
If any surgeō were in the sege, ỹ softer could plaster
Syr life to liue in lechery, lay there and groued
For fastyng of a fryday, he fared as he wold dye
There is a surgeon in this sege, that soft can handle
And more of physyke he can, and fayrer he plastereth
One frier flatterer, is physician and surgeon
Quod contricion to conscience, do him come to vnitie

Thei that went to ỹ Fryers to shrift wer like sanctuary men.

Hypocrisi woldeth preachers

For

For here is many a man hurt through hypocrisie
We haue no nede of Conscyence, I wot no better lech
Than person or parishe preste, penitaūcer or bishop
Saue Pyerce the plowman, ỹ hath power ouer hē al
And indulgence may do, but if that dette let it
I may wel suffer quod conscience, seing ye desteren
That Fryer flatterer be set, and physike you seke
The Fryer hereof harde, and hied full faste
To a lorde for a letter, I caue to haue curen
As a curatour he were, and came wt hys letters
Boldely to the byshop, and his bulle had
In contrys there he came in, confession to here
And came ther Conscyence was, & knocked at ỹ gate
Peace vnpinned it, was porter of vnitie
And in haste asked, what hys wyll were
In fayth quod this Frier, for profit and for healthe
Carpe I wold wt cōtrytion, & therefore I came hither
He is sicke sayde Peace, and so is many an other
Hypocrisie hath hurt him, ful hard is he to couer
I am a surgion sayde the segge, and salues can make
Conscyence knoweth me wel, and what I cā do both
I praye the quod Peace tho, ere thou passe further
What hightest thou I prey the, heyle not thy name
Certes sayd thys felowe, syr Penetrans domos.
Go thy gates quod Peace, by god for all thy physike
Ut thou kenne some craft, thou cōmest not herein
I knewe such one once not eyght wynters passed
Came in thus coped, at a courte wher I dwelled
And was my lordes leche, and my ladies both
And at laste this limitour, tho my lord was out
He salued so our women, tyll some were wt childe.
Hecnde speach haete Peace, to open the gates

Mother patrō nor bishop, regardeth his dutye

Let

Let in the fryer and hys felow, & make hym fair chere
He may se and here, so it may befall
That lyfe through his lore, shall leaue couetise
And be a drade of death, and withdrawe hym frō pryd
And accord w conscience, and kisse either other.
Thus through hende speach, entred the fryer
And came to Conscience, and curtesly hym grete
Thou art welcome ꝙ Cōscience, canst ꝙ hele ꝙ sicke
Here is contricion quod conscyence, my cosin woūded
Confort hym quod cōscience, & take kepe to hys sores
The plasters of ꝙ person, and pouders beatē to sore
He letteth hem lygge ouer lōg, & loth is to chaūg hem
From lenten to lenten, his plasters byten.
That is ouerlōg ꝙ thys Limitor, I leue I shal amēd
And goth & gropeth cōtriciō, & gaue hym a plaster (it
Of a pryuy payment, & I shal pray for you
And for all that ye bene holden to, all my lyfe longe
And make you my Ladye, in masses and in mattens
As Fryers of our fraternitie, for a litle siluer.
Thus he goth & gadereth, & gloseth ther he shriueth
Till contricion had cleane forgoten, to cry & to wepe
And wake for his works, as he was wont to do
For confort of hys confessour, Contricion he lost
That is the souereyneste salue, for all kinnes synnes
Slouthe see that, and so dyd pride
And commen with a kene wyll, conscience to assayle
Conscience cryed oute, and bade cleargy helpe him
And also contricion, for to kepe the gate
He lieth & dreameth sayd Peace, & so doth many other
The fryer with his phisike, this folke hath enchaūted
And plastred hem so easely, they dred no synne
By Christ ꝙ Cōscience tho, I wol become a pylgrime

The olde maner of cares shrifte made sinners negligent.

And walken as wyde, as the worlde lasteth
To seke Pierce the plowman, that pryde may destroy
And that Fryers had a fynding, ỹ lor no nede flatteren
And cõtrepleded̃ me Cõscience, how kynde ỹe aueng
And send me hap a heale, tyl I haue Pyers ỹ plowmã
And syth he grad after grace, tyl I gan awake.

Finis.

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